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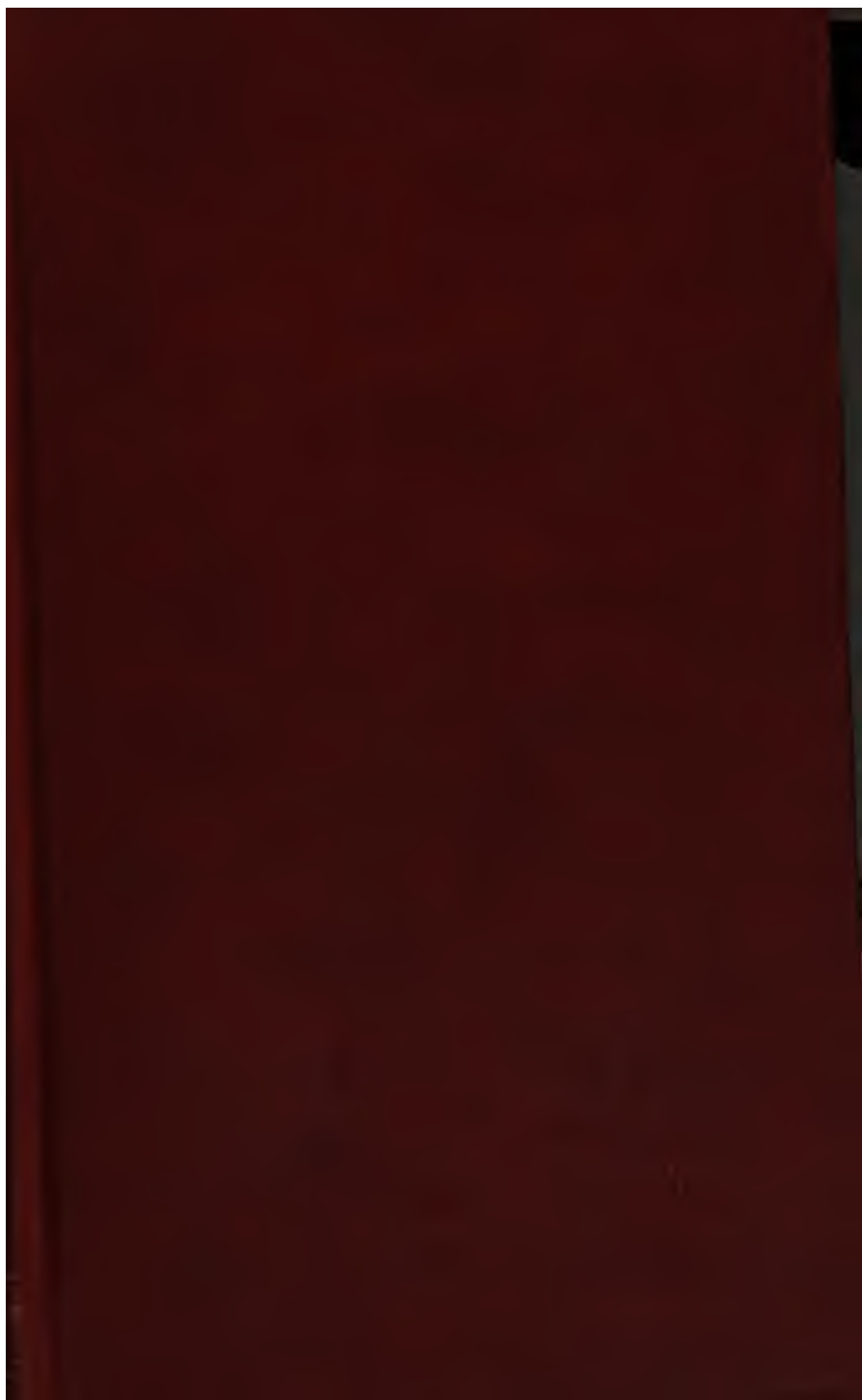
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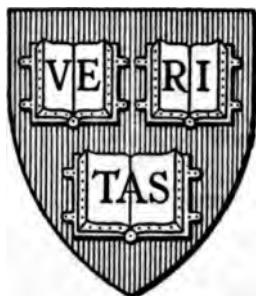
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THE

OLD WORLD AND, THE NEW;

OR, A

JOURNAL OF REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
MADE ON A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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under way, out stepped a fiddler, and after twanging his instrument a little, sung and played several airs, with great apparent enthusiasm. It was a very agreeable, and even touching welcome to the land of song—ay, and of poverty too; for this was a method of gaining a livelihood. And I thought, a very ingenious one; for the music you *must have*; and I never knew anybody to refuse to pay for an offered treat of this kind. But alas! how I have fallen away from the romance of the thing!

Not far from Sesto, we passed through the village of Soma, in or near which is thought to have been the battle ground of the conflict between Hannibal and Scipio.* In the village stands an immensely large and evidently very ancient cypress, which tradition indeed would make almost old enough to have seen the battle. Take your map, and I will point out to you Hannibal's route into Italy; at least so M. De Luc of Geneva, who has written a book on the subject, showed it to me. Up the Rhone, then, to Vienne, a small town a little below Lyons. Then he struck for the Alps, which he passed by Mont St. Bernard. He

* This was Hannibal's first battle in Italy; his second was with Sempronius near Placentia; his third with Flaminius on Lake Thrasymene; his fourth with Varro, at Cannæ.

reached Aosta, and penetrated, I believe, something farther into Italy; when finding that Turin would not submit to him, and unwilling to leave an enemy behind, he turned back to subdue that city. He then advanced again, and met Scipio, it is said, near Oleggio—near to which town is Soma.

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MILAN, OCTOBER 8. The route from Lake Maggiore to Milan is not interesting; unless fields of Indian corn, and vineyards, and mulberry trees, and the chestnut, and hedges of acacia, ought to make it so.

The approach to Milan, through a vista of fine linden trees which Napoleon caused to be planted, is very fine; and the entrance is to be, when it is finished, through a magnificent marble arch, commenced by Bonaparte, in commemoration of the great Simplon road, which is considered as terminating here.

The (priest) and the (soldier) are seen here at every corner—the former with a three-cornered, cocked-up hat, and a kind of cassock, or black surtout; the latter in a white costume. They represent, indeed, the twofold despotism under which Italy is suffering. The priests are Italian, it is true, but the military are almost exclusively Austrian. Those, however, who wish to throw off the yoke,

seem quite as much to fear the former as the latter—for all their secrets are constantly liable to be betrayed to the priests, in the confessional. A man's foes, indeed, become those of his own household—his wife, daughter, or sister.

SCENES IN MILAN. (I cannot describe at length, but will just hint at them.) Into the hollow square or courtyard of the Grand Hotel de Ville, on which my chamber window looks, drives a splendid carriage, containing a lady (a Russian countess) and little girl, three dogs, and on the seats, (behind and before,) three servants. The lady gets out, the dogs follow; but are soon caught by the servants, caressed, and put back again. The principal servant is dressed *a la mode militaire*, more splendidly than any general officer I ever saw on a review day, in our own country. The said servant comes up to the carriage, calls the dogs to him, and kisses them—dogs and man, chops to chops—*par nobile fratrum*. Another—in the same court under my window, in which the *canaille* figure. Three postillions are scolding in Italian about some matter in dispute, I know not what. And truly, I never heard a language for scolding like this Italian. It can be spoken, I think, more rapidly than any other, and there is something so decided and manly in the tones of it—far more than in the

French or English. The three postillions, for about five minutes, talked all together, and all gestured as if their arms must have had steel fibres, and their lungs were as much more energetic than any other human lungs, as Perkins's steam guns, discharging a thousand balls in a minute, are beyond all other guns. Oh ! hear an Italian scold, if you would know what scolding may be. One of *our* people, upon a thousandth part of the apparent provocation, would have silently knocked his fellow down. The English canaille, too, make a great noise, in their quarrels, with as little result ; but their noise, compared with the Italian, is as a heavy lumbering coach, compared with the most active and energetic steam carriage. Then, as to talking in general—surely it is this people's meat and drink. This house is a perfect Babel. Such a racket of voices as comes from the court, the stairways, and passages, all the day long and all the evening, I never heard before. Our American intercourse is absolute silence, compared with it. Once more to mount up again into the higher regions : a carriage is approaching the palace of the vice king—(the brother of the Emperor of Austria)—immediately the word is passed along the line of soldiery stationed in front of the palace ; they get under arms ; the drums beat ; the officers in attend-

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ance take off their hats and bow low ; I look to see *who it is* in the carriage that makes this sensation ; and I discover on the back seat of the stately vehicle, *three little boys !* The streets—they are full of people ; they are full of talk and laughter ; they are full of Londonlike cries ; they are full of carriages, with fine horses ; the priests, in solemn robe, sweep by at every moment ; the dashing soldiers are continually passing and repassing ; females, of good person, many of them wearing veils on their heads instead of bonnets, many wearing nothing, are constantly promenading, as if they had nothing else to do ; but as many more are attending at the counters of the shops ; and the toil of men, with the hammer, and the saw, and the lathe, and the silk spinning or weaving, breaks upon the ear from all quarters ; the church bells are perpetually ringing, as if every day were a Sabbath, and votaries are passing in and out of the temples ; the city seems to be full of immense palaces, built around hollow squares, and some of them with curtained balconies in front. One would think, from looking at the *outside* of things, that there must be great wealth here, and great happiness.

I attended service yesterday in the cathedral. Was it not a glorious thing, amid that rich but

dim light, streaming through painted windows—amid those stately marble columns, and beneath those majestic arches and sculptured ceilings—with the notes of the pealing organ, and incense flung from many censers to bear the soul up to heaven—was it not a glorious thing to worship there? I did so, and did not desire to doubt that many others did.

This cathedral is of white marble, four hundred and forty-five feet long, two hundred and eighty-nine broad at the transept, three hundred and fifty-six in height—to the top of the spire, that is—supported by one hundred and sixty columns, seventy-seven feet high, floored with tessellated marble, and has, in and about it, including figures in bas relief, four thousand five hundred marble statues. And yet—what is this mysterious principle of proportion?—the sight of it does not swell the heart—not mine at least—with such admiration as the simple, glorious York Minster. It is too broad for the height. And then, although built of marble, the walls are sadly weather-stained, so as to be scarcely more beautiful than the coarse stone of England. Its hundred pinnacles, indeed—each one crowned with a statue, standing out in the bright sky, and kept perfectly white by the action of the pure elements—are a glorious vision.

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And amid what a sky were they lifted up yesterday? Where were there ever such depths of splendour in any heaven, as in this of Italy! This is the peculiarity. Not that the colour is richer than I have seen in America; but that there is a certain splendour with the colouring, a transparency of ether, an illumination opening into the depths profound, that makes the Italian sky—unexpectedly to me, I confess—a wonder and a beauty unequalled, as it is inexpressible. On this point I suppose there could not be a more unprejudiced witness. When I came to see the English sky, I thought it very likely that the enthusiastic admiration of the Italian, which we hear so much about, was English. So much had I persuaded myself of this, that I had ceased to expect anything extraordinary. I was not thinking of anything of the sort, when looking up at the cathedral yesterday, my attention was drawn to those heavens inexpressible, that rose above it; and for an hour or two I saw nothing, thought of nothing else. It was not easy to discriminate: for my emotions came upon me like a deluge. Yet remembering my previous skepticism, I did attempt to inquire, what it was that so moved and entranced me. And I say again, that the peculiarity of the Italian sky does not consist in its colour, not certainly as

compared with that of America, though to the English it may be the most striking point of difference. Nor was it transparency exactly—at least, not that transparency by which distant objects are more distinctly seen. This is what I have heard said, and it is true that objects are so seen. If you cast your eye to the heavens in the quarter opposite the sun, at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, though nothing is relieved against it but the most common range of buildings in the street, the definite character of the object, the indentation, as it were, upon the very sky, is something so striking, that you can hardly help pausing in your walk to survey it. But this, after all, is not to me the special and soul-entrancing beauty. It is that transparency rather by which you seem to look *into* the heavens. The sky does not seem to be a mere concave, a sphere; it does not seem to bound your thought, scarcely your vision, but carries them away to illimitable depths, opening to heavens beyond. Was it not something indicative of this peculiarity, that I saw the faint crescent of the waning moon this morning, high up in the sky, almost till midday?

By-the-by, speaking of the moon, I have been almost up to it to-day, in ascending the spire of

the cathedral. It presents a magnificent view, stretching from the Alps to the Apennines.

OCTOBER 11. Having the day upon my hands, I determined to be my own guide in a stroll through the city. So providing myself with the few Italian phrases necessary to inquire out the places I wished to see, though many of the people understand a question in French, I set forth. My first object was to see the sixteen pillars that remain of the temple of Hercules, built by Maximin; and I soon found the colonnade, a venerable ruin, nearly sixteen hundred years old, consisting of Corinthian columns of marble. The tooth of time has eaten deeply into some of them, and it has been necessary to strengthen them with bands of iron. I next went to the church of S. Maria de Graces, in the sacristy of which is the fresco painting of the Last Supper*—the original of the many paintings and engravings which are so familiarly known, spread as they are through the world. The painting is much defaced, and in many places retouched; but it is far more striking still than the copies, and must originally have been very powerful. The countenance of our Saviour has in it a very affecting union of dignity, meekness, and sorrow.

* That by Leonardo di Vinci.

I turned next towards the western part of the city, where is the Champ de Mars, and a fine promenade with avenues of trees adjoining. These delightful retreats, found in almost all the cities and villages of Europe, deserve more consideration than they have yet received with us. In the original laying out of a city or village, the expense would be almost nothing; and even at a later period it may be a very narrow economy which alleges that it cannot be afforded. The account would probably be more than settled by the diminished bills of the doctor. When it was proposed in parliament to sell some of the parks in the vicinity of London, Burke in his speech against the measure called the parks "the lungs of the metropolis." That single word decided the question; for it was fact, argument, and illustration all in one.*

How much, too, might such resorts contribute to the cheerfulness of a people—how much to the spirit of society and of kind neighbourhood, and thus at once to health, virtue, and happiness. I say to virtue; for the recreations of a public promenade are not to be feared in this respect, as are those for which men resort to secrecy and darkness. I wish that the subject could be thought of,

* Is it possible that there is any serious thought of giving up the Battery of New-York to warehouses?

in our villages and country towns, as well as in our cities. Any man, owning a farm lot of ten, twenty, or thirty acres, in the centre of one of our country towns, might, at little cost, confer a benefit on all succeeding generations by planting it with trees, and bequeathing it to the town as a perpetual promenade and play ground. The Sedgwick family have set a good example of this kind in Stockbridge, (Mass.) What a delightful spot would be a shady grove in the centre of a village ! Age and childhood, toil and care, would resort there for repose, for recreation, for enjoyment, for society. In some of the bright summer evenings there would be music. In process of time there would be statues and fountains.

From the Champ de Mars I walked to a public promenade on the northeast quarter, near to which is a magnificent palace, covered on the side (I could not see the front) with tableaux of sculpture, and on the top crowned with statues. The promenade is, as usual, amid trees ; and here it was that I saw, for the first time—(i. e. on a large scale—yew trees are frequently treated in this way)—saw a whole grove, Heaven's beautiful work, cut and clipped into form of man's devising. It is cut pyramidally ; and you look up through the avenues, defined by lines which nature never made and

which nature abhors. So do I. My last adventure for the day, was to fall in with the exhibition of a juggler, who had spread his table and collected spectators in the street. We have no class in America corresponding to the conjurers of Europe. Their accomplishment is very extraordinary. The feats of this man, though he was but a common street juggler, filled me with astonishment. Meanwhile his wife went around among the crowd, asking such reward as the spectators might please to give, and taking all refusals so meekly, that I could not help giving something for her sake, if not for the sleight of hand. And, indeed, as to the morality of the matter, I think it is not for the spectator to plead conscience in refusal of payment for that which he pleases to stand and see.

One capital peculiarity in the streets here, I must not omit to mention. Two courses of hammered stone are laid in the middle of the streets, for the carriage wheels to run upon ; so that there is a kind of railway all over the city. The consequence is, not only an immense relief for the burdens drawn, but an immense relief to the ears of the passenger. The carts and coaches roll smoothly and quietly on, and do not wind your nerves into knots, as you meet them—a case sometimes to delicate nerves,

only less horrifying than that of "the man under the bell."

PARMA, OCTOBER 14. I left Milan on the twelfth, with vetturino for Florence, and reached Placentia for the night, entering it by passing, on a bridge of boats, over the Po. It is a broad and noble river, and, like every stream that comes from the high ground of the Alps, as this partly does, hurries in its course to the sea. The largest portion of the waters, however, comes from the region of the Apennines. In the morning, as we left Placentia, we crossed the river Trebia, on whose left bank was fought the battle between Hannibal and Sempronius. From Placentia, we have come upon old Roman roads—first upon the Flaminian, and then upon the Emilian road. Of course, nothing is to be seen of the mighty hand of old Rome upon either, but the mound on which the road runs, which is raised several feet above the surrounding country. Streams of water, artificially introduced doubtless, commonly run in the deep ditches or canals by the wayside. The Apennines have been visible on the south all day. The line that sweeps their summits is singularly like that of our Taghkannuc*—gracefully undulating: Hogarth's line of beauty. The plains of

* In Berkshire.

Lombardy and Parma create something like a feeling of home in me too : they seem but an expansion of our own Housatonic* plains, with the Alps for our mountains, and the Apennines for our eastern range of hills : but these plains are by no means so beautiful ; they are too extensive ; they exceedingly want variety : field succeeds to field with its ranges of trees for the grape to run upon ; nor are these boasted fields of Italy richer than our own. The general face of the people I rather like. The women appear modest, I can't say handsome—too dark : and the dark eye, which they almost all have, must be very bright and intelligent, not to be dull and unmeaning. The men appear grave and respectful, and not stupid. The aspect of their villages I do not like ; and here, too, I find almost the whole population in *villages*. Where the houses are covered with the white hard plaster used in Italy, the appearance is fine ; but otherwise, the brick with which they build is very poor, and the tiles, universally put on the roof here, are coarse, and carelessly put on, so that the houses look as if they must crumble to pieces in less than half a century. But more than all, there is something very heavy, clumsy, and dark about these long, unbroken ranges of village buildings ;

* In Berkshire.

they look, some of them, as if they might be extensive penitentiaries; the lower stories, too, are commonly grated, and the grates are rusty, and the panes of glass are dirty, or there is no glass at all in them; so that the lower story, half of the time, does not look as if it could be inhabited. On the whole, I demur a little about stone or brick houses—certainly if the materials be not good—though I *have* thought it unfortunate that our people should not build more than they do with durable materials. I have been much inclined to say here, “Commend me to a nice, dry, wooden house, situated by itself, and not locked into a sort of barricade, an alliance defensive and offensive, with a hundred others—ay, and commend me to a house that has a wooden *floor* on it at least, if not a carpet, instead of these hard, damp, dirty, cold, comfortless, stone or brick floors.”

Certainly, people here have the appearance of being very religious. I never enter one of the churches, morning, noon, or evening, and I constantly go into them—they are always open—I have been into half a dozen this afternoon—but I never enter them without finding votaries, and usually quite a number. How many times have I been into church, amid the gathering shadows of the evening twilight, and in the early morning, and

found twenty or thirty persons kneeling in silent devotion! Yet if morality is in an inverse proportion to all this religion—what are we to say?

Sunday seems to be very devoutly observed here, though it is, compared with our usages, a kind of holyday. The whole population is abroad; and though the chief amusement seems to be that of walking or talking, others are evidently not forbidden. But mixed with this sort of holyday Sabbath-keeping, there is a good deal of religious observance. The people are constantly entering and leaving the churches. Some things, too, seem to be provided for the people while abroad. The great square of Parma has a church standing upon it, and at a certain part of the service, of which notice was given, I saw, this afternoon, the whole multitude, not less, I should think, than eight thousand persons, kneeling upon the pavement. Just at evening again, there were processions of priests and friars, passing in different directions through the streets, bearing the cross and chanting hymns. I could not help reflecting, by-the-by, that the Methodists never do anything, seemingly, more extravagant. But I will not say extravagant. It was to me a solemn and touching spectacle. That cross, illuminated by bright tapers, borne on amid the solemn shadows of the waning twilight, lifted

high among the people—the sign of hope, the emblem of death, but the pledge of victory over death—seemed to me fitly presented to the passing multitude, to remind them that light has come into a world of darkness, and life into a world of death—to teach those who are blindly groping their way on earth, that a way is opened to them through the gathering shadows of sin and sorrow, and through the dark gates of the tomb, to everlasting life and happiness.

It will seem strange to you, perhaps, and incongruous with the scenes I have just noticed, as making a part of the Sabbath, that we had in the evening successive companies of musical performers, to entertain the visitors of the hotel where we were to lodge for the night; and yet this mixing of things together appears to be the very peculiarity of Sabbath-keeping here. First there came persons with violins and a violoncello, and then a military band; and the performance of both indicated a cultivation that we never find in America. It will be long, in our country, I fear, before we *can* have anything like it. Thus does perfection come out of imperfection; for it is poverty, and it is a military establishment that have produced this extraordinary accomplishment in the art of music. (When is *our* country to work out a higher pro-

blem ; and to show that everything graceful in art may be united with everything useful in society ; nay, that gracefulness, beauty, perfection in art, is one, and one not the least of the interests of society ?)

BOLOGNA, OCTOBER 16. I called to-day upon Professor L——, and had one of those “inexplicable dumb shows,” one of those all-unutterable interviews, where the parties do not agree in that desirable prerequisite, a common speech. You have heard of talks, and palavers, and conferences, and *conversazioni*, ay, and of pantomimes, and of *looking* unutterable things ; and you have perhaps some idea of all these modes of communication ; but of all the methods by which human beings undertake to confer together, I imagine the most inconceivable, is this talking in an unknown tongue, or in a tongue which one but imperfectly understands. It is both distressing and ridiculous. The distress is ridiculous, and the ridiculousness is distressing. 1078

And which is hardest—whether to speak, or to hear a language you don’t understand—I am not sure. You strive to talk, till you are ready to abjure all cases, declensions, tenses, moods, and especially all adverbs and conjunctions. You talk and struggle, but the more you talk the less self-

possessed you are, and the less able to do justice to your own knowledge of the language; and the more you struggle, the more inextricably you are involved in this confounding network of idioms and phraseologies. But the most ludicrous thing is the aspect of a company, listening to the unknown tongue. The words roll with most perverse facility and horrifying rapidity from the Signore's lips—and what adds to the vexation is, that the less you understand, the faster he talks—heaping up into dizzying confusion this mass of words, to help you to a comprehension of each individual one. Meanwhile, one looks on, with a lacklustre eye and dumbfounded expression of countenance; another has every feature on the *qui vive* of intense eagerness; a third seems to catch the meaning—a ray of light falls, or seems to be about to fall on him; and not uncommonly, to fill out the picture, there is one in the background, whose countenance wears a ludicrous mixture of anger and helplessness—“black as night he stands.” At length, after a number of those pleasing efforts which end in total failure, the company, not daring to trust themselves for words of mere civility even, make their adieus in pantomime—glad, all of them, as if they were relieved from some spell of enchantment.

Bologna is at the foot of the Apennines; and I am glad to see hills once more. Bologna is built, like Berne in Switzerland, with arcades running all over the town.

The churches here, as well as everywhere on the route, are built in a terribly bad taste; a jumble of all orders, or rather a confused and clumsy mass of building without order, and, as it would seem, without plan.

The road all the way from the Alps has been on a dead level. The small rivers, of which we have passed many, flowing from the Apennines to the Po, have all of them, with their spring freshets, made themselves great, wide, desolate paths of sand and stones, that look dismally.

The entire country is set out with rows of trees, mostly the elm, on which the vines run, and often hang in festoons from tree to tree. This is the time of gathering grapes, and the whole land smells of the vintage. It is rather agreeable than otherwise, though not exactly the thing to excite romantic ideas, being an acetous fragrance.

This afternoon, at dinner, we had again some fine street music, from three blind performers; one on the violoncello, and two on the violin; and this evening, the same performers have been under my window, as I have been writing. My pen has

frequently stopped, that I might more perfectly listen, or because the commonplace thoughts that moved it stopped; for I have scarcely ever heard, by the wayside, such strains of music. For ease, execution, and' grace, they really reminded me of the performance of the Germans from the Royal Conservatory of Munich, which we had, you know, in New-Bedford. Alas! for me—I had rather see the spire of our old church than St. Peter's at Rome: and I had rather, at this moment, hear our organ *out of tune*, than the finest orchestra in Italy!

COVIGLIAJO, OCTOBER 17. I did not mean to write this evening, but the scene is too amusing to pass by entirely. This is the usual resting-place, on the top of the Apennines, and, in the general flocking from Florence and Rome, it is a place of great resort. The house is crowded to-night, and the scene is like one of those hostelries of former days, where soldiers and minstrels, gentlemen and beggars, nobles and their retainers, were crowded together in promiscuous confusion. People of all languages are here; waiters, hurrying to and fro, are invoked in every tongue; new guests are continually arriving; scene succeeds to scene, dinner to dinner; talking and laughing, drinking and smoking, crying children and anxious nurses, may

be seen and heard all over the house. There were six persons at our dinner table, and we made ourselves out to be the representatives of five different nations. There was an English mademoiselle, and a Russian, and a gentleman from Siberia, and an Italian, and myself, an American.

I was intending, if I wrote at all this evening, to write a tirade against the Italian inns ; this, however, is, in some points, an exception. But generally, out of the large towns, the inns are dreadfully uncomfortable ; dark, damp, desolate places, stone floors, without a rag of carpeting, even by the bedside ; the waiters all men—even those who make the beds and arrange the chambers are men ; and the men, the chambers, the floors, the tables, the dishes, dirty, dirty—everything dirty but the beds, and they are damp. I do not say, however, that the beds are full of vermin, though that is the common report. But for myself, I have not found a bug or a flea in Italy.

CHAPTER XIII.

Florence—The Pitti Palace—Mode and Expense of Living in Italy—Character of the People—Manners—Gallery of Florence—Churches of Florence—General Aspect of the City and Environs—Fiesole—Cloisters—Monks—Holy Days.

FLORENCE—Florence at last, this eighteenth of October. It is not Rome, but it is to the traveller the threshold of Rome ; the last point of any long delay, before reaching the eternal city.

But to turn back again a little: the road from Bologna is over the Apennines, and it is very uninteresting; no scenery; the Apennines are best seen at a distance. On the top, I saw, what I never saw before, *orchards* of chestnut trees. By-the-by, the chestnuts of this country—two or three times the size of ours—constitute a part of the food of the people. In every town and village, quantities of them are found at every corner, raw, roasted, baked, and boiled, soliciting buyers, and finding them in great numbers.

The descent from the Apennines is more agreeable than any other part, and especially as the traveller approaches Florence: six miles from

which, the plantations of olive trees commence and cover the whole country. The tree is of the size of the peach tree ; the leaf resembles that of our willow, only the green is much darker. The trees are now loaded with fruit, apparently near the state for pickling. We passed near the ancient city of Fiesole, situated on a beautiful slope of country, rising from Florence towards the north. At a convent on its summit Milton spent a considerable time—whence he represents “the Tuscan artist” as viewing the moon

“ At evening from the top of Fiesole.”

The monastery of Vallombrosa, whose scenery he also celebrates, is situated about seventeen miles in the country above, twenty miles from Florence. It is the surrounding wood of Atebelle, to which he refers in the well-known words—

“ Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etruscan shades,
High, overarch’d, embower.”

OCTOBER 20. Florence is a city of most confounding irregularity. I have found my organ of locality serving me very well everywhere else ; but here it is utterly at fault. I am like “the man with the turned head.” If I would reach any par-

✓ ticular spot, I seem to myself to go directly away from it. "Hem! the Campanile, the Gallery, the Porta di Pinti—it is there," I say—and then set off in the opposite direction. It is really quite uncomfortable. I never feel myself settled in a place till I have rightly fixed the points of the compass. It is strange to me; and I more feel, than I otherwise might, that I am a stranger. To have the sun rise in the west and set in the east—it is as if the very elements had ceased to be one's friends. Alas! they are sometimes the traveller's only acquaintances; as they are mine here*—for all the friends that I expected to find here are fled to Rome. But what a curious feeling it is, by-the-by, with which one tries—and tries—to pull and heave the great world around and bring it right—and cannot! The north will *not* give up, and the south keeps back.

OCTOBER 21. Yes, and there are—I am considering the sky again—there are more glorious sunsets here than anywhere else; at least in a clear day: I have seen no gorgeous clouds, like those which appear in our American horizon—but

* I should be ungrateful not to add, that I afterward made the acquaintance here, of one of the most attractive and interesting, as well as kindest men I ever knew, in the person of our sculptor, Grenough.

there has been a sunset this evening in a cloudless heaven, with a variety and softness of colouring, continuing for a whole hour, such as I have never seen before. I say not altogether a new thing, but something beyond.

I have spent the last two days in going through the Pitti Palace, the residence of the grand duke—or rather, I should say, through the gallery of paintings. It consists of many rooms, most splendidly furnished and finished: the floors of marble, ceilings arched and painted in fresco, and filled with statues; tables of porphyry, jasper, &c., with stones inlaid in many forms of shells, birds, flowers, &c., in the style called *pierre dure*; chairs richly gilt and cushioned; pillars of marble, and vases of alabaster, &c. But all this is nothing—though some of the tables cost thirty thousand dollars; the works of genius that cover the walls are the only attraction that any one thinks of. It is not what the Medici and their successors have done here (except as purveyors for the public taste) that draws the crowd, but it is what Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Salvator Rosa, and Carlo Dolce, and Rembrandt, and Rubens, and Christopher Allori, and Chialli, and Andrea del Sarto, and many others have done.

[I had intended to strike out all such slight and

hasty notices of paintings, as appear in the following page or two. But such is the eagerness among us to know everything that can be known about celebrated paintings, that I have been induced to let some of these notices, such as they are, stand in the manuscript. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, than publishing them, when they were written ; or, indeed, anything else that belongs to the mere journal, in these volumes. I first name the painter, then the piece, and then add my comment.]

Petrazzi : the Espousals—the female espoused looking very serious and deeply satisfied—those around, with countenances much more moved from their common expression—that's natural.

Christopher Allori : Judith and Holofernes—a very powerful painting, no doubt ; but how is it possible to paint a *woman's face*, whose hand clutches by the hair a bleeding head, which she has just cut off !

Raphael : La Madonna della Seggiola*—surely very beautiful—but I have something more to say about that.

* So called because the Madonna is represented *sitting*. The *Madonna* here is more beautiful than any other I have seen of Raphael.

Raphael: Madonna—(del' Impannata*)—oh! very beautiful; the living, dark Italian eye of the youthful John—the glee of the infant—the fond adoration of the aged woman—the touching, admiring sensibility of the younger—the calm, satisfied, sweet expression of the Madonna—the mother in the Madonna!

Michael Angelo: The Fates—stern, calm, inexorable, and haggard-looking enough, and very powerful.

Salvator Rosa: a very horrible battle piece.

Leonardo da Vinci: female portrait—most exquisite softness and nature, like that I saw in the palace of Orange at Brussels.

Salvator Rosa: the Conspiracy of Catiline—the eye of Catiline shows the master.

Raphael: Vision of Ezekiel; in miniature, but amazingly striking.

Carlo Dolce: a head of Moses—like everything from his hand, fine in his way.

Ligozzi: Virgin and St. Francis—very touching expression of sadness. I should suppose “sad as St. Francis,” would be a proverb: for they all make him a very desolate-looking being. He is in this piece represented as stretching out his hands to the infant Saviour.

* From the paper window.

Mazzolino: La Femme Adultère—small, but capital, especially the different countenances of the accusers.

Live Meus: portrait of himself—singular effect of shading the eyes—as if they were looking out of a dark closet; and scarcely anything can be seen but the—as it were, not the eye, but the meaning of the eye, mysteriously revealing itself.

Benvenuti: (a living artist of this city)—fresco painting of the chamber of Hercules; very showy and splendid—his fault seems to lie in that direction.

Chialli: two pieces—one the choir of the Capuchins, and the other a funeral—wonderful perspective, like that of the Capuchin Chapel exhibited in America.

A statue of a little boy, with a bird's nest in one hand, and the other hand laid on and detaining the parent bird: so joyous that you can hardly help laughing out with him.

Beautiful statues in the bathingroom. Some wonderful mosaics of scenery, with figures—the necessary lights and shadows effected by stones of different colours, and, where it is requisite, by an exquisite adjustment of the different colours of the same stone. Fine perspective is actually made in this way, and very perfect figures of men and animals given.

The *Holy Families* in this collection are almost innumerable, and many of them certainly are very beautiful; but the idea of sanctity among these painters seems to be rather negative—beauty, calmness, but no very high intellectual or moral expression. Even of *Raphael's* Madonnas I cannot but say this. They do not satisfy me. They do not come anywhere near to the beau ideal of saintly beauty in my own mind, and, of course, cannot satisfy me. The calm, but eloquent, touched, enraptured soul, spreading its mingled light and shadowing over the whole countenance; the lines of intellectual expansion and heavenly dignity and delicacy, drawn upon the temples and forehead; the thoughts—(such as we may suppose hers to have been “who kept all these sayings in her heart”)—the thoughts that fill the depths of the dark eye, too strong for utterance—these things, and more that I conceive of, I do not find in Raphael's Madonnas. The engravings of the Madonna del Sisto, at Dresden, it is true, show more of all this, more especially in the eye, which is full of a sweet and serious meaning. But while the Madonnas of Raphael here, are all very, very beautiful, the beauty is more that of form and colour, than of expression. They have not so much soul in them as some of the old Grecian statues. If,

indeed, as is said, Raphael drew the idea of the Madonna's countenance partly from that of the Fornarina, it might be doubted, on every account, whether the result was likely to be very successful. In short, it is not Raphael's genius that I so much call in question here, as the very ideas which have thus far prevailed among men of genius, as well as the world at large, of what heavenly sanctity is.

OCTOBER 23. I have been to-day to see a collection of paintings in the palace of the Corvini family. There is an Achilles, Hector, and Priam, and other figures; the foot of Achilles on the dead body of Hector, in which the dead body is the best part; for the rest, the colours too glaring, and in the countenances too much distortion and too little passion. There are many beautiful Carlo Dolce's, and striking Salvator Rosa's—especially of the former, the celebrated representation of poetry—beautiful enough, but with little enough of inspiration, as it strikes me, in the countenance.

It is curious to see how much mannerism all these distinguished painters have. Carlo Dolce paints almost in *chiaro oscuro*—nothing but *light shadow*; almost no colouring; and yet out of the dark ground—too dark—of the head and neck, he does cause to come forth most beautiful and natural

faces. Salvator Rosa's pictures of nature are dark, and savage, and horror-striking, as we might imagine it to have appeared to Cain, after the murder of Abel. The same character appears in his historical paintings. The sea, indeed, when he paints it, compels him to throw a brighter splendour and a warmer glow over the canvass. Then again, how distinctly to be marked is the simplicity, the keeping, the quiet unpretending naturalness, the exquisite softness, of Raphael and Leonardi da Vinci. But Rubens, powerful as he is often, never paints without something of "the raw-head and bloody-bones" style; as if parts of his faces had been flayed, before he painted them. But I have gone far enough now, for a novice.

(A great collection of paintings is like a great library. There is much trash* in both; many things ordinary, and some things glorious; and some parts of a *considerable* number—some passage of the book, some figure of the painting, or even sometimes only a single hand in a picture—that is finely done. Neither the great painter nor the great author, always does things worthy of himself. Both are artists; and is not the latter an artist with greater advantages? The painter can

* That of the palace of Pitti, however, is, to an extraordinary extent, an exception from this remark.

do little more than exhibit one thought, in one single light; and it must be a thought, too, with which the world is already familiar. But the writer may unfold, explain, modify, enlarge, originate—give to the world new systems of philosophy, present religion and morals in new lights, unfold new regions of the beau ideal and the beautiful, and minister, through every avenue of reason, imagination, passion, to the world's improvement and happiness.

As I came into the city this evening from a ride into the country, I witnessed a funeral procession. First, two torch-bearers—the torches lifted four or five feet above the head—then the cross raised aloft ten feet—then a procession of boys and priests in white robes, chanting the funeral service—the hearse covered with splendid housings; and last, another order of persons dressed in black silk robes; four of whom, bearing torches, closed the procession. The black dress was very singular, completely enveloping the head and whole person, and permitting only the eyes to be visible.

OCTOBER 24. "May you die among your kindred!" says the proverb; but if I would frame a good wish, I should be disposed to say, with only less earnestness, "May you live among your kindred!" Let no one lightly determine to

travel in foreign countries *alone*. There is among us a reckless passion for going abroad, concerning which I would, while it forces itself on my mind, and before it is forgotten, in the hoped-for happiness of return, record my *caveat*. I say reckless, for it does not count the cost—it does not apparently suspect the sacrifice it is about to make. In Europe, this is felt *much* more strongly. I do not dissuade from foreign travel, but I would have every one go with his eyes open. I would have him, at least, see as much of the case, and estimate as many of the possibilities of suffering, as he can. But he cannot see or feel all, till it comes. No, let him not suppose that he knows, or can know, what it is to be *alone*, till he has stood in the heart of a mighty city, and felt that not one pulse in it beat to his heart—till he has seated himself in the solitary chamber of his hotel, and amid a thousand voices that issue from the courts, the stairways, and passages, heard not one that spoke his name, or his language—or heard, perhaps, from an adjoining apartment, the familiar sounds of domestic recreation and happiness, but found in it a contrast that increased his loneliness—felt that thin partition expanding itself into mountains and oceans between him and all such joys. Let him not think that he knows what it is to be *alone*, till he

has been out into the streets of a strange city, and met thousands, gay and happy in their companionship, but not one that cared for him ; or returned, and laid his head, feverish and throbbing, upon his pillow, and felt or feared that he might be sick and die among strangers—or, even if not, if never feeling or fearing this—till flung from the bosom of domestic life, he has been condemned to pass some few evenings of absolute solitude and silence, in that most solitary of all places on earth—a hotel. No, nor let him suppose that he knows what he may have to suffer in a strange land—what both sorrow and solitude may be—till the blow of calamity has found him *alone*—has fallen upon him where there is not one familiar object to lean his heart upon—till he turns his eyes back to some lovely countenance, which he left in the full glow of health, which he left, with forced gayety, saying, “I shall come soon again,” and now sees, cold, and pale, and wrapped in the garments of the grave—every fair and sweet lineament of truth, disinterestedness, thoughtfulness, and affection, marked with the rigid lines of death—never more to be seen, not even as it lies in that last sleep, prepared for the tomb—never more to be seen, till the resurrection hour ! God send that hour in due time !—for *without* the

hope of it, travel, methinks, would be treason to every stronger tie of life.

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OCTOBER 28. As the mode and expense of living in Italy are frequently inquired after in America, I will undertake to tell you how, and for how much, I live here. I have a lodging in one of those large open places, which is called in this country a piazza. By-the-by, it is a very convenient term, to which we have nothing answering in English; for this Piazza Nuova di San Maria Novella—for as long as its name is—is neither a square, nor a parallelogram, nor a circle, nor a crescent, nor any other describable figure; and it is plain that we want a general term to describe an open space in a city, without any reference to the form of it.

Thus then am I situated; on one of the most agreeable piazzas in the city—my parlour windows looking directly upon the church of San Maria Novella, which Michael Angelo is said to have admired so much that he called it his *sposa*, and would sit, we are told, and gaze upon it by the hour. If this is true—though it is to me very incomprehensible, for the front of the church appears to me very ugly—I suppose he would have given as much for one of my windows, as I give for

my two apartments ; that is three pauls (about thirty-three cents) a day. My rooms are quite spacious, carpeted (!) and perfectly neat (!!), and the family who let them to me furnish them with chairs, sofa, and tables, bed and bedding, and are besides very attentive to all my wants and wishes—and all this for three pauls a day. I have my breakfast sent me from a neighbouring *café*, or my dinner from a *trattoria* (eatinghouse) near at hand ; or I go to them for my meals, as I please. I prefer the latter plan usually, for it is convenient, in wandering about a city, to take my food just when and where the visitation of hunger or weariness may find me. After a delightful morning walk then—at nine o'clock, step with me into a *café*, and you shall behold a scene as fantastic as may be found in the hostelries of Arabia, and far more comfortable. In a suite of rooms opening into each other, twenty or thirty small tables are standing, and sitting around them, twice as many guests, perhaps—all with their hats or caps on—wearing every variety of costume, and speaking every variety of language. There is a good deal of bustle and noise—the clattering of cups mingling with the hum of conversation, and the calling of servants ; but do not be discouraged ; you shall ensconce yourself, if you like, in some quiet corner, and you shall have a bountiful cup, or bowl rather,

of café au lait, and bread and butter to conform, and all for one paul. A boiled egg, or a bunch of grapes shall be added, if you like—the grapes are delicious, and will be good for your health; and if you choose to mix more refined with these substantial gratifications, there is a basket of sweet-scented *boquets*, hanging on the arm of that country girl, who has come here in the very hope that you would buy one. Nay, and if you will not buy one, it is very likely that she will lay one on your table, certain that if you allow her to do this one or two mornings, the consequence must follow.

Well, the breakfast ended—now let us away to the Gallery, or to the Pitti Palace, or the Gardens of Boboli. After some hours spent there, at four or five o'clock, one may go to the trattoria, (the dining-place,) fitted up like the café, and may have a substantial dinner for two, three, or four pauls. After this manner one may live in Florence, for a dollar a day.

Dinner over, you may go to the opera, or if it be not too late, you may attend vespers in some of the churches. Here is the San Maria Novella just at hand—I often go there. But let me tell you, I do not go with stout and stern Protestant criticisms in my heart. I am rather disposed to say, “God bless you in these ancient, these eldest sanctuaries of the Christian faith, and make you sincere and

happy !” I confess that the ridicule with which I find many Protestant travellers constantly speaking of the Catholic services, seems to me to be in very bad taste and in a very unphilosophical, not to say unchristian spirit. The whole Catholic system, in a broad view, presents, indeed, many grave questions : but what do the mass of these people know about systems ? They worship as their fathers did —believe as their fathers did ; and who can doubt that most of them believe sincerely, and that many who kneel around these altars, in seemingly rapt attention and in tears, worship devoutly.

The general character of the people is a different subject ; and it is no doubt true that the traveller will meet with much dishonesty ; that the most casual observer will see a great deal of corruption, and the initiated will perceive a great deal more. But I am afraid that it is not Italy, nor popery alone, that furnish evidence in support of the observation, that a man may be very religious in his way, and very immoral at the same time ; though the immorality of one nation may be that of libertinism, and of another the immorality of drunkenness ; though one nation’s sins may lie in its gayeties and another’s in its business, in the indulgence of selfish and ungenerous dispositions, or of coarse and brutal passions. Besides, is it sufficiently consid-

ered that travellers in general are conversant with only a certain portion of the population ; and that a portion the most exposed to be dishonest and corrupt. The great thoroughfares of Europe, the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Italy, are crowded with travellers, whom their entertainers see once, and never expect to see again. The intercourse is, on both sides, deprived of those grand checks—personal acquaintance and public opinion. The *traveller* is too often not the same person abroad that he is at home ; and for a like reason the entertainer is not the same man to his chance customer that he is to his neighbours. Is it proper then for the passing stranger to infer from what he sees of a country, the general character of its population ? I should not wonder, if the stream of travel had essentially vitiated the regions through which it has flowed. I should not wonder if it had left its slime on the banks of the Rhine, in the cities of Italy, and even in the valleys of Switzerland.

But to return to the subject from which I have strayed—whatever else may be true of this people, they have certainly many winning ways with them. I have been in affliction since I came to Florence ; and my host and hostess, by every delicate attention to my feelings during a few days of seclusion, seemed to sympathize with me as if I had been

their son or brother. There is something, too, among these servants—a kindliness beyond the accomplished civility of the English serving man. The servant from the neighbouring trattoria, for instance, does not take leave after having spread my repast, without a bow, and wishing I may make a good dinner. My hostess, besides frequent inquiries whether I need anything, does not leave my apartments after having put my sleepingroom in order for the night, without her *felice notte*—her good-night. Just now she put upon my table a bouquet in a glass of water. The language, too, is full of indirect and delicate allusions. In respectful intercourse they never use the second person in addressing another; as, “Will you do this?” but they say, “Will he, or will the signore do this, or desire that?” Nay, as a still further compliment; they put you in the feminine gender; thus my Italian master, on taking leave, says, “*La riverisco*,” “I pay my respects to her.” As to this indirectness, I am satisfied that it is true to nature; for I well remember in my boyhood, that, in my intercourse with persons older than myself and whom I highly respected, I was constantly seeking out such indirect expressions. If what is said of the growing forwardness of our young people is true, it may be that the practice and the feeling are quite

worn out; and that when the sturdy young republican is asked how he does, he has nothing to answer with, but "Very well—how are *you*?" I do think again, as I have somewhere said once before, that here is a difficulty in our language. Our *Mister* does not seem to answer to *signore* and *monsieur*. We cannot say, "How does the *mister*?" as we might say, "How does the *signore*?" or, "*Monsieur, comment se porte-t-il?*" The Italian and French terms of address seem not to be like ours, mere prefixes, but rather like our terms of office.* Be this as it may—Heaven avert that the rising generation among us should lose that most beautiful trait of youth—modesty—deference—respect for age—respect for superiors! Let the manners of a nation want this—let a people become ill-bred, coarse, and vulgar—let especially the youth of a country be growing more forward and presumptuous, and let there be no sense, or refinement, or moral sensibility sufficient to put a check upon it; and vainly would such a nation claim our respect, though the sound of liberty were in every breeze, and parchment constitutions were piled to every roof-tree.

OCTOBER 29. What could be more strange than a translation from quiet domestic life in America,

* In England, the terms *master* and *mistress* answer this purpose.

to a scene like this ! I sometimes think if I were suddenly to meet an American friend in the street here, I should say, "How do you do, sir? Are you a bodily thing, or a shadow?" For truly I seem to live so much in a dream, that I doubt about surrounding realities. "Am I in Florence?" I say with myself. "Am I in Italy? *In Italy*—and yet sitting quietly in my room, as if nothing had happened to me; walking, and waking, and sleeping, in the majestic old Roman world, which in my schoolboy days I as little expected to see, as I now expect bodily to visit the moon?"

THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE, *founded by the Medici*. There is a large collection of *busts* of the Roman emperors and their families, and as they are real portraits, that have descended from the times of the personages whom they are designed to represent, they are probably in the main correct. It is surprising to see what a number of these Roman ladies, the wives and daughters of the emperors, are just plain, substantial-looking women, without any grace or beauty—(though seldom ugly, as many of the men are)—without any of the charms which might naturally enough be associated with the character of voluptuousness which many of them possessed.

*Hall of Niobe.** Niobe is rather a coarsely executed statue, but the face is powerful. Mr. Greenough thinks this group is a copy of some far finer and nobler statuary.

Some of the paintings in the Hall of Niobe are amazingly fine; particularly and above all a *Snyders*—Boar Hunt; a living picture: and *Gerard Hunthorst*—night scenes: the Supper, and the Fortunetelling.

The Hall of Barrochio has fine paintings: viz., *Gerard Hunthorst*—Adoration of the Infant Jesus; of the same general character as to the effect of light, as his night scenes; indeed, he is surnamed Gerard des Nuits. The light in this picture is supposed to proceed from the body of the infant; three young females surround it; and the different expressions of countenance are strikingly suited to their respective ages.

Ange Allori: Descent from the Cross; the sorrow of the mother. Yet no picture on this subject that I have seen here compares at all with that in the cathedral at Baltimore, by the French painter Guerin;† compares with it, I mean, for effect upon the feelings; I will not be answerable for minor matters of colouring, &c.

* I offer the same apology here as before.

† He died four or five months ago at Rome.

Jean Baptiste Salvi de Sassoferrato : The Virgin ; the face, the drapery, the blue mantle, all to me so wonderfully fine, that I cannot understand why the painter is not more known.

Portraits of painters, three hundred and fifty in number, painted by themselves ; a capital Sir Joshua Reynolds among them. I mention it the rather, because in England I was disappointed in his paintings.

But the grand attraction of the Gallery lies in the Tribune, and in the second room of the Tuscan school. In the Tribune are the original Venus de Medici, and the Rotateur or Grinder, the Wrestlers, and the Dancing Faun, and also the Little Apollo. The last did not strike me much ; but the other statues, it is easy to admit, are worthy of all their fame.

The Venus is held to be the model of beauty, and beautiful enough it is, and the beauty grows upon one at every repeated view. The Grinder is stooping down to sharpen his knife upon a stone. His face is turned up, and he is supposed to be listening to something about the conspiracy of Catiline. I do not know why he should be overhearing a conspiracy, rather than something else ; but his face, certainly, and whole frame, are instinct with the most vivid expression of life.

The finest paintings, too, are in this room; and the finest of them all, perhaps, the finest of all Madonnas, I think, (I do not say it, quite,) is André del Sarto's Madonna, standing on a pedestal, and St. John and St. Sebastian on either side. Titian's Venuses here, beautiful as they are, do not seem to me to show so much talent as his Venus at Darmstadt. In the second room of the Tuscan school, *Mariot Albertinelli's* Visitation of Elizabeth, *Biliverti's* Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, and *Louis Cardi's* Martyrdom of St. Stephen, are things that stand in no need of a memento to save them from being ever forgotten.

As to the Pitti Palace, I must confess that I have been disappointed. I may be making a record, perhaps, of my own insensibility or ignorance; but I would ask, where in that collection are the paintings of power to strike the heart or thrill the frame, or to reach the fountains of tears. I have asked a distinguished artist the question, and he did not name one. Now all the arts—eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting—are nothing else but modes of addressing the mind. And the three first-named arts can all furnish many productions that do address the mind with all the thrilling and subduing power, that I expected to find in this celebrated collection of fine paintings

in Florence. Ought it not to be stated, in fact, as the distinctive merit of the Pitti Gallery, that it has remarkably few poor paintings, that it exhibits a vast deal of the finish and perfection of the art, but not of its highest power? Thus much I distinctly perceive and feel, but no more. Indeed, there are to me much more powerful paintings in the Gallery of Florence, than in the grand duke's palace.

The churches of Florence I like not at all; neither the outside nor the inside, neither the form nor the finish. They are of no known style of architecture; neither Grecian, nor Gothic, nor anything else. They are built, the most of them, in the cathedral form; that is, with a high central nave, and a lower range, or nave, on either side; and they require the Gothic finish and decoration, to bear out, or to relieve the essential deformity of this kind of structure; but they have it not—not one of them. Then the finish and aspect of the interior is generally tawdry; altars of various coloured marbles, and Virgin Marys dressed out in silks, and satins, and spangles; and, worst of all, the heads in many of the paintings having miserable tin, or possibly (it is all the same) silver crowns stuck upon them. The interior of the cathedral is indeed an exception; the pillars are of dark-coloured stone, and the general aspect is

grave and solemn. But then the exterior is as monstrous a mass of ugliness as I ever saw ; a huge mountain of a thing, checkered all over, if it can be credited, with intermingled white and black strips of marble. It is very much as if you should attempt to beautify a mountain by dressing it with checked gingham. The architect must have got his idea from some mantuamaker, or *magazin des modes*. And yet the York Minster could not have cost one tenth as much as this cathedral.

Indeed, there has been a rage for praising Florence, which I cannot understand. I give my impression as it is—thinking honesty and independence absolute duties in a traveller. It may be because I have seen Florence under autumn clouds, or under some other clouds ; but certainly I have been tempted to ask whether there be not some extraneous cause for this unequalled admiration, either in its history, or its great men, or in the fact that it is the first grand specimen of antiquity that meets the traveller coming from the north ; or in a fashion getting currency in the world, nobody can tell why. For the houses and public buildings of Florence are not beautiful ; (I except the Campanile, and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio ;) its squares are not beautiful ; its streets are not beautiful ; its environs—with the exception of a single

ride down the Arno—are not beautiful. It reposes rather gracefully, indeed, in the lap of surrounding hills ; but those hills are covered over—there are no stately trees—covered over with the least beautiful foliage in the world, that of olive trees. There are some vineyards, too ; but these vineyards are, like those in Germany and Switzerland, perfectly uninteresting. The olive and the vine are names of romance to us in America ; but they compare not at all with our orchards and our meadows.

I have been to-day to “the top of Fiesole”—to the monastery where Milton spent some weeks. Went into a chapel near by, said to have been a temple of Bacchus. The foundation and pillars of such a temple *may* have been left here, to experience the singular fate of being consecrated to this new purpose ; for Fiesole was an ancient Roman town, and some ruins of it are still to be seen. Catiline’s army, at one time, had its camp at Fiesole. The view from the top, of an extensive country, dotted over with white houses, amid the dark olives, is very striking. Both the produce must be great, and the mode of living frugal, one would think, for so dense a population to be sustained upon this tract of country.

NOVEMBER 1. I rode a mile or two down the vale of the Arno to-day—the country too low, and

too level ; and certainly not to be compared, for a moment, with the intervalles of the Connecticut or Housatonic ; nor with twenty districts of country in England or Scotland.

The churches are filled with fresco and other paintings, the most of which I cannot be made to believe are worthy of much attention. They are either ordinary, or in bad lights, and the frescoes, most of them, are high away up in domes, where the eye cannot reach to discern their expression, if they have any. There are, however, some frescoes of Massacio, in the church del Carmine ; and in the cloister of the church del Annunciata there is a Madonna of his, that are much admired ; and are to me the best in fresco that I have seen. The cloisters, I may observe here, are not the secluded places I had been led to expect. On the contrary, they are open to the public. They are around an open and hollow square, within the monastery, and built in the form of alcoves, or recesses, under the arches of which are paved walks. Here the monks walk ; there is always a sunny side in a cool day, or a shady side in a hot day ; and here anybody enters who pleases to look at the fresco paintings, with which the walls are usually covered. Some of these paintings repre-

sent, in series, the life of a saint ; his conversion, sufferings, miracles, &c. : others are employed upon other sacred themes. Sad places they seemed to me, when I considered the solitary, weary lives that are worn out here—a single cypress, standing in one of the squares, with its dark foliage, and tapering, isolated form, seemed to me the very *genius loci*—the emblem of humanity in these desolate cloisters.

The monks, however, as they pass about the streets, do not look like an unhappy set of people. The Franciscans, especially, (though they do take their name from such a dismal saint as the painters, at least, have represented St. Francis,) appear very cheerful, and are said to be in great favour with the people. The monkish dress consists of a tunic or gown, and narrow strip of cloth hanging in front, called the scapulary, and a cape or cowl, as the case may be, falling on the shoulders. That of the Dominicans is white ; that of the Franciscans brown : the fabric of both, a coarse, thin woollen. Some of the monks come so near being barefooted, that they wear only sandals. They live partly on charity, and partly on old foundations—many of which, however, were broken up by Bonaparte—the great ravager, despoiler, robber of the Continent. And yet pictures, busts,

statues of him are everywhere, as if he had been the world's great benefactor.

NOVEMBER 2. To-day, I have seen two or three things that interested me greatly, but I can only note them: the wonderful exhibitions of the human form in wax, in the Natural History collections—every part, and every possible section of the human frame, said to be represented with perfect accuracy; a painting, by young Sabatelli of Milan, (only twenty years of age,) of a Catholic miracle, the object of which is to convince a skeptic of the real presence—I advise picture dealers to inquire for Sabatelli: and the studio of the sculptor Bartolini. Such beautiful statues are there, as persuade one that the glories of the ancient art may revive.

Yesterday was All Saints' day, and to-day, All Souls'. The bells have rung, scarce more constantly than they do other days—that could hardly be—but they have rung in concert, in peals and chimes, till I have been utterly weary of them. What the sick do in such circumstances, I cannot tell. Perhaps Florentine ears are so accustomed to the sound, that it makes no difference to them.

This evening, just at the close of twilight, as I stepped into one of the churches, I witnessed the singular spectacle, if spectacle it could be called,

of a preacher addressing his congregation in almost total darkness. Perhaps it was considered as appropriate to the funereal character of the day ; the object being, as I understand it, to pray for all souls in purgatory. Of the two, my sympathies, certainly, are entirely with All Saints' day. A festival to commemorate all saints, a day to remember all good men, a season around which is gathered the mighty host of those who, in faith and patience, in suffering and triumph, have gone to heaven—is one which it would be grateful to observe. I would not object to the invocation of saints, were I assured they could hear us. Why should it be thought a thing so monstrous, that I should ask some sainted friend that has gone to heaven—passed through all that I am suffering—to help me, or to intercede for me, if he knows my condition ? I desire this of friends on earth—friends clothed with the weakness of humanity. Why might I not breathe such a thought to some angel spirit, whose wings may hover around me in mid air, though I see him not ? But this would be the invocation of saints. I suppose it is the equivocal use of the word prayer, that creates a part of our Protestant horror of this practice. We say, it is praying to the saints ; but the enlightened Catholic doubtless would say, it is not adoration—not praying, as to the Supreme.

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey from Florence to Rome—The Dominican Friar—Upper Vale of the Arno—Arezzo—Perugia—Assisi—Vale of the Clitumnus—Terni—Civita Castellana—Baccano—First sight of Rome.

ON the morning of the third of November, some time before daybreak, I took my seat in a coach for Rome. As the light dawned, it disclosed, opposite to me, the full but strong and manly features of a young Dominican friar. His amiable countenance and gentlemanlike bearing, at once awakened an interest in me, which was not a little increased when I saw him, as the light became sufficient for the purpose, take his breviary, and with an eye, losing all its fire in the deepest sadness, begin to read the lessons of the day. I think I never saw anything more touching than the sadness of that eye. There was sincerity, I could not doubt, but there was evidently great unhappiness. Yet it was not the unhappiness of conscious guilt; but it seemed to me the unutterable distress which an honest mind must feel, in performing heartless and

reluctant devotions. Indeed, that it was a commanded service, and one that he was obliged by his vow to perform, he distinctly intimated to me in apology for thus occupying himself. After he had read about an hour, he suddenly shut the volume, clapping the covers together with both hands, like a schoolboy his spelling book ; and the closing of the breviary seemed to act as much like a spell upon him, as the opening had. His eye instantly brightened, his countenance recovered at once all its cheerfulness and amenity ; and we began to confer together like "men of this world." I inquired of him concerning his order, and its duties and pursuits ; and learned that he was going to Rome to pursue his studies, though he was already so far advanced that he was permitted to preach. I told him that I too was *un prete*. "No," he said, "*un ministro*." So here was an opportunity, I suppose, if my Italian had served for it, to enter into the whole controversy between the Catholic and Protestant churches.

But there was another question, I confess, in which, for the moment, I took a deeper interest ; and that was about the effect of his duties upon his own character. When he understood what my objects in travel were, he said, "You are going to Rome for pleasure, but I am going for prayer."

"But," I said, "will you not see the ruins, the galleries, the pictures, and statues?" He seemed to look very indifferently upon these objects; said that he might see them, but that was not what he went for; and then repeated the declaration, that he went for prayer, while I was going for pleasure. "But," I said, "*prayer* is a pleasure." He replied emphatically, pointing to his heart, "With the mind—yes;" and then laying his hand on the breviary, "but with the book—no." Poor fellow! he must nevertheless pray with the book, and with that eye of unutterable sadness, an hour every morning, and I know not how much beside. How difficult it is to settle the questions that arise between the *form* and the *spirit* of devotion! And is it not impossible, in fact, to lay down *any* rule that shall suit all cases? I have no doubt, that, for almost all men, forms are good, *to a certain extent*—but what that extent is, must depend on many considerations—character, education, temperament, circumstances. And it is not unfortunate, perhaps, that there are various dispensations of Christianity to meet these various wants. All *could* not, in the present state of men's minds, be interested in the same dispensation. Were it not better, then, that different sects, instead of keeping up a perpetual strife, should harmoniously consent

to differ; and thus walk in brotherly love, each one in its chosen way, to heaven?

But to leave the consideration of the great pilgrimage, for our journey: I found the upper vale of the Arno a pleasanter country than any I had before seen in Italy, since I left Lake Maggiore. Yet there is in this country none of the autumnal beauty of our trees and forests—the *variety* of trees is wanting here, and probably the sharp and sudden frosts. As for variety, field after field, mile after mile, and day after day, (for two or three days from Florence,) presented scarcely anything but the olive and a peculiar species of poplar, planted and trimmed for the vine to run upon. For this purpose the trees are cut into the singular shape of cups—or, taking the trunk and branches together, of a wineglass.

We expected to reach Arezzo the first day, but stopped for the night, ten miles short of it. The next morning we passed through Arezzo, and spent an hour or two in walking about it. It is the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the painter Vasari. We saw Petrarch's house, and the painting by Vasari, of the banquet of Ahasuerus. This painting is in the abbey of the monks of Monte Cassino, and in the church of this abbey is "The Cupola in Perspective"—a very wonderful painting by the

Jesuit Del Pozzo. A flat ceiling is over your head ; but you find it difficult to persuade yourself that it is not a dome of the depth of twenty feet. The cathedral of Arezzo is a fine building, and the interior, especially, is grave, solemn, and impressive. The entire ceiling is covered with paintings in fresco.

CORTONA we passed by and came on to Passignano for the night. This village is situated on the Lake Trasymene, the scene of the great battle between Hannibal and the Consul Flaminius—a battle so fiercely contested, says Livy, that although there was an earthquake that day, which was felt throughout Italy, and shook down houses in the cities and villages, not one of the combatants knew of it. The battle ground is clearly described, and plainly to be seen from the road. The lake is a large and fine sheet of water.

PERUGIA. The finest churches in Perugia are the cathedral, the church of the Dominicans, with a magnificent window of stained glass, and the church of San Pietro, filled with paintings. Among them are several of Perugino, the early master of Raphael, and several too of Raphael before he had escaped from the hard and dry manner of Perugino. Still there is about Perugino a softness of touch, from which Raphael doubtless derived that remarkable trait of his manner.

We passed Assisi, the birthplace of Metastasio, leaving it on the left. It is mostly inhabited by Franciscan monks ; some of whom we saw in the church of the Madonna degli Angeli, looking dismally enough. The church was undergoing repairs, the dome having fallen ; but amid noise, and rubbish, and dust, were to be seen in all directions these kneeling monks.

Between Foligno and Spoleto is the river and valley of the Clitumnus : and here is a small ancient building now converted into the chapel of San Salvatore, which is supposed to have been the temple of Clitumnus. In the vale of Clitumnus, cattle were fed and fattened for sacrifices. It has been very striking all through Italy, to find the cattle, either white or cream-coloured—such as were anciently preferred for sacrifices ; and they have a fashion here, of dressing their heads after a manner like the use of the ancient fillets which bound the head of the victim—a relic, probably, of that custom. In this neighbourhood, at Ameria, was the birthplace of Roscius.

At Spoleto there is an ancient cathedral, with some good paintings ; a very lofty aqueduct ; and in the vicinity, fine wild scenery. The hills are entirely covered with evergreen oak.

TERNI—situated on the Nar, or Neri. Three or

four miles above the town is the celebrated cascade Del Marmore. It is on the Veleno, a river or canal, which conveys the waters of the Lake of Lucio into the Nar. The greatest of the three falls here is three hundred feet, and it is very well worth a walk or ride from Terni to see. There is a powerful description of it in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. As I came home from the falls in early evening and beneath a clear sky, I thought the splendour of the *evening* sky in Italy surpassed that of all other climes I had known, as well as that of the daytime.

The Vale of Terni is pretty, but neither this nor that of the Clitumnus is as beautiful as the Vale of Tiber, below Otriculo. The name of Tiber may doubtless spread a charm over it; but the windings of the river are certainly very graceful, and its banks are more like our own meadows, than anything I have seen in Italy. These three vales would scarcely have drawn my attention as scenery, unless it were in a country so entirely destitute of scenery, as that part of Italy through which I have passed. The ranges of the Apennines, however, which are passed over on *this* route, and especially about Narni and Terni, are by no means so barren and tame as those beyond

Florence. There are spots, romantic and wild, and quite like Switzerland.

CIVITA CASTELLANA, OCTOBER 7. Our Dominican has been ill during the whole journey. On the second day after leaving Florence, he was attacked with a low bilious fever, with which he has travelled the whole distance ; and the way in which he has got along with it, is worth mentioning—the rather, as I think it is common on the Continent, in all cases where disease is not violent. It is remarkable that people here, either from being instructed on the point, as our people are not, or from use, or from some cause, adopt in all such cases, as did the Dominican, a certain plan ; and that is *to eat nothing*. He took no medicine, and he eat nothing on the whole journey but a little *soupe maigre*. He travelled almost the entire distance from Florence to Rome, with a fever that, in America, would have put him in bed and under the hands of the doctor. For the day past, he has been decidedly improving ; and I do not doubt that to-morrow evening we shall leave him in Rome nearly recovered.

Yes, we shall leave him, to bury his mind in the rubbish of long-accumulating prescription ; to pore over the dusty tomes of scholastic theology ; to draw from the armories of Bellarmine and Bossuet, wea-

pons wherewith to fight heretics ; to struggle on with his breviary, and his beads, and his offices ; to merge his individuality in an order ; to sink, a drop into the ocean of the church, and to be borne wherever the current of its mighty will directs. And yet my mind tells me, that this man will one day be a distinguished member of that church, or its more distinguished adversary. May he fare well !

This is the last sleeping-place on the journey ; thirty-five miles from Rome. It is thought to be the ancient Falerii ; where the schoolmaster, according to the Roman legend, offered, in time of siege, to deliver up to Camillus his pupils, consisting of the noblest families of the city. Camillus, says the account, caused the youth to be sent back, and the master to be soundly flogged.*

Civita Castellana took its name, I suppose, from the castle, a massive and noble structure. There is a strange-looking old cathedral here, the front of which was built, I believe, out of an arch, and still retains the same form. The entrance to the city, on the side towards Terni, is by a bridge, over a tremendous chasm.

Our road, thus far, has been the ancient Via Fla-

* This, like almost everything else in the old Roman story, vanishes at the touch of M. Niebuhr.

minia, but we left it here for the Via Cassia, which leads through Monte Roti, Baccano, and Storta—places of no interest. Indeed, on leaving Tuscany, and especially in approaching Rome, the country and the villages have become more desolate and miserable. The worst villages I saw in Ireland are not so dismal.

On the eighth day of November, from the high land near Baccano, and about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavourable to impression, in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that you ought to be, or that such is the fashion, yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by any such, or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you, as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression—but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations—kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations, had passed over that

sublime theatre. The fire, the storm, the earthquake had gone by; but there was yet left the still small voice—like that, at which the prophet “wrapped his face in his mantle.”

CHAPTER XV.

Entrance to Rome—General appearance of the City and People—First Impressions—A Glance at St. Peter's and the Forum—The Seven Hills—The Appian Way—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Fountain of Egeria—The Coliseum by Moonlight—The Esquiline Hill—The Church di Stefano Rotondo.

NOVEMBER 10. The entrance to Rome by the Porta del Popolo, or Gate of the People, presents a view that is noble and worthy of the Eternal City. A large square, or rather circular open space, spreads before you, from which three streets run diverging, and penetrate into the city—the Corso in the middle, the Babuino on the left, and the Ripetta running along the Tiber, on the right. On the points, between these streets, stand two small but beautiful churches. In the centre of this place—or Piazza del Popolo—stands an Egyptian obelisk. On each side of the piazza are fountains, and over these fountains, and all along upon the surrounding walls, are statues. It is really an appropriate introduction to Rome—or to what you feel that Rome should be. Should be, I say—for,

alas ! Rome, as a city, separate from its works of art and its ruins, is a dismal, dirty, disagreeable place. Its streets are narrow, dark, damp, and, above all, filthy, to a degree that is insufferable and inexpressible. No writer could dare to defile his page with a description of the horribly indecent uses to which the streets, squares, and public places of this city are put. Besides, in walking, you are thrust down to the lowest level of the streets ; there being no sidewalks in Rome, except upon a part of the Corso. The people in the streets generally appear ill clad, poor, and dirty ; and beggars present themselves at every point, and at every moment. One gets to be absolutely afraid to look any man in the face, lest he should stretch out his hand and beg. Amidst all this begging and filth, a hundred fountains spring up in every part of the city, sufficient to wash the streets and the people : pity they are not applied to both purposes ! As to the general countenance of the population—I have seen prevailing gravity and depression before—but never did I see such a cloud upon the face of any people, as that which has settled down upon the Roman brow.

NOVEMBER 12. I have been four days in Rome, and am scarcely convinced, yet, that I am here. I seem to have arrived at the consummation of my

dreaming. I walk in my sleep altogether. This comfortable fireside at the Hotel de Londres—this pleasant chitchat—these agreeable friends; no sign of desolation here; no sound of its mighty footstep; how can all this be in Rome! In truth, these common sights and sounds of city life and bustle, these common avocations and actions, rising in the morning, making one's toilet, eating one's breakfast, and walking abroad, are so at war with all one's impressions about the wonderful, glorious, transcendent, and majestic of Rome, that it is difficult to bring them together. Contrasts here heighten impression; and they heighten it in another respect. For I think it is not only the schoolboy's impression which we entertain about the glory of Rome, but it is the schoolboy's wonder, in part, which we feel at being here. "Ah! little thought I," says Rogers—

"Ah! little thought I, when in school I sat,
 A schoolboy on his bench, at early dawn
 Glowing with Roman story, I should live
 To tread the Appian * * * * *
 * * * * * to turn
 Towards Tiber * * * * *
 * * * * * or climb the Palatine."

If Rogers might say this, much more may I, who

conned my lesson three thousand miles farther off than he.

I said it was the schoolboy's impression that one has about Rome, and conformably to this remark, I found my first voluntary steps directed to the Forum. Circumstances before this carried me to pass two or three hours at St. Peter's, of which I will only say now in passing, that it is a structure of stupendous magnificence, (*that* is the characteristic feature—not solemnity, nor sublimity exactly, for one is not aware of the size,) and that it does not, at first view, offend the eye as I expected it would. This, indeed, is far less than we ought to be able to say, of a building of such boundless expense as St. Peter's; yet I cannot doubt that there are several structures in Europe, which, from their general form and architecture, afford a higher pleasure than this. But to pass this by for the present—what shall I say of the Forum, on and about which I have passed the last two days? Denominated now, Il Campo Vaccino—The Cow Pasture; waste and desolate, or trodden by a set of wretches employed in digging into its ruins, and not worthy to dig up the ruins of what their ancestors built; a field, the very soil and substance of which are the mouldered dust of ancient glory; surrounded by a few columns and porticoes, that

stand the mournful landmarks and witnesses of what it once was—who can look upon it without feeling a blank, a disappointment, though he had known all this before? Where was the Rostrum? where the Comitia? where did Cicero plead? There is not a stone to tell. An entire portico of one temple is standing; three columns of another; but of *what* temples is matter of dispute. Three other columns lift their beautiful shafts in the opposite quarter of the Forum; but to what they belonged is not certainly known. There is not one locality of *ancient* Rome here, but it is disputed.

I went this morning to the top of the Capitol, from which all Rome, modern and ancient, is visible—the hills, the distant ruins of temples and aqueducts, the surrounding Campagna. In passing the eye along from east to west, the Seven Hills come in the following order: the Aventine, (lying from the Capitoline southeast,) the Palatine, the Cœlian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal. Some of them appear from this point of view scarcely as elevations, covered as they are with houses.

I descended from the Capitol, passed through the Forum towards the Aventine, and found the temple of Janus with its four gateways—a beautiful and massive ruin—the *little* arch of Septimius just by, and farther on, the temples of Vesta and

Fortune. I then went to the top of the Aventine, and came down across the Circus Maximus, lying between that and the Palatine—the scene of the seizure of the Sabine women by the Roman youths.

NOVEMBER 17. Three or four days ago, I went out on the Appian Way, once lined with monuments, appearing now itself like a lengthened tomb—with nothing living upon its silent and deserted course, with scarcely any relics indeed to tell what it once was—the street of mausoleums and temples, through which the Roman people, as they rode, were reminded at every step of their mighty dead. We visited the tomb of the Scipios, and with the aid of lights and a guide, traced out its subterranean passages. It was a family tomb, and several of the sarcophagi remain untouched; though the finest of them, that of Cornelius Scipio, is removed to the Vatican. We next rode to the beautiful and majestic monument of Cecilia Metella, the largest Roman structure of the kind remaining, I believe—except the monument of Adrian in the city, which is now converted into a military establishment, and called the Castle of St. Angelo. Strange use of a tomb it is, but still more strange that the tomb of a lovely woman should have been converted to this use, as was that of Cecilia Me-

tella in the times of the middle ages.* Lovely woman, I say, for so one is apt to think of her to whom such remarkable honour was done. Nothing, indeed, is actually *known* of her, but that she was the wife of Crassus, Pompey's competitor for popular favour, and afterward his colleague in the first triumvirate. One has little respect for him; indeed; the early contest between him and Pompey was essentially a contest between wealth and talent, and his after course was not honourable. The most respectable action, to my mind, which we know of him, is his building this noble monument.

From the tomb of Cecilia Metella, we went to the fountain of Egeria, a spot which, in former days, when the country about Rome was cultivated, may have been beautiful enough for the residence of the muses; but alas! there are doubts about the locality, as there are concerning almost everything else here.

NOVEMBER 22. This evening I went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. It is indeed the monarch, the majesty of all ruins—there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls, and arches,

* By the Frangipani family.

and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheatre, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings, and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, *more than three hundred thousand* persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

But to return to the Coliseum—we went up, under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls, and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! what voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! and now, as we picked our way carefully through decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mouldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the

bat, and none came from without, but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell, from the summit of the neighbouring Esquiline. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls — through a hundred lonely arches, and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and cannot describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "*un dono*," as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sor-

row may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight !*

NOVEMBER 23. I have spent most of the day in wandering alone over the Esquiline hill, though, except the ruins of the baths of Titus, there is little save recollections to make it interesting. They occupy the spot where the house and gardens of Mæcenas stood, and near by were the houses of Horace, Virgil, and Propertius. Holy mount ! dwelling-place of genius, and of its noble friend and model patron — who that walks alone over your silent and deserted summit, can repress his sadness, as the memory of the past, and the spectacle of the present, contend for mastery in his mind, and with all the power of contrast, make the vision brighter only to turn it into the deeper darkness !

NOVEMBER 24. I have been this afternoon to the Church di Stefanò Rotondo, said to have been built by Agrippina for her husband Claudius, destroyed by Nero, and rebuilt by Vespasian. At any rate, it retains the form of an ancient temple,

* The outer wall of the Coliseum is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high. The area of the building is six hundred and nineteen feet long, by five hundred and thirteen broad. That is to say, it covers nearly four acres.

consisting of two concentric rows of Ionic pillars of granite, with one transverse row apparently to support the dome. It is circular, and the wall is filled entirely round with fresco paintings of every horrid species of martyrdom. Such is the change that has passed upon everything in Rome. As I came through the Coliseum, a company of friars were going around in solemn procession from altar to altar, and performing religious service, on the very spot where their elder brethren by thousands had poured out their blood; the mighty walls seemed to frown at the triumph of the despised and persecuted religion. But whether they frown or not, it is certain that all the remains of antiquity, whether religious or heroic, are made to bear marks of the ascendancy of the new religion. Not a column, Egyptian or historical, stands here, but bears on its base something to this effect—that “being purified from pagan abominations, it is consecrated” thus and so, by some Pontifex Maximus.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ascent to the top of St. Peter's—Michael Angelo's Painting of the Last Judgment—Excursion to Tivoli—Waterfall—Temples of Vesta, and the Tiburtine Sibyl—Villa of Adrian—Paintings at the Rospigliosi Palace—Living in Rome.

NOVEMBER 29—to the top of St. Peter's; a very easy thing to do, so gradual is the ascent made. Our view stretched from the Mediterranean on one side, to the Apennines on the other, over the whole wide and desolate Campagna. This tract of country consists mostly of pasturage lands, unenclosed, with a broken surface, and few houses or trees. In the comparatively small tracts upon it, where tillage is attempted—and it is attempted only by mountaineers from the Apennines, as I am told—many lives are annually the sacrifice. The diseases caused by this malaria are chiefly bilious and intermittent fevers, and being so, I see not why there is anything more mysterious about the malaria, than there is about the

marsh miasma of our own country low grounds. The city is choked with rubbish; the lands want draining. But to return to the top of St. Peter's: we went up into the ball on the top of the dome, and found that, although it does not appear much larger than a man's head from below, it was of a size sufficient to hold twenty-two persons. Another fact may better show the immensity of this structure. The dome of St. Peter's is as large as the Pantheon, or rather larger indeed. That is to say, it is one hundred and forty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet high.* Michael Angelo boasted that he would "hang the Pantheon in air," and this cupola is raised more than two hundred feet above the pavement of the church. But what is raised? Why, a mass of masonry; not a wooden dome, but a cupola of brick, *twenty-three feet* in thickness! The passage to the summit is within this wall. That is to say, as you go up this stairway, you have ten feet thickness of wall on each side of you. The whole wall is equal in thickness to the width of most of our city houses. And this stupendous mass is "hung in air." It is not only putting one

* The Pantheon is one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, one hundred and forty-two in height, and the wall twenty feet thick.

immense church on the top of another, but with such walls, as were never perhaps put into any building standing on the ground, except the Pantheon.

NOVEMBER 30. To-day I walked two hours on Monte Pincio; the weather so mild, as to be almost too warm; and a haze over the city and surrounding country, very like our Indian summer. There was that stillness in the air—that hush of nature in which, as in a clear evening, every sound from hill and valley comes distinct upon the ear—that silence, amid which the fall of the leaf is heard—and that soft and shadowy veil upon everything which makes our Indian summer a holy season—the Sabbath of the year.

DECEMBER 2. I have been to see Michael Angelo's celebrated painting in fresco, of the Last Judgment, and I am one of the unhappy dissenters from the common opinion. In the first place, I must have leave to doubt about the design altogether—that of representing the Resurrection and Judgment, by a collection of distinctly drawn figures. It leaves nothing to the imagination. The style of Martyn's pictures, it seems to me, would be far better, whatever may be thought of the execution. Much should be thrown into obscurity. But in the next place, there should, at any rate, be given a great

depth, an immense perspective, to such a picture : the field of vision should stretch away as it were into infinite space. But my eye can find nothing of this. Here is a wall, the entire end of the chapel, filled with figures, and they all seem to be in the same mathematical plane, one directly above another—drawn with a staring distinctness of bold outline and muscular form, and thrown together in a strange confusion, so that the Judgment appears like a physical conflict, a rude *mêlée*, a scene of disorder, utterly at war with the solemnity and majesty that belong even to the popular conceptions of that occasion.

DECEMBER 3. To-day I have been to Tivoli, eighteen miles from Rome, on the Consular road. The waterfall here, on the Anio, aided in its effect by the grand cavern adjacent, called the Grotto of Neptune, and by the violence of its dashing upon the rocks below—the wrestling of the furious element in the abyss to which it is plunged—may be said to be almost sublime. On the brow of the precipice above, and above this war of the wild elements, stands, appropriately, the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl ; and near it, Vesta's temple ; both the most ancient ruins, in appearance, that I have seen in Italy. They are both small, but well preserved, and the latter especially is one of the most

exquisite remains of antiquity. I stepped into the former, to look at the seat of the wild and mysterious prophetess : it is now a Christian chapel !

The villa of Mæcenas here—once the seat of taste, if it be his—is now a blackened forge.

The villa of Adrian is, if less changed, even more desolate. The Theatre (for the villa was seven miles in circumference, and included many buildings) is now a cabbage garden ; the Maritime Theatre is covered over with brambles ; the temple in imitation of that of the Egyptian Serapis—with the covered niches for the oracles to speak forth from—and the temples of Apollo, of Diana, and of Venus—in the last of which, the Venus di Medici was found—all of them have but single mouldering arches standing ; the quarters of the Pretorian Guards are silent and tenantless—the porticoes are all fallen—not a column, not a capital remains ; the Latin and Greek libraries now teach wisdom only from their ruinous recesses, through which every storm rushes ; and to complete the picture, that most striking of all the images of desolation ever recorded was realized to us ;* for as we were looking up at the ruin of the Greek library, a fox appeared on the top of the ruin, and passed down upon the other side.

* “ The fox looketh out at the window.”

The Villa D'Este in Tivoli has many fantastic fountains and cascades, and presents a noble view of the Sabine hills on the north, and of the Campagna, extending to Rome. The Campagna bordering the hills about Tivoli, is more smooth and meadowlike than I have seen it elsewhere.

DECEMBER 4. The Rospigliosi palace has a small collection of very rare paintings :—

Guido's Aurora—a fresco—very celebrated and very justly. I have scarcely seen any fresco like it. The chariot of the morning, directed by Phœbus, preceded by Aurora scattering flowers from her hand, and surrounded by the Hours, is advancing amid a crimson cloud, upon the wide, blue ocean, while in the distance of the fine perspective, the horizon is glowing with the first steps of coming day. The countenances of some of the Hours are very lovely, and a little study will bring them out, so as almost to make them return your glance.

Ludovico Carracci's Death of Samson. He is represented in a banqueting hall, as taking hold of a pillar, which is broken in his grasp, and the building, already shattered, is evidently about to crush him and his enemies. His muscular form, and the expression of horror and agony in his face, as well as of fear in one very lovely female countenance,

together with the rich tone of the whole, make this one of the finest paintings I have seen.

Dominichino : Garden of Eden ; Adam, a fine face ; Eve, without being handsome, a countenance marked with feeling, and full of expression ; the landscape dark, as if the shadow of a thunder cloud had come over it ; and so, I suppose, it is designed to be represented ; for it is after the fall, as I judge, since Adam is apparently gathering leaves from a fig tree, and presenting them to Eve.

Dominichino : Triumph of David ; he is represented as a very delicate and beautiful youth ; the head of Goliath borne by a page before him ; while the song of triumph is chanted by the procession of women, that "came with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." But the Saul is above all magnificent ; a tall and noble figure, a fine head and countenance, and such an expression of disappointment and sorrow, that though it be called envy, one cannot help respecting it.

Rubens : The Saviour, and Twelve Apostles—separate pictures, and very rich and elaborately wrought ; with a freshness and vivacity of colouring free from extravagance, and a softness and fineness of touch, seldom seen in the paintings of Rubens.

From the Rospiglioni palace I went to see the tomb of Caius Cestius, just by the Porta di San Paolo—a beautiful pyramid; and thence to that most extraordinary hill, near the south wall, called Monte Testaccio; and so called from its having been formed of broken vases, crockery, &c., thrown out here during a course of years, or rather ages. I returned home by the Tiber, and passed the little remaining ruins of the Pons Subli-cius, so called from the wooden piles which supported it. It was the first bridge built over the Tiber. It was on this bridge that Horatius Coccles is related in Roman history to have stopped the army of Porsenna, till the Romans had destroyed the part behind their leader, and then threw himself into the river, and swam to the city.

DECEMBER 5. Nothing specially worthy of note calls for a record this evening. I have passed the day mostly in-doors, as it is one of the many that go to make up the very large proportion of the damp, cloudy, and disagreeable ones we have here. Yet every day passed in Rome seems memorable. What an event should I not have thought it, at any former period of my life, to have passed a day in Rome! I think it such still. I do not see how life can ever be common life, on such a spot. In truth, it seems as if one had no right to enjoy the com-

mon comforts of life, amidst such ruins—the ruins of a world passed away—the mighty shadows of ancient glory spreading over every hill—the very soil we tread upon, no longer the pathways of the old Roman masters of the world, but the mouldering rubbish of their temples, their palaces, their firesides—the yet almost breathing dust of a life, signalized beyond all others in the world's great history. One feels that it would be an appropriate life here, to sit down like Marius on the ruins of Carthage—or to burrow in the Coliseum—or to pitch one's tent alone, in the waste and silent fields, amid the rank grass or the thick and towering reeds, that have overgrown so large a portion of the ancient city.

CHAPTER XVII.

Vatican—Raphael's Transfiguration—Dominichino's Communion of St. Jerome—The Raphael Chambers—Walk on the Tiber—Jews' Quarter—Statue of The Dying Gladiator—A Walk among the Ruins—Religious Service at the Gesu e Maria.

DECEMBER 7. I have been to the Vatican to-day to see two paintings, sometimes said to be the greatest in the world: namely,

Raphael's Transfiguration, and

Dominichino's Communion of St. Jerome.

In Raphael's picture, the transfiguration occupies the upper part of the canvass; while on the lower is a painting of the maniac youth, brought to the disciples to be healed. I must confess that the lower part is, to me, the finest picture. There is a vivacity of expression and vividness of colouring which I have not seen in any other *oil* painting of Raphael's. The Communion of St. Jerome, too, is a wonderfully fine, rich, deep-toned painting. Yet, although to artists, these paintings, as exhibiting light and shade, composition and colour-

ing, may be the highest achievements of the pencil, I cannot feel as if those were, or ought to be, the greatest productions in the world, which are capable of no more highly wrought *expression* than these. They certainly are not the most moving pictures in the world. And yet even to my inexperienced eye, they are so beautiful that I was fairly wearied out with pleasure and admiration in looking at them.

DECEMBER 9. Again to the great paintings at the Vatican—the *greatest*, as they are called. I feel, the more I look at them, that they are, indeed, great. The solemn and sublime expression in the countenance of the ascending Saviour—in Raphael's Transfiguration—the lightness of the whole figure appearing as if it had no physical weight—but I do *not* like the Moses and Elias—the soft touch, the *Raphaelic* mildness in the countenance of John, who, with the other two disciples, is prostrate on the mount: and then, in the lower painting—the poor idiot boy, the group around him, agitated, anxious, and imploring in various ways, suited to the several characters—the beauty of the woman, the mother, I suppose, who kneels beside the child, and pointing to him, looks at the disciples with an eye to make one weep; on the other hand, the disciples, irresolute, like James and Andrew,

and the one with a book—a fine figure—or like Judas, who, in truth, is like no other, dark, cold, indifferent, and contemptuous—all this lives upon the canvass, and must live always in the memory of all who have seen it. So, also, the Dominichino—Communion of St. Jerome—though the figure of the aged saint, with his naked body, bloodless, livid, lifeless, and almost dead, is disagreeable, yet is it powerfully drawn: and the faces of the men by his side are shaded, sad, and lovely; and the little light that does fall upon them, is wonderfully represented; and there is about the whole, a truth and depth of colouring, which make you feel as if the painting could never fade, but was, indeed, destined to that immortality, which the artist has figuratively gained by it.

From these paintings, I went to the Camere di Raffaello, (the Raphael Chambers,) to see his celebrated frescoes: and I yield entirely to the observation, that the power of Raphael is not known in his oil paintings.

The School of Athens here, though it is usually singled out for special admiration, and some of the figures and heads are doubtless of the first order, yet appears to be much injured by time, and I cannot, though I have stood a great while before it to-day, feel it to be the greatest thing here. The

Heliodorus, Horseman and Two Angels, in the second chamber ; the Parnassus in the same ; the Conflagration of the Borgo San Pietro, in the fourth chamber ; and the Victory of Constantine over Maxentius, in the first chamber—are to me the great works. The horseman, especially, seems to me a sort of Apollo Belvedere in painting. He has rushed in, sent by Heaven, at the prayer of the high priest Onias, to avenge the intended sacrilege of Heliodorus, prefect of Seleucus, in the pillage of the temple. In the back ground, the interior of the temple is opened to view, and Onias and his brethren are seen kneeling in prayer. It is on the pavement in front of the temple, that the horseman appears, ready to trample beneath the feet of his charger the prostrate Heliodorus. His blue mantle flies back over his shoulder, giving additional life and expression to the muscular and energetic frame which it reveals. But it is in the face that the great power lies. His dark eye is filled with sovereign indignation ; his lips are clothed with triumphant wrath ; his fine countenance is mantled over with an intense expression, which I cannot better characterize, than by calling it the beauty of power—of power to punish the sacrilegious intruder. The two angels that accompany him are also exquisitely painted, especially in that

appearance of lightness—lightness of step, in particular—by which they seem scarcely to touch the pavement of the temple. The fear-stricken group, too, about Heliodorus, is admirably drawn.

I might go on to write many pages about the other pieces; but I am sensible that you will easily excuse such vain attempts at describing what, after all, never can be described, any more than one can take an oration of Demosthenes, and tell in other language what it is.

DECEMBER 11. Yesterday I went and lingered a while on the Tiber, in a sort of dream of doubt whether this could be I—or whether this could be the Tiber by which I was walking. I passed over the river, and came back by the bridge of Cestius, that conducts across the Isle of Tiber—which was formed by the sheaves of Tarquin's harvest field, thrown into the river after his expulsion: so say, at least, the old annals of the early and half-fabulous history of Rome.

On coming over the bridge, I turned to the left into the Jews' quarter—situate on the bank of the river, and walled in from the rest of the city. It is curious to see how peculiar everything is in this little district; the women fairer than the Roman women generally seen in the streets, and all of them having the Jewish female countenance—the

keen and dark eye, the colour in the cheek ; and the men all showing the national propensity, the love of gain—saying continually, as I passed along by the shops, “ Domandi, signore.”

To-day I have been to the church of San Gregorio, to see the rival frescoes of Guido and Dominichino ; but they are very much faded, and they will doubtless fade from my memory—unless it be a sweet boy of Dominichino’s, who, in his fear and agitation at the flagellation of St. Andrew—that is the subject—has pressed close up to his mother, and stands on tiptoe. We saw also the table on which Gregory is said to have eaten ; and a fresco representing his sending missionaries to England.

DECEMBER 12. I have been to-day through the museum of the Capitol again, and have become a convert entirely to the common opinion about the Dying Gladiator. The truth is, I did not take time enough before, and especially, not enough of that mental time, which is quietness—ease of mind—leisure of the thoughts, to receive the impression. The gladiator has fallen, but with the last effort of his unconquerable resolution, he supports himself with his right hand and arm, and seems to contemplate his sad fate with firmness, but with a feeling of inexpressible bitterness. It is not, however, the bitterness of anger ; for death is in his face,

and it has tamed down the fiercer passions, and left no expression inconsistent with its own, all-subduing power. Though he appears as if he might be a man of an humble and hard lot, yet there is a delicacy spread over the stronger features of his countenance that makes it almost beautiful; you feel as if there were more than the whiteness of the marble in his pale cheek. But while he thus yields to his fate, while the blood flows from his wounded side, and the pulses of life are faint and low, yet he still sustains himself; his hand is firm and strong; his brow is gathered into an expression of unconquerable resolution, as well as of unavailing regret; and although when you look at the parted lips, it seems as if you could almost *hear* the hard breathing that issues from them, yet about the mouth there is, at the same time, the finest expression of indomitable will and invincible fortitude. In short, this is the triumph of mind over the sinkings of nature in its last hour. Everything here invites your respect, rather than your pity: and even if you should find yourself giving a tear to the dying gladiator, you will feel that it is given quite as much to admiration as to sympathy.

DECEMBER 13. I have been to-day among the ruins of the aqueducts, Caracalla's baths, and the

palace of the Cæsars. I have been, in the way I like best to go, *alone*. There is something in the presence of these mighty relics that consorts with no human presence. They represent past ages. They strike the mind with a sort of awe, that makes the ordinary tone of conversation seem to be irreverent and profane. Let any one who would feel these ruins, see them alone. Let him listen only to the winter's wind, as it sighs through the leafless trees, or rustles in the tall reeds, or sweeps around broken columns and falling arches, shrill and mournful, as if the voice of centuries past and gone breathed in its melancholy tone. I like to walk about in such places, if my feet obeyed no impulse but the wayward spirit of my contemplation; stopping or going on, as that spirit moveth me; now leaning against a wall, and then drawing one step after another, as if they did not belong to each other, and scarcely belonged to me; now musing, and now gazing, with none to disturb the act; now breathing a sigh, and then uttering a prayer. And surely, there is cause enough for both. For who can refuse the tribute of his sadness to a desolation so stupendous, so complete; or can help praying sometimes, in such scenes, that everything earthly, low, and selfish, may die away within him?

These aqueducts are glorious ruins, especially as you ride along the Campagna towards evening, and see a glowing western sky through the long line of arches on which they are raised. These immense works, then, seem to blend with the vastness of the horizon, and to partake of the sublimity of nature. The site of the palace of the Cæsars is worthy of its name ; the Campagna and the Apennines on one side, and on the other the whole of Rome ; beneath it, on the left, the Forum ; on the right the mighty Coliseum. With temples and triumphal arches filling up the view around its base, what must it have been, and what ideas might it have awakened in the minds of any but the degenerate emperors who long inhabited it ?

DECEMBER 14. I attended service at the Gesu e Maria, to hear an English sermon ; about which I have nothing to remark, except that the preacher constantly translated the word "repent" in the New Testament, by the words "do penance ;" but at the same time explained it as the doctrine of his church, that penance implied penitence as its first principle, its very essence, and that, without which the Catholic church held no penance to be satisfactory.

The interior of this church, like that of a hundred others here, is covered with precious mar-

ble, and filled with statues and paintings. Not a few of these works of art are, to be sure, quite ordinary ; but I could not help being struck, to-day, with the aspect given to them in a devotional service, by the aid of a little sentiment and imagination. As I gazed around upon them, during the voluntary on the organ and the singing from the orchestra, it seemed as if every statue, and the countenances in every painting, were clothed with fivefold greater expression than before ; one might feel as if they represented the hosts of heaven joining in the worship of earth ; or breaking through the barriers of wall and dome, he might behold the spaces of the universe filled with choirs of angels, and resounding with voices of thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vatican—Library—Museum of Statues and ancient Remains—
Apollo di Belvedere—English College—Sarcophagus of Cecilia
Metella—Mamertine Prison—Garden of Sallust—Ordination
Service at St. John of Lateran's—Thorwaldsen's Collection
of Paintings—Guido's Archangel Michael—Prison of the Ro-
man Daughter—Christmas—Spectacle at S. Maria Maggiore
—Christmas Service at St. Peter's.

DECEMBER 15. I have been to-day again, and for the sixth or eighth time, over the Vatican, the pontifical palace; and I shall put down here the few words more I have to say about it.

I first went through the famous Vatican library, in which the things that interested me most, besides the immense amount of books and manuscripts, and the extent of the rooms, one range of which is twelve hundred feet long, were a fresco of Mengs, and in a small cabinet, a female head of hair, taken from one of the sarcophagi of the tomb of the Scipios.

The museum of statues and of ancient remains is immense. You enter first a hall of ancient sar-

cophagi and inscriptions. Many of these inscriptions bear affecting testimony to the sorrows of bereavement—the same in all ages. “Dulcissimæ,” “Carissimæ,” “Bene merenti,” “Venustæ Conjugi,” “Optimo viro,” are words of frequent occurrence in these tablets.

In passing on, you come to the celebrated *torso*; but I never can go into ecstasies about the *back* of a man.

Before coming to this, however, you may turn to the left into some rooms of ancient busts, many of which are admirable. There is a naturalness of expression in them, that I have never seen in any collection of modern busts; and a variety too. The obtuse, the intellectual, the dull, the gay, pass before you in succession; and there is, especially, a smile upon some of the faces—upon one youth in particular, who shows his whole teeth—that is quite irresistible.

There are, indeed, many statues of children, of various ages, in the museum, which are so full of all the life, sport, drollery, and roguishness of children, that it makes a collection perfectly charming. “The ancients loved children,” said a connoisseur whom I heard remarking upon these statues one day; and though it may seem a simple remark enough, one is struck with it, in looking at them.

Equally striking and natural are the statues of animals—dogs, sheep, goats, swine, &c.

The collection of objects, antique, curious, rare, and valuable—of vases, candelabra, baths, sarcophagi, in all kinds of beautiful and polished granite and marble—is immense and indescribable. At any rate, they have never yet been described. The French, when they were here, put numbers on all the works of art in the museum, in preparation for a catalogue: but like many other things which they began, while they were masters of Italy, this has failed to be completed. But that which interested me most, among this class of objects, was a mosaic floor, from Cicero's Tusculan villa. Though it is railed in, I was resolved to walk across it, and so I did; and doing so, was much more sure that I had trodden on the very spot on which Cicero had stood, than I shall be, if I visit the ruins of Tusculum.

I must pass over a great number of statues, to say a word of the Laocoon, and the Apollo di Belvedere. I have one remark to apply to both, and that is, that the original work, the marble, in both cases, is far more powerful than any casts I have seen. I did not expect this. I did not see why the cast would not give the general, the main expression, intended to be conveyed by the original

work. And so indeed it does : and when I saw the cast of the Apollo, in the Boston Atheneum, I thought nothing of the kind could ever strike me more. I was arrested and thrilled through by the very first sight of it, as if pierced with one of the arrows of the god of light. But there certainly is conveyed by the marble, though not a new idea, an expression of the great idea, which is clearly stronger than can be gained from the cast.

What the beauty and power of this unequalled statue is, it would be utterly impossible for me to express ; it would be folly to attempt it. No repetition of visits, no preparation for the first visit—no praises beforehand, so prejudicial to the effect of most other works of art—can alter, diminish, or dull at all, the impression of this incomparable production. There it stands, in its unchallenged sovereignty—a god, indeed, in the dominion of the arts—commanding the homage of successive crowds, as they pass before it in successive centuries—without an equal, rival, or competitor in all the works of the human hand. What a divinity of beauty, what a sovereignty of intellect, what dignity of conscious power, is stamped upon every feature ! What an intensity of expression concentrates itself, as it were, upon every point of the countenance, and yet spreads itself over the whole !

You can hardly persuade yourself, as you gaze upon it, that there is not an actual *glow* upon the cheek and brow. For my own part, I am paralyzed by this wonderful work, so often as I see it. I sit down and gaze upon it, in a sort of reverie, and do not know but I sometimes say aloud, "Oh ! Heaven!"—for really it is difficult to resist exclamations and tears.

DECEMBER 19. This morning I passed two or three hours at the English College. It is a Catholic institution, designed to educate young men for service in England, and has twenty or thirty students. As I happened to be with Dr. Wiseman, the rector, at the dinner hour, half past twelve o'clock, I went down with him to the Commons Hall. I observed, as we entered, that one of the young men was reading aloud from a desk, and found, on inquiry, that this is their custom, both at dinner and supper ; though the rule is suspended when a stranger is present. At the close of dinner, we all passed from the hall to the chapel, where they knelt down for ten or fifteen minutes, in silent devotion. This service is voluntary, both as to the duration and the meditations of each individual—there being no liturgy or form for the guidance of their private thoughts—and I confess it seemed to me a very beautiful and touching service. I

wish religion were stamped, more than it is with us Protestants, upon the whole face of life.

As I passed by the Farnese palace, I went into the court to see the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella. Alas ! to "what abhorred uses may we" and our tombs "come !" A hole was broken through the marble on one side of the sarcophagus, and it appeared within—yes, even there, where the form, perchance, of beauty and loveliness was once laid down to its holy rest—as if it were the habitation of vermin ! It was once deposited in its proud mausoleum—girded around, and guarded from every prying eye, by walls twenty feet thick ; it is now subject to the inspection of whosoever may please to turn aside his foot for the purpose ; it stands neglected in the waste and open court of a Neapolitan palace.*

I went to-day again to the Tarpeian rock. I do not know how any doubt can be raised about its being of sufficient height to cause the death of criminals precipitated from it. I stood upon a part of it to-day, from which the descent must be seventy feet.

My last object to-day was the Mamertine prison, in which it is said St. Peter was confined by Nero.

* This palace belongs to the court of Naples.

It is a very deep dungeon, worth visiting on its own account ; but I certainly had a great deal of faith as I stood in its dark and narrow cell, that the eye of the generous and affectionate apostle, whom *wavering once made strong for ever*, had gazed upon its gloomy arch. I do not well know what evidence can be stronger than an uninterrupted and uncontradicted tradition. Here, too, is a church erected over this prison, to commemorate, to fix this very fact. But a still further demand is made upon our faith. In descending to the dungeon, there is pointed out on the wall the impression of one side of a man's head and face, and the visiter is told that as Peter descended these steps he was struck by one of the attendants so as to be thrust against the wall, and that the wall miraculously softened, to prevent any injury—thus receiving the distinct impression of the apostle's countenance. I could not help remarking—let that prove what it may—that the profile in the stone very much resembled that which is given in all the paintings of St. Peter. After all, I wish it were true ! You will think I am becoming a Catholic outright. But seriously, I do not wonder that some number of those who visit Rome do become so—especially artists, enthusiastic persons, &c. I have scarcely spoken of these churches

yet; but I have become a perfect church worshipper. I pass some hours of every day in these places—places more sacred in everything that belongs to the appearance, arrangement, and keeping of them, than any other that I ever saw. When I am weary in my walks I turn aside and sit down in them; when I am destitute of an object in my rambles, they are always a resort; when I am—in short, there is no state of mind in which they do not invite me. Nor do I ever fail, I think, to be sent back to the world again, a better and happier man, for having entered them. But I must take in hand to speak of them more fully, at another time. You will judge, however, from what I have said thus far, that I have none of the Protestant horror at a Catholic church; not a particle of it!

DECEMBER 20. I have been to-day to the garden of Sallust, the Roman historian. It was an immensely large villa, on the east side of the city, originally without the walls, and stretching from the Quirinal hill to Monte Pincio. Only ruins remain of the house, circus, a temple, &c. From a terrace on the grounds, is the finest view of Rome that I have seen.

Indeed, one needs some direction about the best points of view. I had a grand one yesterday from the top of the Tarpeian rock, but I stumbled

upon it. It embraced the whole south part of the ancient city, now a waste. The ruins of Caracalla's baths, the palace of the Cæsars, the arches of Constantine and Titus, the Coliseum, and the majestic remains of the Temple of Peace, stood before me, ranged in the order in which I have mentioned them, and the solitary remnants of the Forum were at my feet. From no point have the ruins of Rome been so completely spread before me, and from no point, for that reason, perhaps, have they appeared so majestic.

DECEMBER 21. There was an ordination to-day at St. John of Lateran's, of nearly a hundred young men for the offices of priests, deacons, &c., and I spent half an hour there. I scarcely ever witness any of these Catholic ceremonies without thinking how much might be made of them in the proper hands—in the hands, that is to say, of persons of talent, taste, and sensibility—which the priests and monks usually are not. In the service to-day, for instance, music was frequently introduced; it made a part of the service, breaking in at intervals every few moments. How powerful, how overwhelming might it have been, if it had been discriminating and appropriate—if it had been a cheering tone, when resolute purpose and courageous faith were expressed on the part, or

on behalf, of the candidate—if it had been tender and soothing, when his coming trials were held up before him—or if, when his holiest and deepest vows were uttered, it had been a strain low, solemn, and full of awe.

DECEMBER 22. I have visited to-day the museums of Thorwaldsen and Camuccini. They are both collections of paintings by living artists. Thorswalden himself accompanied us through his rooms, which, by-the-by, were no other than his own private apartments, including even his bedroom. He appears to be about sixty years old, of a most amiable countenance, and simple, unaffected manners. His collection is very rich, especially in paintings of landscapes and ruins, and in the miniature Dutch style of common life. Of this last class are two pieces of Meyer's—(German)—“The Letter written,” and “The Letter received”—capital. So in landscape is the snow-clad scene, and in architectural painting, besides other pieces, there are two of the ruins of the Forum, that are inimitably fine.

This afternoon I heard, at the Gesu e Marie, a very eloquent young Irish preacher.* His voice and manner were exceedingly good; his whole

* Mr. Miley.

bearing and style were simple, dignified, and effective. In short, it was, in style and manner, the best sample of preaching that I have heard since I came abroad. His subject was the Claims of the Catholic Faith; and he especially urged upon Protestants, that those who believe in the deity of Jesus Christ, ought, for similar and stronger reasons, to believe in "the real presence."

DECEMBER 23. The great pleasure of to-day has been the seeing of Guido's Archangel Michael, in the Church della Concezione. A part of the design, it is true, I dislike. The devil, into whom Michael is about to plunge his sword, is represented as a man—strong, muscular, gross, passed into years, if not old, and with the head bald. Michael, who is represented as a youthful angel, has his foot on Satan's head, and to this part of the design I object. It is the foot of youth and strength upon the aged head. I do not like a design which presents an idea so ungrateful; and besides, the whole appearance of Satan is rather disagreeable and revolting. But turning to the Michael, no form or features expressive of youth, and beauty, and energy, and calmness, and triumph, and pity, could be more perfect. The frame is full of energy in every muscle; the lifted hand grasping a sword is strong to execute the commission to destroy; the

feet, one upon the head, and the other upon the ground, appear as if he had just alighted upon his victim ; and the face—but who shall describe what it is ? So youthful—so delicate in its youthfulness ; with the fairest possible complexion, and wavy golden ringlets ; so resolute, so assured in its resoluteness ; so calm, at the same time ; but above all, so pervaded with inexpressible, beautiful, angelic, pure, youthful pity, with its soft shading about the eye, and its emotion almost disturbing the firm decision of the lips—and altogether, so surpassingly lovely, beautiful in might, overpowering in gentleness—it is not Satan that he conquers, but every beholder !

I attended a service this morning at the English College, in which a priest, recently ordained, chanted his first mass. The service was interesting, and the music, in part, fine. Was interesting, I say—and yet who can tell, when music, strain after strain, wave after wave, is passing over his soul, now drowning it in a delirium of pleasure, and then bearing it away into boundless reverie—who can tell whether he judges rightly of any of the things or themes that come before him ?

DECEMBER 24. I visited to-day the Church of S. Nicolas in Carcere, built over the prison, where the *Roman daughter* is said to have performed the

celebrated act of filial piety, which saved her father's life, and eventually procured his pardon. We satisfied ourselves with looking down into the prison, into which there is no descent but by a temporary ladder : and, in the mean time, believed as much as we could about the story. And, indeed, I think it is much the wisest part to believe, in most of the cases of interesting, wide-spread, popular legends. Why should not many of these things be true ; and what so well accounts for the origin and prevalence of a story like this of the Roman daughter, as the fact ? The extreme of skepticism is quite as weak and unphilosophical as the extreme of faith, without being half as agreeable.

The town is all alive this evening with the approaching festival of Christmas—the bells ringing ; the people abroad ; services in the churches. We have just been to one in the Sistine Chapel ; and so much does the spirit of the time possess us, that we are going at half past four o'clock to-morrow morning to a Christmas morning ceremonial, at the S. Maria Maggiore.

DECEMBER 25. This morning we went to Maria Maggiore, an hour before daybreak, and were repaid for the trouble. It was one of those sights that one must cross the ocean to see—I might say,

rather, to see anything like it. It is an immense church, divided into three naves, supported by a great number of marble and granite Ionic pillars—having large and splendid chapels on each side of it—and all lighted up this morning with rows of chandeliers and innumerable waxen tapers. Still, however, there was left enough of obscurity in the vistas and roofs of the naves to make the church appear twice as large as it is. Among these pillars, and under these extended ranges of lights, and far away beneath these dim but gilded roofs, were to be seen a vast multitude of people, in various groups, and in almost all possible costumes and attitudes. There were soldiers in their uniforms, in two columns stretching through the whole central pavement; there were priests in their various dresses passing to and fro in the discharge of their various offices; and groups of persons, in all the variety and liberty of the Italian costumes. In one place were a company of people kneeling before an altar; in another, lying by the wall or at the foot of a pillar, was a small cluster, weary and half asleep, of people looking like a family of wild men and children from the mountains; other parties were walking to and fro, as we were ourselves. Meanwhile the Christmas chant sounded out from the Chapel of the Sacrament, sometimes in a thun-

dering chorus, and then in a softer strain. On the whole, the scene, I must say, had no appropriate impressiveness; but it was nevertheless very interesting in its way—that is, as something bizarre, wild, and fantastic. It seemed as if the place were not a church, but some vast palace or mighty hostelry, described in an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

At nine o'clock this morning we went to the celebration of the high mass by the pope at St. Peter's. Here again was a ceremonial of exceeding splendour, and in an entirely different style. All here was order and solemnity—more appropriate, though scarcely so striking.

St. Peter's is the place of all places, for a great religious celebration, where bodies of military are to be introduced. All other places they always seem to encumber; here a considerable body of troops were paraded in different divisions, and in different parts of the church, and there was ample space for them, and for all the multitude besides. One of the most striking proofs of the immense magnitude of this place I noticed to-day, in the sound of the military music—which was soft, and seemed distant, as if it had come from a field or a tract of country, considerably removed. Indeed, this music was the most interesting part of the

solemnities of the day, with the exception of the elevation of the host—when the whole multitude, including the military, kneel upon the pavement. This prostration of a mighty multitude, and of all the power and splendour of it, before the symbol (as it is regarded) of God's presence, is, indeed, a very affecting spectacle; and when it takes place in the noble piazza in front of St. Peter's, on occasion of the pope's benediction at Easter, and the multitude is almost countless—when every knee bows, and an immense body of troops fall prostrate on the pavement, as if awe had struck them like death, I can easily believe what a gentleman told me, that he had known a man remarkably devoid of all religious emotion to burst into tears at the sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

Temple of Fortuna Muliebris—Coriolanus—Catacombs—College of the Propaganda—Mausoleum of Augustus—The Apollo and Laocoon—Service at the Gesu—Cardinals—The Pope—Walks out of Rome—Fountains and Obelisks.

DECEMBER 26. I have ridden on horseback to-day to the temple of Fortuna Muliebris, four miles out of the city. This is the spot which tradition assigns for the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother; the temple was erected to commemorate their success, and Rome's deliverance; and to mark the former, was called Fortuna Muliebris, or *Woman's Success*, as I should render it. The temple itself is a small and ruinous building of brick, that would scarcely attract attention; but when I reflected that it was on that gentle swell of land, perhaps, that the stern Coriolanus stood and received his imploring wife and mother, and there yielded to their tears—there passed through all the struggle and agony which brought him at length to those memorable words, "Oh, my mother! thou hast saved thy country, but thou hast destroyed

thy son!" it needed no ruin nor monument to awaken imagination, on a spot thus consecrated to one of the noblest and most touching scenes in history. In the old Roman history, indeed, it stands quite alone. It is the only instance, I think, in which, on a public theatre, the old Roman haughtiness ever yielded to the power of the sex. And surely a nobler victim was never offered at its shrine, than Coriolanus.

From this spot, we returned on the Via Latina, and passed over to the Appian Way, to visit the catacombs under the Church of St. Sebastian—or rather, commencing there—for this subterranean burial-place extended for a number of miles, quite into the city, running under the Forum, and having an outlet in the prison under the Church of St. Peter in Carcere. The spot is very interesting, for having been the refuge and residence of the early Christians, in times of persecution. It consists of narrow passages, cut out of a spongy rock, which absorbs moisture, and thus renders the place more habitable than I could otherwise well have thought it. It was far drier than I had expected to find it. Before, it was always a mystery to me, indeed, how men could live in such a place. The guide took us to a small excavation connected with one of the passages, where was a rude chapel,

having a crucifix and a place for the altar at the end. And here it was that the sad, and trembling, but truehearted company, kneeled down to pledge their faith and trust in the name of their rejected Master. But the times of suffering for conscience, the times of moral martyrdom, are not yet past; and St. Sebastian himself, to whom this church is dedicated, felt no keener arrows in his body* than those which oftentimes pierce the soul, in the relationships, the uncertainties, the separations, the changes, and strifes of this mortal state.

The day has been most delightful; and a ride on horseback, in the vicinity of Rome, along the majestic ruins of the aqueducts on going out, and on our return, amidst the giant remains of the Palatine, the Coliseum, and the Forum, seen by the soft and waning twilight of a lovely evening—this is enough for one day.

DECEMBER 29. I had an interview to-day with the rector, and some students, of the Propaganda. I learned from them that this celebrated institution for propagating the Catholic faith is governed by a board of twenty cardinals; that its income is about one hundred thousand dollars† per annum;

* This was the mode of his martyrdom, and he is constantly represented in paintings with arrows piercing his body.

† It was three hundred thousand dollars before the French were here.

and that its present number of students is about one hundred, of whom thirteen are from the United States. The rector is a German count, apparently not more than thirty years of age—M. Reisach; and the young gentlemen with whom I met were American students. We had much conversation upon various topics, for two or three hours, some minutes of which I shall just note. They stated the surprising fact, that the pope's annual expenditure, for personal and household purposes, is only fourteen thousand dollars. They ridiculed the idea that he has sent, as has been alleged, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, from his private purse, to America; nor has Propaganda, they say, ever expended on American missions more than thirty or forty thousand dollars. On the subject of exclusive salvation, they stated a doctrine, saving a little tinge of assumption, as liberal as any one could desire. It was, that sincere conviction of being right must spread its shield over all those who entertain it. The assumption lay in an implied reservation of rightful supremacy for the Catholic church; but they distinctly held, that if any man should leave the mother church, from sincere and honest conviction, the dissent was not to be deemed fatal.

DECEMBER 30. I hunted up this morning the

mausoleum of Augustus ; yes, hunted for it. Little thought the man, once deemed so important to the world, that it was said, " It had been good for mankind if he had never been born, or had never died" —little did he think the time would ever come, when his proud mausoleum must be searched for, or when found at last, would be found surrounded and hidden almost from sight by other houses— itself a stable and a tannery. I asked a picket of soldiers within fifteen rods of the spot ; and with the habitual ignorance and impudence united of the common people here, on such points, they would have sent me first to the Coliseum, (a mile off,) and then to the castle of St. Angelo. Of the mausoleum of Augustus, they knew nothing ! Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, celebrated by Virgil, was buried in this spot. I confess, it interested me more, as the place where this promising youth, the hope of the people, was laid down to rest—as the place where Octavia poured out a mother's tears—than for any associations with imperial grandeur ; although in Augustus it had a noble representative.

I went to see the Apollo and the Laocoon to-day, and gazed upon them (especially the first) for a while, with the sad feeling, that it might be my last look. Yet the Laocoon, much as the

other has the preference, is awfully tragic and powerful. The tremendous muscular energy and contortion, but all in vain; the imploring sons, with a youthful, an almost infantine expression of countenance, as they raise their eyes and hands to their father; the fatal complication of folds in the huge serpent; but most of all, the Laocoon himself—the agony of the parted lips, the expression, almost more than mortal, of suffering and horror beneath the eye; the accusing brow—accusing Heaven for the terrible severity of his lot—yes, those *folds of accusation*, above the right eye in particular—all is wonderful; it is dreadful; and for this reason, is a less admired work, than if the subject were more agreeable.

But the Apollo—oh! heavens—I am ready to exclaim again — that sovereignty of conscious power and superiority—it is as if his very look—no arrow needed—as if his very look would kill; and yet, that look is all beautiful! It is a countenance as if its bare thought could annihilate, and yet the spirit of all gracefulness so pervades it, that it seems as if the fair creation might spring forth beneath its glance. I may never see it more; but I could as soon forget the sun in heaven, after having once seen it, as forget this representation of

the god of light, and brightness, and beauty, and power.

DECEMBER 31. I visited this morning the studio of Camuccini, one of the most celebrated living painters. He has great talent, and his studio presents many fine paintings, and yet finer sketches. He has taken hold, too, of the old Roman subjects, so much neglected in general—Regulus, Horatius Coccles, Virginius, Curius Dentatus.

This afternoon I attended a service at the Gesu, appropriate to the close of the year; consisting chiefly of music. Good singing, though too noisy—that is the constant fault here: great execution on the organ, of which they have three in this church; a stupendous assemblage of people, filling this immense temple and all the chapels to overflowing; the church itself, a rich and solemn edifice, with gilded ceiling, with paintings and statues, and marble pillars, and pilasters, and altars; the dim arches and majestic dome, seen obscurely by the light of the declining sun, and afterward, of innumerable wax tapers—all this, with the occasion to help it, made a scene not easily to be forgotten. I wish we had more of these things with us Protestants. Meet it is, that the epochs of this mortal and momentous existence should be thus signalized!

JANUARY 2. We attended a party lately at Cardinal W^{ell}'s. As we do not know much about cardinals in America, and as they are the highest officers in a church to which the most of our people feel a superstitious strangeness, they may be looked upon, perhaps, as quite a preternatural set of beings. Be it known to you, then, that a cardinal's palace is very much like other mansions of the distinguished classes, and that a cardinal's party is very much like a great New-York or Boston jam ; that is, after you make your entrance ; there is much more parade on being introduced—a tremendous throng of carriages—soldiers in attendance—and a noisy, repeated, and sometimes ludicrous announcement of the names of the guests as they pass through the anterooms ; ludicrous, because here are names from all parts of the world to be pronounced, and a man will sometimes find it difficult to know his own, in the mouths of these Italian ushers. A large proportion, indeed, on all these occasions, is English ; and here were several of the English nobility jostled in the crowd, and bearing nothing in their manner to distinguish them from others ; simplicity is the order of the day. As to a cardinal's manners, I can only say, that in the person of our entertainer, they were extremely simple and kind ; it was as easy to

converse with him as with your next neighbour. For the rest, a cardinal is one of a conclave of seventy, not always full, that elects the pope; is one of the pope's secret council; wears a red hat, rides in a red carriage, and has the liveries of his servants and of his horses of the same colour.

A cardinal is one of the pope's council, but I believe the prerogative is rather nominal. The pope is an absolute sovereign; and it is found quite impossible, I understand, to restrain the present pontiff in a course of expenses, that threaten the ruin, in temporal power, of the papal see. It is said that the annual expenses of the government now exceed the income, by about three millions of piastres. To meet this deficiency, the revenues from one village and district after another of the Roman state, are pledged away to the bankers from whom the money is borrowed, without any prospect of redemption; and I am told that ten or twelve years of extravagance like this must leave the papal exchequer in a state of complete bankruptcy.

It might be inferred from this, perhaps, that Gregory XVI. is a very ambitious pontiff. Yet he affects very little state, is not disposed to exact observance, and brings his personal and household expenses within the most moderate allowance.

He was formerly rector of the Propaganda; and the students of that institution tell me, that when they are admitted to audience, he often tells them that he is tired of worldly care and grandeur, and wishes that he could be their rector again.

But with all this simplicity about the world, I suspect that he has a great deal of spiritual ambition. One or two circumstances will illustrate this. He wrote a book before his elevation to the popedom, which gained little or no attention. He has since caused this work to be published in every form, from the folio to a small pocket volume. St. Paul's Cathedral, a mile and a half out of the walls, was once built, I suppose, in the midst of a populous neighbourhood. A few years ago it was destroyed by fire. The pope is now rebuilding it, at an immense expense,* in what is nearly a waste field; and for no ostensible reason that I can see, but that he may, by-and-by, write upon its pediment "Gregorius XVI. ædificavit hanc basilicam."

JANUARY 3: These two days past I have taken walks out of the walls. One of them was to the church of St. Lorenzo, a strange old building, on the site and partly of the materials of an ancient temple; with an old mosaic pavement; with pil-

* The columns in this cathedral are single shafts of granite, polished to the smoothness of marble.

lars of all sizes, cut off and fitted in, with most admired incongruity ; but especially with a colonnade about the high altar, of most magnificent fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble. By-the-by, the number of ancient pillars now standing in Rome, and mostly in the churches, is immensely great. I have seen it stated, I think, somewhere, at sixteen thousand.

To-day I went without the wall, on the west side of the city, and found a variegated and picturesque country. What a glorious spot this must have been, when the malaria was not here ; nor had misrule, misery, poverty, degradation, fallen here, with the weight of a thousand curses. The whole Campagna, stretching to the sea on one side, and to the mountains on the other, was filled, was almost swarming with dwellings, many of them the villas of wealthy and noble Romans—for these all lived, or had villas out of the city ; Rome and its neighbourhood was filled with temples, baths, forums, arches, columns, colonnades, statues ; and it was Rome, the sovereign queen of nations, the mistress of the world. She was the central point, from which radiating lines went out through all the earth. On those diverging courses, consuls and generals went forth to command provinces, or to conquer new nations ; upon

them, they returned to celebrate, in solemn procession, their triumphs; upon these great ways of empire, ambassadors travelled in state, to give law, and couriers came back to bring intelligence: and now, so secluded, so solitary among the nations is Rome, that one of our party, in writing a letter to-day, inadvertently said, "We are as much *out of the world* here, as if we were in the moon."

In coming into the city, we passed by the magnificent fountain of St. Paul's, and visited the church of San Pietro in Montorio—the spot assigned by tradition for St. Peter's martyrdom. There is a little circular temple, separate from the church, erected on the particular spot where the cross on which he suffered martyrdom is supposed to have stood; with an upper and lower, or subterranean chapel. It is surrounded by pillars of very dark—or, as they say in the books, black granite, and is a beautiful object.

Among the most beautiful things in Rome are its fountains, and among the most striking things are its obelisks.

The fountains in front of St. Peter's especially, are really glorious. They rise thirty or forty feet into the air, and come down in a shower. The quantity of water thrown up is so great, and the streams, as they spring out from the basin, are

made so to diverge, that they present the appearance of two trees, one on each side of the piazza. The fountains are partly resolved into drops and mist, and a rainbow may always be seen in the direction opposite to the sun. Every time one sees them, they seem a new mystery and beauty; and when the sky is so fair, so glorious a thing; that you feel almost (as you do some days) as if you could kneel down and worship it, they appear like a cloud of incense—pure, bright, resplendent—offered up to that supernal splendour and purity.

As to these Egyptian obelisks, of polished granite, pointing up to the sky from almost every square and open space in Rome, and with that handwriting of mysterious and yet unexplained characters upon their sides—what could be more striking? The antiquities of Rome are *young*, by their side. Some of them were built by Sesostris, by Rameses, between three and four thousand years ago. They saw ages of empire and glory before Rome had a being. They are also in the most perfect preservation. So beautifully polished, and entirely free from stain, untouched by the storms of thirty-five centuries, it seems as if they had not lost one of their particles, since they came from the quarries of Egypt. That very surface, we know, has been gazed upon by the eyes of a hundred successive

generations. Speak, dread monitors ! as ye point upward to Heaven—speak, dark hieroglyphic symbols ! and tell us—are ye not yet *conscious*, when conscious life has been flowing around you for three thousand years ? Methinks it were enough to penetrate the bosom of granite with emotion, to have witnessed what ye have witnessed. Methinks that the stern and inexorable mystery, graven upon your mighty shafts, must break silence, to tell that which it hath known of weal and wo, of change, disaster, blood, and crime !

CHAPTER XX.

St. Peter's—its magnitude and splendour—Monument to the last of the Stuarts—Mosaic Copies of Paintings—A Walk in St. Peter's—Services in the Chapel of the Propaganda—Library of the Vatican—Roman Marionettes—Churches built on the Baths of Diocletian—Epiphany Celebration in the Propaganda—St. Onofrio—Cardinal Fesch's Gallery of Paintings—Academy of St. Luke—Service at the Church of St. Marcellus—Blessing the Horses—Mosaic Manufactory in the basement of the Vatican—Churches of Rome.

I WISH to convey to you *some* idea of St. Peter's—of its magnitude, at least, though I cannot of its magnificence.

But one word, first, in abatement. Though St. Peter's is the largest, and far the most expensive structure in the world, it fails entirely in its exterior appearance to make any just impression as a piece of architecture. It fails from two causes. First, because the front is mean, and totally unworthy of such an edifice. It ought to have had a stupendous portico, according to Michael Angelo's plan. And secondly, because it is hemmed in on each side by other buildings—the Vatican on its left, and the

Baptistery and other buildings on the right—so that from no proper point of view can this mighty structure be seen. The first fault is owing to a want of means, and therefore not to be blamed; but the last is an unaccountable, an almost incredible fault in the original plan of this vast structure. Surely there is waste land enough in Rome and has been for ages, to open a view to the most magnificent temple in the world. Why was it made thus vast, but to produce an impression by its size, and especially by its exterior appearance? Why, but for this, have such millions upon millions, untold, and unknown, and incalculable, almost to the ruin of the papal see, been expended upon it? And yet St. Peter's, as an exterior building, *is not seen!*

But now let us, crossing the area of its noble piazza—eleven thousand and fifty-five feet long, or ten acres* in extent probably—surrounded by its circular colonnade, contemplate the great object itself.

Its front is one hundred and sixty feet high, and three hundred and ninety-six feet wide—that is, twenty-four rods—the thirteenth of a mile. It is six hundred and seventy-three feet—forty rods*—

* I add these denominations as conveying the most palpable ideas probably to people in the country.

long, and four hundred and forty-four feet—twenty-seven rods—at the transept, or widest part; that is to say, it covers about seven acres.

With these general ideas of the building let us enter it. But you say at once, “It does not appear so extraordinarily large.” True; that is because the proportions are so perfect, it is commonly said; but I think it is yet more, because we have never seen any building so large, and the visual impression is affected in its estimate by what we *have* seen. But we soon learn to correct this impression. We immediately observe, on the right and left of the door, statues, apparently of children—cherubs—that sustain marble vases of holy water. We approach them, and find that they are giants, more than six feet high. We see at a little distance, on the pilasters and just above the pedestal, sculptured doves—the emblematic genii of the place—and they appear to the eye of no very extraordinary size, and we think that we can easily lay our hand on them. We approach, and find that we can scarcely reach to touch them, and they are eighteen inches or two feet long. We advance along the mighty central nave, and we see, nearly at the termination of it and beneath the dome, the high altar, surmounted by a canopy, raised on four twisted pillars of bronze. The pillars and canopy

seem to be of very suitable elevation for the place, and yet we soon learn that they are ninety feet high.

I have before spoken of the size of the dome with its walls twenty-three feet thick, its own height one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and itself raised two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the floor of the church. This dome is sustained by four square pillars, two hundred and twenty-three feet in circumference. That is to say, each one of these pillars, or masses of masonry, is nearly sixty feet on each side, and therefore as large as one of our common-sized churches, if it were raised up and set on the end. There is a small church and an adjoining house on the Strada Felice in Rome, designedly built so as to be together equal to the size of one of these columns. And yet these columns do not seem to be in the way at all ; they do not seem to occupy any disproportionate space ; they do not encumber the mighty pavement !

With regard to the objects within St. Peter's, I can notice only two or three that struck me most.

One of them is the monument to the last of the Stuarts, Charles Edward, and his brother Henry, the cardinal. There are two angels of death—it is the work of Canova—before which I have spent

hours. So exquisitely moulded are their forms, so delicate, thoughtful, beautiful are their faces, so sad, too, as they are about to extinguish the torch of life—as they stand leaning their cheeks upon the reverse end of the long, slender stem—so sad, indeed, but then that sadness so relieved by beauty,—intellectual, contemplative, winning beauty—it seems to my fancy, at times, as if they would certainly appear to me at my own death; as if they would flit before the—perhaps failing, perhaps delirious—imagination, and reconcile the soul to a departure effected by a ministry so beautiful. Ah! blessed angels! I may one day stretch out my hands to you, and ask your aid—but not yet—not yet. But sickness, sorrow, deprivation, calamity in some shape, may make you welcome, before one thinks to be ready.

Among the mosaic copies of paintings in which St. Peter's is so rich, there is one of the Incredulity of Thomas, which has always made one of my stopping-places, in taking the customary circuit. The eagerness of Thomas, the calm dignity of Jesus, are fine; but the face of John, as he stands just behind Thomas, and looks upon his rash act, is one to remember always. It seems to me the very personification of forbearance. He submits calmly that Thomas should do it—should satisfy

himself—but yet he is exceedingly sorrowful. There is no surprise in his countenance; he knows human frailty; he is not astonished at unbelief or hardness of heart; but it seems, at the same time, as if his own heart were broken at the spectacle. There is not the slightest rebuke in his beautiful countenance; but such a union of indulgence and sorrow, as one might well pray for, at that altar—(it is an altarpiece)—to be awakened in *his* mind when he stands by the evil and erring.

A walk in St. Peter's is something by itself—a thing not to be had, nor anything like it, anywhere else in the world. The immensity of the place; its immense, unequalled magnificence; the charming temperature of the air, preserved the same the year round, by the vastness of the mass of masonry; the incense-breathing walls—for there is literally an odour of sanctity always here, from the daily burning of incense; the rich, beautiful, variegated marble columns; the altars, the tombs on every side, the statues, the paintings, the fine medallions in marble, of the heads of saints and fathers of the church, which are set into the sides of the columns in great numbers; then the arches on arches that present themselves to the view in every direction; and, if the walk be towards evening—(the only right time)—the music

of the vesper hymn, now swelling in full chorus upon the ear, and then dying away, as the music changes, or the walk leads you near the chapel whence it proceeds, or farther from it; all this, with the gathering shadows of approaching evening—the shadows slowly gathering in arch and dome—makes a walk in St. Peter's like nothing else!

JANUARY 8. I was present at the celebration of high mass in the chapel of the Propaganda, a few days since, and, for the first time in Rome, was gratified with an air of deliberation, dignity, and something like delicacy, given to the performance of this rite. The principal person officiating was the Bishop of the Sandwich Islands, lately ordained, and soon to depart for his distant home. The students of the Propaganda were all dressed in white tunics, and their singing, and their decorous behaviour, as well as that of all the officiating persons—who instead of hurrying through the liturgy with indecent haste, repeated it slowly, and instead of bowing and dodging about the altar, really kneeled—all this made it a very beautiful service.

In the morning of the same day, there were common masses said in the chapel, in various languages. It was very striking to see, in succession, the bearded Greek, the black Ethiop, and the

swarthy Armenian, officiating as priests at the altar; and some of the persons kneeling around the altars—monks, I presume, from the East—looked like the very personifications of oriental maceration.

There is something very imposing in this gathering of all nations into one fold. Fifty languages are read in the Propaganda. One of the things at St. Peter's that makes you feel the majesty of this system is, that there are confessionals at St. Peter's for almost all nations, in their respective languages.

JANUARY 10. We went to-day with the rector and some of the students of the Propaganda, through the Vatican library. We were received by M. Mezzofanti, who has immediate charge of the library, an aged and very learned man, who speaks forty-two languages—himself, therefore, to me, the greatest wonder in the library. He showed us some very old manuscripts—a Virgil and a Terence, each of the fifth century; a most splendid manuscript of Dante on vellum, beautifully illuminated and painted; and some curious autographs of letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

Afterward we were shown a large cabinet of curiosities, taken from ancient churches, and from

the catacombs—consisting of instruments of torture, antique lamps, bronze crosses, and silver chalices. They were chiefly from the catacombs. Upon these objects, the eyes of the persecuted and devoted company, in caves and dens of the earth, had rested ; with what emotions how little are we able to comprehend !

JANUARY 11. Really, the Roman marionettes, alias puppets, which we have been to see this evening, are worth a description. They are of the size of grown men and women, and they are made to perform an entire play and ballet. The dialogue is read by persons out of sight at the sides of the stage, while the puppets “suit the action to the word” with such propriety and grace as are perfectly surprising. There are few speakers who might not take lessons from their gestures. Then the ballet was performed almost with the skill and accuracy of opera dancers. But that the strings by which they are suspended and moved are too much in sight, one might scarcely suspect, in looking at these curious and amusing performers, that they were not real persons.

JANUARY 12. To-day (Sunday) I have been wandering among the churches. First, to the Church of S. Maria di Vittoria, opposite the Fontana di Termine. In this church is the celebrated

statue of St. Cecilia about to be pierced by the dart of the angel of death, by Bernini; but I have nothing special to say about it. Next, to the neighbouring churches, built on the Baths of Diocletian. One of these, the S. Maria degli Angeli, is in the form of a Greek cross,* and, in its proportions, pleases me more than any church in Rome, and is, besides, a splendid structure. I have visited it many times since I have been here, and it was with quite a sadness of spirit that I took my last look at it to-day. In the Church of St. Bernardo, at the other end and on the foundation of the Baths of Diocletian, there was a celebration of the mass this morning; and to think that on this very building, once devoted to the pleasures of a pagan emperor—on this very spot, where were martyred, in cold and wanton cruelty, the forty thousand Christian slaves who had built this immense edifice†—that here a Christian service was chanted, by many voices, and the pealing organ, and every solemn ceremonial, was enough to make the service interesting and touching, even if it had not been

* That is, where both naves are of equal length, and not like the Latin cross, where they are unequal.

† The Baths of Diocletian, the largest in ancient Rome, were more than one thousand feet square; that is, they covered about twenty-five acres.

well performed—which, for once, it was. Afterward I passed through S. Maria Maggiore, to bid it adieu, with its splendid chapels and its beautiful ranges of Ionic pillars.

This afternoon I attended a singular exhibition at the Propaganda. It is a sort of Epiphany celebration, and consists in recitations in a great number of languages. On this occasion, the languages spoken were thirty-seven in number. Our own language had a very good representative, especially as to the manner of speaking, (which was the best on the boards,) in a young American from Philadelphia, and we gave him a good round clap for it. It was amusing to see how the spectators, from different countries, clapped, as their various languages were pronounced; but it was especially striking to observe how the feelings of the whole audience took part with a black Ethiop boy, and gave him, evidently on that account alone, a far heartier reception than to any other.

JANUARY 13. I have been to-day to visit the tomb of Tasso, at the Church of St. Onofrio, on the west side of the Tiber. The church has a beautiful and commanding situation on the brow of Mount Janiculus—a range of hill that runs along the west side of the city. In the convent which joins the church, Tasso spent his last days, and there died.

There is a pleasant piazza or corridor in front of the convent, and the spot itself is retired and delightful. Tasso had come to Rome to receive the highest honour which was left in the hands of the former mistress of the world to confer—the poet's coronation in the Capitol. The ceremony was deferred till spring in order to give it the greater splendour. But he grew more ill in the winter; caused himself to be carried to St. Onofrio; and died the very day on which he was to have been crowned!

JANUARY 15. The great business of to-day has been to visit the gallery of paintings at the palace of Cardinal Fesch, and it is very rich. There are a number of

Rembrandts—portraits, with that wonderfully natural countenance, and especially that living eye, in which, I am tempted to say, he surpasses all other painters. Also

A Correggio: A Descent from the Cross; with the soft golden light—light rather than colouring—which I believe characterizes his pictures. The descent here is effected by the ministry of angels; and the conception appears to me to be beautiful. But the best piece of all is

A Raphael Mengs: Semiramis at her Toilet—an exquisitely delicate and lovely countenance. I

have seen nothing of Mengs that was not very fine.

Teniers : a great many of his small, graphic, almost unequalled paintings, in humble and grotesque life.

Some exquisite small pieces on copper; churches, chapels, with admirable perspective.

Some capital landscapes by Wouvermans.

JANUARY 16. The Academy of St. Luke, where I have been to-day, is worth a visit. Raphael's St. Luke painting the Virgin, is considered the principal object, and it is not unworthy of Raphael. The difference between inspiration in a reverie, and inspiration engaged in a fixed effort, is finely marked in the countenance of Luke. There is a sort of fixed compression about the lips, such as I have seen in an artist in the act of painting; and yet the eye is full of inspiration. There are in this academy a number of beautiful small *premium* casts, and some delightful portraits.

After this I went through the Forum, along the ruins of the Palatine, and to the top of the Coliseum, and took my last melancholy look at these melancholy objects.

On coming home through the Corso, I observed a collection of carriages about the Church of St.

Marcellus, and on going in, found the church lighted up—it was just at evening—with ten or twelve chandeliers and a great number of wax candles, creating a splendid illumination. It was dressed out with the usual decorations of a festa—curtains hanging in festoons before the altars, &c.—filled with a crowd of people, and filled, too, with glorious music. This—I mean music, not always glorious music, however—is the principal part of all celebrations of saints' days, &c. The present ceremonies, I learned, were for St. Marcellus's day. The music was sustained by the organ, a band of performers on instruments playing with rare delicacy and fine execution, and an immense choir, some of them singing with that wonderful combination of high falsetto, running almost beyond the power of a woman's voice, yet without any of its shrillness, which is scarcely ever attained unless where the physical nature is sacrificed to it. For my part, I go heartily along with these celebrations, and wish that such were introduced into our Protestant churches.

JANUARY 17. I went to-day to the piazza before S. Maria Maggiore, to witness the singular ceremony of *blessing the horses*. The day is called St. Anthony's day. The ceremony is simply this: Carriage after carriage drives up before a chapel

—so it was while I stood to observe it—a priest comes forth dressed in his robes, and after uttering prayers or benedictions, (I know not which—nobody can know what a priest says, unless he knows it beforehand,) he takes a brush, and dipping it in the vase of holy water at the door of the chapel, sprinkles it over the horses.

JANUARY 19. We went to see the mosaic manufactory, in the basement story of the Vatican. Camuccini's painting of the Incredulity of St. Thomas is there; and it is a curious fact, that it is not equal to the mosaic of the same painting in St. Peter's. This mosaic work is quite wonderful, for it comes very near to the perfection of painting. The mode is, to have a strong frame of iron, on which is spread an amalgam, and into this amalgam are set the stones which form the mosaic. These stones, by-the-by, are themselves manufactured. They are a sort of vitrified substance, made of any given colour by certain exact proportions of the necessary ingredients—the receipt for each one being recorded in a mammoth volume lying upon the table. It astonished me to find, deposited and numbered, in the immense repository of this establishment, eighteen thousand different shades of colouring.

JANUARY 20. I do not know that I can take a more appropriate leave of Rome, than by a notice of its churches. Nothing in Rome has astonished me so much. The works of art have, if anything, fallen short of my expectations; that is, as a mass—some things cannot disappoint. The ruins, with the exception of the Coliseum, certainly have. They are mostly brick ruins; and a brick ruin is the least interesting of all remains. And the churches, I acknowledge, have very little in their architecture or exterior appearance to recommend them. The front is frequently nothing but a dead brick wall. However, it has one recommendation; it is a complete protection against street noises. So that you pass at once from the bustling city into the deepest seclusion.

There are three hundred and fifty churches in Rome; and any one of a hundred of them is such a wonder and beauty, as, placed in America, would draw visitors from all parts of the country. I speak now exclusively of the interior. The entire interior walls of many of these churches are clothed with polished, antique marble. They are hung around with paintings; and filled with marble pillars, statues, tombs, and altars. These altars, built often of jasper, porphyry, and the most precious

ancient marbles, are commonly placed in recesses or chapels on each side of the church, so that they offer some retirement to the votary.

I confess that I seldom enter these churches without an impulse to go and kneel at some of the altars. — — and — — both agree with me in this. We have often said that if it were not for the air of pretension it would have to any of our acquaintances who might chance to pass, we certainly should do it. As we were walking in St. Peter's to-day, — — said, "It does not signify, I do wish in serious earnest that I could be a Catholic." My own feeling is—and in this we agreed—that if it were not for the faith, I should like many of the forms very well. These ever-open churches, these ever-ascending prayers, the deep seclusion and silence, "the dim religious light," the voices of morning mass or vesper hymn, the sacred themes depicted upon every wall and dome, and again and evermore, these holy altars, whose steps have been worn by the knees of the pilgrims of ages past—all these things commend themselves, not merely to the imagination, but to the most unaffected sentiments of devotion.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Roman Catholic System.

On taking leave of Rome, I shall make it a text for some thoughts on the general subject of the Catholic religion.

Of a dispensation of Christianity, embracing more countries, and numbering more adherents than any other, it cannot be at any time unimportant or uninteresting, to form a correct judgment. But in addition to this, there are circumstances, at the present moment, which give the subject a considerable prominence among those that invite the public attention. The old Protestant horror against Popery has been, for some time past, gradually dying away; and although circumstances have recently kindled up a temporary excitement on the subject, I think it cannot become general or lasting. The papal see has lost all political power and importance; it is fast parting with its revenues; it is annually alienating to bankers, parcel by parcel, the very patrimony of St. Peter's; it

no longer gives any countenance to those worst corruptions which brought on the Protestant Reformation ; and if it has not altogether withdrawn its sanction from the Inquisition, it no longer encourages the application of those tortures, which, when they were first unveiled to the knowledge of mankind, sent a groan of sympathizing horror through the world. Then, with regard to the prophecies concerning Popery, a feeling is prevailing in the world that their doom is at length fulfilled, in the annihilation of that gigantic and overshadowing despotism. The foot of Rome is no longer on the neck of kings ; on the contrary, its very head is bowed to the dust, before a power that it once commanded. Nothing could be more deplorable than its condition. The vials of wrath are indeed poured out upon the very seat and throne of the papal hierarchy ; the nobles of the land are reduced to poverty, and the poor of the land to beggary ; its fields, its plains, once cultivated like a garden, and covered with villas, now lie waste, dispeopled, desolate, under the pestilential-breath of the malaria ; its villages are falling into ruins : the moment you cross the boundary line, you recognise the places that belong to the patrimony of the church, by their utter misery.

These circumstances of the religion, at its very

fountain head, must satisfy, it would seem, the most confident denouncer or interpreter of Heaven's judgments upon Popery ; they present a combination of evils, calamities, and woes, which cannot fall much short of a fulfilment of all the maledictions that can have been found or fancied to exist in the prophecies. At the same time a profounder study of Scripture has had the effect to bring some doubt upon those exact constructions, by which numbers, and dates, and persons, and places, and events, have been so particularly laid down in the chart of the expositor. So that, on the whole, there is a large and increasing number of Protestants, who do not feel at liberty to pursue, with pity or horror, the Catholic of these days, as if he were a mark for the displeasure of Heaven. The consequence is, that the Catholics are coming, with many, to take their place among Christian sects, and to be judged of with that degree of candour, limited enough, indeed, which differing sects are accustomed to deal out to one another.

Another circumstance which invites attention to this subject is, that the Catholic religion seems, at this moment, to be making some progress in the world. It is, indeed, a singular fact, that, at this very moment, when the religion is dying at its heart, it is flourishing in its members. It has made

some distinguished converts in Germany within a few years past ; it is gaining rather than losing credit and influence in Great Britain ; and it is said to be gaining numbers in America. A good deal of apprehension, it is well known, has been felt by some classes of Christians among us, concerning this spread of the Catholic faith in the United States. The great effort made in the Atlantic states, to establish Sunday schools in the Valley of the Mississippi, sprung, no doubt, from this apprehension. It has overrated, I have no doubt, both the means of the Catholics and their increase. The increase has been occasioned by emigration, and therefore is no increase ; or by the natural growth of population, and therefore is no evidence of progress. Of actual conversions to Popery, I imagine there are very few in our country, for it is not a country to favour them : and even if there were more than there are, or are alleged to be, I still should not partake of the general alarm, because I believe there is a spirit in our institutions which will sooner or later control the power, and correct the errors, of every sect. There may be a sect in our country, and a very large and flourishing sect, denominated the Catholic ; but it is not, and never can be, the despotic institution that it has been in other countries. Its power over its

own members must constantly decline. Then, as to its means for propagating its faith, the report of immense appropriations for this purpose, by the mother church, was never anything, I believe, but rumour ; it is not of a nature to be verified : and the exchequer of Rome is too poor to give any colour of probability to the statement.

The growing candour, then, of the Protestant world, and the growing strength of the Catholic interest, have both prepared the public mind, and pressed it, to examine the claims of this form of Christianity. And I mean now, its claims, not to infallibility, not to supremacy, not to being, in preference to every other form of Christianity, a Heaven-appointed institution—claims, which the Protestant world is scarcely disposed to consider—but its claims, in common with other modes of church order, ritual, and usage, and other means of spiritual influence and practical virtue, to the common respect and sympathy of Christians. It has peculiar usages ; and it sets up pretensions to peculiar virtue—to a virtue that springs exclusively from its own system. This last, too, is a point which has made an impression on the minds of some good Protestants ; and it is, moreover, and most truly, the most interesting point of inquiry that could arise between the two parties. For if

there be something in the Catholic system, or some divine influence especially connected with it, which produces a virtue superior to all other virtues—if this be really and undoubtedly so—why, truly we have nothing to do but to return as fast as we can to the bosom of the ancient mother church.

Now, this is precisely what many Catholics allege, and some Protestants seem disposed to admit. I do not say that this admission has been public, or has appeared in any writings; but I have observed in conversation, and I think others must have observed, a growing disposition to do justice, and, as I conceive, more than justice, to the virtues of the Catholics. It is, in part, a reaction, no doubt, from the old severity; but I think it arises, in part, from a neglect to make the proper discriminations.

But what are the virtues, in whose behalf this claim of superiority is set up? They may be stated to be, generally, the virtues of devotees, and of the religious orders. Where, it is said, is there anything like the virtue of the Sisters of Charity, a society of females, composed partly of the high-born and wealthy, partly of the young and beautiful—whose members devote themselves to the humblest offices, in hospitals and almshouses, without remuneration and without fame? So, again,

if the traveller finds himself upon some lonely desert, or upon some almost inaccessible mountain, where he is liable to be overwhelmed by the sands of Africa, or the snows of Switzerland—if, I say, the traveller finds in either spot a house of refuge, and good people living there on purpose to rescue him, the house of refuge, it is likely, he will discover to be a monastery, of the order of St. Benedict or St. Augustine. What hosts of missionaries, again it is said, has the Catholic church sent out into all parts of the world—compared with which, the company of Protestant missionaries is a mere handful. And not like Protestant missionaries have they gone out, carrying home and household gods with them, but alone have they gone and lived among the heathen in their families, and learned their manners, and thus gained over them the greatest influence. And what, it is said still further, what are all Catholic priests but missionaries in a sort, subject to the absolute command of their superiors, going far or near, without hesitation or question, as the interest of the church requires—going alone through life, without domestic endearments, without home, without those first gratifications of the heart which all other men demand as their right? How often, too—and this is the physician's testimony—how often is the Catholic

priest found by the beds of the dying, spending hours, sometimes days and nights there, that he may administer the last rites of his religion?

Far be it from me to detract anything from real merit—far be it from me to detract anything from its just measure and its full desert, wherever it may be found. Nay, not to detract from it is little. To acknowledge virtue, to enjoy it, to delight in it, to bless, to cherish it as the richest treasure of the world—let me tread what land I may, Catholic or Protestant—let me dwell in Rome or in Geneva—this is the spirit in which I would see mankind everywhere. That there are virtues among the Catholics which deserve to be thus regarded, I have no doubt. But it does not follow that they are superior to the virtues of all other Christians. And since this is an inference which some are disposed to think very plausible from the facts, I shall turn from the pleasure of beholding and admiring the virtues of my Catholic brethren to the duty, much less agreeable certainly, of making some strictures upon them. And I confess that my doubts about the Catholic claim of superior virtue, fixes upon the very point where its main stress is laid—its peculiarity—its extraordinariness. I do not know that Catholics say, or that anybody else says, that they are better men than others in the

ordinary duties and relations of life. But the point that has been pressed upon me in the colleges of Rome, and that is put forward elsewhere, is, that the special services of religion are more faithfully attended upon by Catholics, that extraordinary sacrifices and enterprises are more common among them, that no other church can show religious orders devoted to charity and prayer. Nay, it is so arranged among the different religious orders that prayers shall never cease—some rising in the night watches to continue them, so that the devotions of the church may be uninterrupted and perpetual. This, then, is the case; and I frankly say that I do not like the aspect of it. It is not well or safe for any sect to take this ground. The stress laid here is the grand error, as it seems to me, of the Catholic system, considered as a religious system.

The most remarkable thing about Christian virtue, whether we see it in the precept or the example of its great Teacher, is its fair order, its full proportion, its easy adaptation to all circumstances, its fidelity to all relations and trusts, in fine, its simplicity, consistency, and universality. It is always doing good. It is always speaking, it is always acting rightly. It is so constantly manifesting itself, as scarcely to attract any notice.

This even and unvarying tenour of a good life has not the splendour, the glare that belongs to some one department of benevolent exertion ; it does not therefore draw as much observation upon it ; it is not so much admired ; but we read, that " the kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." That calm, equal, silent restraint laid upon the passions ; that habitual self-control and devotion, by which ambition, pride, conceit, selfishness, sensuality, are all kept down, and the whole character is subdued to meekness, forbearance, and tenderness—let no man doubt, that the time may come, when far-famed philanthropy, and flaming martyrdom, and maceration, and fasting, and prayer, and every canonized virtue, will fall far behind it. The worth of these virtues I do not deny. I only deny their claim to superior worth. I deny that they are likely to be superior. Nay, I contend that extraordinary virtues are very liable to be partial and defective—that they are very liable to pay some of the penalties that usually attach to what is extraordinary in character. How often is great zeal for religion deformed by passion ; much praying connected with much peevishness ; great sanctity marred by equal pride, and singular philanthropy tainted by vanity and affectation !

I distrust, therefore, the claim of the Catholic to

superior virtue, precisely because he puts that claim upon extraordinary ground—upon ground removed from the ordinary path of life. And certainly I distrust all similar pretensions set up by Protestant sects, for the same reason. It is surprising to observe what stress is laid, in Catholic discourses, upon the single virtue of almsgiving. It seems to be enforced, almost as if it were a substitute for all other virtues, as if it covered a multitude of sins ; and I fear it is often practised with a view to its answering both purposes. It is said that mendicants throng the church doors, in Catholic countries, in confident reliance upon this well-known fact—that good Catholics often leave their dwellings to attend church, with a vow on their own part, or an injunction from their confessor, to bestow charity, right or wrong, with cause or without, on somebody. Now, surely the real question about virtue is, not whether a man does one thing well, but whether he doeth all things well ; not whether he is a good devotee, but whether he is a good and devoted man in every relation and situation ; not whether there are some good and self-denying monks and priests in Catholic countries, but whether the whole population of those countries is singularly self-denying and virtuous. Nay, he who shuts himself up in peculi-

arity, whether Judaical, Popish, Protestant, or Puritanical, so far cuts himself off from the means and opportunities of a noble and generous virtue. He who selects a particular sphere of operation, and sums up all his virtue in that, as also he who retires to a monastery, flies from the great conflict of life, from the battle field of virtue—flies, I say, from the very field where the most glorious deeds are to be done, and the most glorious victories are to be gained. And it is absurd for him, or his friends for him, to demand admiration—he ought to be content if he can escape censure: it is as absurd for him to challenge admiration, as it would be for him who fled before his country's enemies, to lay claim to similar homage.

In fact, I must ask, whether these vaunted virtues of Catholic piety, are not very apt to be factitious? Suppose, for instance, that a man should do a right action, under the fear of instant death for disobedience, or in the certain hope of heaven, as the reward of his fidelity in this single instance. The virtue in such a case, if it could be called virtue at all, would be extremely factitious; the fear would not leave the mind its moral freedom; the hope would bring a sort of hallucination over the moral faculties; the state of such a mind would be altogether unnatural; the virtue would

be artificial. Now the principles illustrated in this extreme case seem to me to be applicable, to a certain extent, to the devotees of the Catholic church. It is common in the teachings of that church to make a wide distinction—a distinction wide almost as that between salvation and perdition; between society and solitude; between the world and seclusion from the world; between the ordinary ties of life, and the peculiar relationship of a religious order. Is it strange, then, or does it imply any great virtue, that a young person, under the influence of venerated superiors, and persuaded that to remain in the world is almost certain perdition, should rush into the order of the Sisters of Charity, or into a monastery, where all is safety, and certainty of the bliss of heaven? How many are there among *us*, who would freely give up their entire fortunes, for the certainty of being happy for ever? So, also, for the protracted attendance of the Catholic priest at the deathbed, there is a motive, which may be termed a violent motive, and which, if it were admitted among *us*, would just as certainly carry every Protestant clergyman to the same place. That is to say, the Catholic priest believes that the future state of the departed soul much depends on these last ceremonies. It would be the most unheard of cruelty,

therefore, for him to fail of his attendance. The truth is, and so it deserves to be stated, that instead of its being *any* great merit or fidelity in him to be present, he would be a monster if he could fail.

The claims of the Catholic priesthood to admiration, on other grounds, I would willingly be excused from discussing; since it is scarcely possible to discuss them with decorum and courtesy. I speak now of the priests in Europe, and especially in Italy, and I would not allude even to them, if it were not that their virtues are often urged upon our notice by their admirers, in contrast with the indulgences and luxuries of the Protestant clergy. I am the more unwilling to say a word on the subject—the alleged self-denials, and stoic virtues of the Catholic clergy—because I know and gladly admit that, notwithstanding all the dangers of their position, there are many individuals among them of the greatest purity and dignity of character. But surely he who should contend that their peculiar situation—their seclusion, that is to say, from domestic companionship and intercourse, is, or is found to be, favourable to the purity of their lives, or the refinement of their manners, could do so only in total ignorance, both of the weak and the strong points of his cause. Let him descant as much at large as he pleases upon the holy antiquity

and the beautiful services of his church, but with the knowledge of what exists in the oldest and most venerated abodes of that church, let him say as little as possible of the self-denials of the Catholic priesthood.

The truth is, that the great charm of the Catholic system to many—and not a few Protestants are Catholics in this respect—is, that it offers to them a course of specific and definite services and exercises, instead of the great, general, and indefinite task of virtue. In religion, multitudes choose what they consider to be safe bondage, in preference to dangerous freedom. The Catholic—I except, of course, many enlightened persons of that class from the remark—but in general, the Catholic has a monitor in his priest, ever at his side, to say, “Do this,” and “Do that.” He is left to struggle with no questions or doubts of any kind, and thus, as it seems to me, is taken out of the hands of the true spiritual discipline. He has his religious duties exactly weighed out to him, and if in any point he fails, if virtue sinks in the scale, he has penances and absolutions to restore the balance. Thus all is measured, and made exact and definite; more definite, I believe, than suits the discipline of virtue. Thus all is plain and easy; no questions about faith; no doubts about duty;

to obey, not to inquire, is the grand requisition; docility, submission, are the characteristic virtues of the Catholic system. The effect upon the ignorant is likely to be mental slavery and superstition; upon the enlightened, it often is, I fear, to set religion apart from the free action of their own minds, into the care of the priesthood; or to resolve that which should be the constant nurture and food of life, into the temporary excitements and raptures of cathedral worship.

I am not now saying that the Catholics are worse than other Christians; I am only speaking of what seem to be the tendencies of the system, and I think I may, without any breach of comity or candour, do this, in reply to the assumptions of that church. It may be, that I do not, and cannot speak impartially on such a subject; but without intending any disrespect to the many enlightened and excellent men who belong to that communion, I will venture to say of the system, that it seems to be the childhood of Christianity, while Protestantism I consider to be its manhood. And although this manhood has its own peculiar exposures, yet for the same reason that I would advocate freedom in civil affairs, would I advocate freedom in religious affairs. The republicanism of Christianity is Protestantism.

I have thus been led, from conversation and observation, since I have been abroad, to put down some thoughts on the Catholic religion. But there is a question about the general sincerity and spirituality of Catholic devotions, which, I find, is oftener raised in Protestant countries than any other concerning the religion, and to which, therefore, I will attempt to give a brief answer. The religious services of the Catholics in their churches are commonly thought, among us, to be such as are enforced by their superiors, or to be mere compliances with forms, held by them to be necessary, and, therefore, a doubt very naturally springs up, concerning both their sincerity and spirituality.

I can only say, with regard to the first, that there is every appearance among the attendants at their churches, of the profoundest reverence and sincerity. Besides the appointed services, there are many which are voluntary ; and at every hour of the day, at morning, noon, and evening, he who enters the churches, especially of Italy, will find worshippers in greater or less number, kneeling before the altars, in silent devotion. If these services *be* abominations, as some good Protestants will have them to be, I could wish the manner of them, at least, in some Protestant churches that I have observed, were imitated. There are few

spectacles more touching in the world, perhaps, than at early morning, ere the last veil of night has departed from the sanctuary, or in the evening twilight, when the first shadow of the coming darkness has fallen upon the holy place, to behold, separately, silently kneeling upon the altar's steps, or the cold pavement, those who have seemed to seek the hour of seclusion from the world's great throng, to pour out their prayers and tears—to pour out their joys in gratitude, or their sorrows in submission, before Him, who hears the inaudible sigh, and understands the unuttered thought.

With regard to the charge of formality, I cannot help giving you the answer which I once received from a learned and distinguished ecclesiastic, leaving you to judge of it as you may. I had presented this charge of formality, not so much as my own, perhaps, as the common Protestant charge, and asked him what he would say to it. He said, in reply, “You have been in our churches; you have witnessed the continual resort to them; and I can inform you of what you may not have observed, that every morning, almost the entire population of Rome, comes to mass; the whole body of labourers invariably attend the morning service, before they go to their employments: and yet here is no compulsion whatever in the case—it is purely

voluntary. Does this then," he said, "deserve to be called formality?" Nay, he went further, and I confess with some show of reason. "When I have been in Protestant countries," he said, "the thing that has struck me, has been the apparent absence, during six days of the week, of all religion. On the seventh, indeed, the people assemble in their churches, but it is by appointment, it is in compliance with custom; and if anything could seem like a forced and formal matter in religion, it would be this." Let Protestants see to it, I say, that the charge against them be not found true; and if they do not daily resort to some public altar, let them not fail of using equal endeavours to cultivate the spirit of devotion—let them beware lest they treat their religion as if they were ashamed of it—above all, let them carry the prayers of the heart into the practice of the life.

But my concern, at present, is with the Catholic religion. I am obliged to observe, that with this fair show of devotion in the churches there is, in most Catholic countries, a striking and staggering incongruity in the morals of private life. Still I do not feel it necessary to brand those devotions with the charge of superstition or hypocrisy. The great evil in the Catholic religion—the great evil

I mean, which is exhibited in its practical results—is, that imagination and sentiment are substituted for real feeling and virtue. This, I should say, is the great evil in the present state of the religion; I do not say it was intended, or is abetted; the stricture, I make only with the freedom and candour with which I should speak of any other form of Christianity. The defect, I think, has arisen from circumstances, as most defects in religious bodies arise. Those beautiful churches, on which the wealth of ages and empires has been lavished; those tombs and relics of saints and martyrs on every side; those pictures and statues, making every temple a sort of gallery of the arts; the processions, and rites, and memorials, marking almost every day in the year, and thus putting upon almost every otherwise common day the stamp of some venerable usage or holy recollection; the services of the church, too, so fitted, in the music, the responses, and the forms, and all this, too, amidst dimly burning tapers, and the voices of a strange and long since dead speech, and the varied and splendid costumes of the officiating priests—so fitted to enchain and enchant the imagination: all this tends evidently to create a feeling about religion, akin to the feeling that is awakened by the

arts—inaginative, superficial, transient ; pleasing, perhaps, and even fervent for the time, but not operative, not effectual, not lasting. These cathedral influences tend to make a sort of cathedral religion, but not the religion of actual and active life ; the religion of contemplation, and fancy, and revery, and sentiment, but not the religion of self-restraint, and of a strict conscience, and of a rigorous virtue. There are, however, forms and usages of the Catholic church, which seem to me not liable to all that objection which we Protestants are accustomed to bring against them.

The practice, for instance, of calling their churches by the name of some apostle, saint, or martyr, which has been considered superstitious by some Protestants, appears to me, not only free from objection, but to be very proper and desirable. It seems to me a kind of degradation to a temple of God to call it by the names of those persons who, from time to time, officiate in it. What would be more proper than that a church should bear onward from age to age the name of some noble sufferer in the cause of religion—of some heroic apostle of truth, or bright model of virtue ! It would then be a kind of monument to that moral greatness which is taught within its walls.

One of the interesting services, indeed, in the Catholic calendar, consists of a periodical celebration, a kind of festival celebration of the virtues or sufferings of the saint, or martyr, to whom any particular church is dedicated. There are prayers and thanksgivings appropriate to the occasion; there are anthems sung in commemoration of former days and deeds; the church is illuminated, and clothed with decorations to aid the effect; and everything is done—perhaps too much is done, to make the ceremony, as a ceremony, attractive to the people. However this may be, the service in its nature seems to me pertinent and interesting. If saints and martyrs have been held in too much reverence in former days, that seems scarce likely to be the fault of these times. While many things ancient and venerable are passing away, I would lay my hand on the records of ancient virtue and preserve them: I would spread that bright page before the people from time to time, and “give the sense, and cause them to understand the reading.” The virtues of the world are the treasures of the world. I would enshrine them in sacred rites. I would embalm them, as many of the bones of saints actually are preserved in the very altars of the sanctuary. To contemplate virtue is the grand

means of gaining virtue. To praise it, is to commend it to the respect of others. But we never contemplate it so feelingly, nor respect it so deeply, as when we behold it clothed with the beauty and power of example. Let then, I would say, not only goodness, but let good men be remembered in times, and seasons, and services devoted to that purpose. Let holy rites set forth—let holy words recount their deeds and sufferings. Let their virtues be borne up on the breath of music, an offering, and a thanksgiving to Heaven.

And a festival, too, such as is observed in Catholic countries—a festival to commemorate, not one alone, but to commemorate *all saints*—a day to remember all good men—a season around which is gathered the mighty host of those who, in faith and patience, in suffering and triumph, have gone to heaven—this, I confess, strikes my mind as something most meet, suitable, and grateful. Our Protestant religion is too naked of such associations. We are too reserved, I think, in expressing our regard towards *living* worth; we are not likely to give too much expansion and expression to our enthusiasm for the heroism and sanctity of former days. It teaches a needful lesson to those who are struggling against the tide of this world's

temptations ; it teaches a beautiful lesson to the young, the ardent aspirant after virtue—to know that the piety and fortitude which, in their day, were humble, and cast down, and fearful, and despised perhaps, have come to live, amidst anthem and prayer, in the memory of all generations.

CHAPTER XXII.

Journey to Naples—Posting in Italy—Bay of Naples—Royal Museum—Pozzuoli and Baïæ—Vesuvius—Herculaneum—Pompeii—Tomb of Virgil—Churches in Naples—Carnival—Leghorn—Pisa—Genoa—Gulio Romano's Martyrdom of St. Stephen—Political State of Italy—Italy the Land of the Fine Arts—Cultivation and Patronage of the Fine Arts in America.

NAPLES, JANUARY 22. I travelled post from Rome to Naples in thirty hours, not stopping except for the detentions and vexations occasioned by passports and customhouses. We left Frascati, the ancient Tusculum, on the left, and passed through Mola di Gaeta; at both which places Cicero had villas. With these localities to bring him to mind—travelling on, or near roads which had so often resounded to his chariot wheels—travelling, too, over the Pontine marshes, in the vicinity of which he was put to death, it may be easily believed that it was his image that possessed my mind—his shade that seemed to flit before me, amidst the waning twilight and the bright moonbeams of the silent night. I saw him a proud and

joyous traveller from the excitements, the studious toils, and the loud applauses of Rome, down to his country seats. Then I fancied him in these luxurious retreats, surrounded by friends, and engaged in high discourse. But a change came, and again I saw him—borne upon his litter with the steps of fear and flight. The assassins approach—(I looked, perhaps, upon the very field—a monument marks the spot, said to be the place of his death)—he commands the litter to be set down; he submits with calm, with Roman dignity to his fate; with word and with action more sublime, perhaps, than he ever used before, he bids them do their office. So, at least, would I think that a great man dies. For I cannot think that a great man ever died meanly, though in some moment of temptation, of vanity, or passion, he may have done meanly. Not that any act of his deserves to be so qualified; for I think that much injustice has been done him. His proconsulship in Cilicia was as magnanimous as his eloquence in Rome was unrivalled.

The style of posting in Italy, and, indeed, all over the Continent, would, if it were in America or in England, present a spectacle for the whole generation of boys to hoot at. *Such* looking creatures as they often bring for horses; but yet more, *such* harness—ropes for traces, tow strings for buckles

—and the horses so far apart that those before appear as if they were avant-coureurs to those behind, and altogether, looking as if the first pull would snap everything asunder, and without any necromancy, resolve the generic substance, team, into the individual elements which compose it, and send the whole crazy collection of cattle to feeding in the pasture. It was with a good deal of this aspect of things that we set off last night, at midnight, with seven horses, and three postillions scolding, hurraing, and cracking their whips, as if *they* had no fear about the ropes, and were going to draw a bårn. However, they whirled us away as if it had been the chariot of the fairies.

The approach towards Naples, for twenty or thirty miles, presents beautiful scenery, and the first of any considerable extent that I have seen in Italy; and Naples itself, with its environs, is a spot so delightful, that I wonder anybody who can get here stays in Rome or anywhere else, beyond the time necessary for sightseeing. My window at the hotel commands the bay; and whether by the light of day or by moonlight, the scene is such, that my eyes are never sated with gazing upon it. By day, there is the far-extending and winding shore lined with villas and villages, the bold island of Capri at the mouth of the bay, and above its

shore the Apennines rising in beautiful perspective, like an amphitheatre, yet irregular and picturesque; in the evening Vesuvius stands forth—an appalling object—to give the aid of contrast to the serenity and beauty of the scene—a red stream of lava pouring down its side, and accumulating, at the termination of its course, into a mass, a precipice of blackening cinders and interior fires—like a burning brow of wrath, frowning over the peaceful moonlit waters beneath.

JANUARY 24. Within two days, I have been through the immense Royal Museum—a collection mostly of objects from Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Farnese. The objects are ancient paintings in fresco; Egyptian monuments, among which are four finely preserved mummies; the Farnesian Hercules, and the group of the Farnese Bull; statues in bronze, some of them capital; kitchen utensils, in which I saw everything we use, except the grid-iron and the toasting-iron; a splendid collection of Etruscan vases, the papyruses from Herculaneum, &c.

JANUARY 25. To-day I have been to Pozzuoli and Baiæ; both upon the bay. The ruins about Baiæ are of the most extraordinary character. For two or three miles, brick walls, arches, and staircases are seen jutting out in every direction

from the steep hills along the shore. It seems as if some mighty hand had kneaded whole villages into the soil on which they stood; or as if the thunder of heaven had ploughed up the whole region, turning villas and palaces, like stubble, into its mighty furrow. And so it was; for here the earthquake and the volcano have been; and here were the villas, palaces, pleasure grounds, and baths of the early Roman emperors and their most distinguished subjects. The old Romans chose these shores as the seats of relaxation and enjoyment; Cicero had a villa upon the bay, just below Pozzuoli. I stood upon the site of it to-day; I heard the same wave break upon the shore that he heard; I stood beneath the precise point of the heavens where he stood; but now, time, and flood, and fire have set such marks of desolation upon this whole shore, as would make the heart sink to behold, even if they had not written destruction upon the very glory of the ancient world.

JANUARY 29. I must take leave to be very statistical on two or three topics on which it would be very easy to be sentimental and romantic.

VESUVIUS. The ascent, a part of it, is over fields of lava, black, rough, desolate, without a spire of grass, or a shrub, or anything that breathes of life. It is a stern and awful spectacle of destruction; it

makes one's very nerves grow rigid to look upon it. The lava appears in every form—in streams, in ridges, and in shapeless masses—just as it was left by the tremendous element. I ascended to the highest point—the edge of the crater—sat down upon the very margin of the fiery caldron, where, however, there was no fire now, but from the bottom of which there were several eruptions while I sat there, attended with a huge roaring almost as loud as thunder, and sending up showers of sand and stones, and shaking the earth on which I sat with very distinct *tremblemens de terre*. The guide took me to two places on the side of the mountain, where were openings, two feet in diameter, into the molten and fiery mass of lava. It was really fearful to look down into it. There it was, within two or three feet of you, a mass like molten iron, flowing down the side of the mountain; and yourself separated by a crust of lava, not more than a foot thick, perhaps, from the tremendous fires of Vesuvius!—fires that you had read of with a sort of dread and horror, at the distance of four thousand miles from them; fires that were burning, for aught you knew, to the centre of the earth. And here you stand directly over them, and feel their heat burning your very cheek! There was another opening where the hissing was

so loud and sharp that I could hardly stand by it. Smoke ascended from various points around us ; and the smell of the gass that escaped from these places was extremely pungent, and almost suffocating. It seemed as if it cut the very lungs, it was so sharp. For my part, I was glad to get down ; and felt as if it were almost a tempting of Providence to be there, from motives of mere curiosity.

I understand, this evening, that since I was there, the lava has overflowed a part of the very path on which I went up ; and that the celebrated guide Salvatore has given notice, that it is not safe at this moment to attempt the mountain at all. If so, the moment of my going up was fortunate. I observe this evening, that the stream of lava is brighter and more distinct than I have seen it any evening before. It is, indeed, and without any exaggeration, a river of fire, flowing down, for the distance of a mile or two, from the top of the mountain.

HERCULANEUM. I went down a very long flight of modern steps before I reached the passages that lead to the theatre of *Herculaneum*, the only part that remains excavated. It was strange, indeed, in this subterranean theatre, once the place of concourse, and the seat of pleasure, to hear the roll of

carriages far above, in the streets of a new village. Now all was dark and silent here, save what light our candles gave, and the formal and hackneyed sentences of the cicerone, as he pointed out the various localities. As the villages of Portici and Resina are built over Herculaneum, the excavations cannot proceed.

POMPEII. You have a strange feeling in walking through Pompeii, as if you were admitted into a kind of sanctuary. For seventeen hundred years, it was hidden from the sight, and almost from the knowledge of the world; there was a veil of mystery upon it, thick almost as that which Vesuvius spread over its dwellings, in the dark and fearful day of their overthrow. They are now opened afresh to the eyes of the world, and it seems as if one were admitted to the knowledge of some secret, in being allowed to cross their thresholds. I was permitted, by the politeness of the superintendent, procured by a letter of Mr. St. Angelo of Naples, to enter a room where the excavations were going forward. A part of a flute was thrown out while I was there; and a small fresco painting of a tiger on the wall was unveiled. The last time it was seen, was nearly two thousand years ago; the eye that last looked upon it was that of the affrighted occupant of this dwelling;

the next—moment, I was about saying—in which it is seen, is to-day ; and the next person who sees it, is myself. It seems as if that man were but a step from me ; as if a thousand years were, indeed, but a day.

There is an amphitheatre here, a large forum, several temples, and many fine houses. One of Cicero's favourite villas was here. Near it, at the house of Diomed, I completed my two hours' walk, and in Diomed's garden, beneath the portico that surrounded it, I sat down and ate the dinner I had brought with me—a glass of excellent Falernian wine assisting at once my philosophic and my physical man—my meditation upon the past, and enjoyment of the present time.

THE ALBERGO DEI POVERI is a vast establishment in Naples, which ought not to be called a poor-house, but an immense manufactory and school for the poor—for that is its character. The building is fifteen hundred feet in front ; and has, at present, more than six thousand inmates. Everything is neat and in fine order. The military system in which the boys are trained, serves at once for recreation and exercise. This establishment speaks well, and promises well, for the Neapolitan state : *speaks* well, I ought, perhaps, to say, for the minister of the interior, Mr. St. Angelo, for

it falls under his department, and owes its present improved condition, I understand, to him.

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL. On the very edge of the grotto of Pausilippo—in what must have been, before that grotto or road was cut through the hill of Pausilippo, a deep and wild glen upon the hill—looking out upon the bay of Naples, and commanding a view of the city—stands the small, circular mound of brick—the only remaining portion of the tomb of Virgil. It is a rural and romantic spot, fitly chosen to hold the ashes of him who “sung of herds and fields.” No one, with a schoolboy’s recollection, and with the least faith in the identity of the spot, could stand there, without emotion. Virgil, among the Roman writers, is pre-eminently the classic father. Cicero we admire, as the great man, orator, and philosopher. Horace was a writer more astute and keen witted, of a genius more racy and original, than the poet of Mantua. It is perhaps for this very reason—because everything is so moderate, mild, and gentle in this great master of our early discipline, that I stood, with an almost indescribable feeling—as if I had been a son—upon the tomb of Virgil.

CHURCHES IN NAPLES. San Martino—a perfect bijou—the very counterpart of St. Peter’s at Rome—really not less splendid—with a number of fine

paintings by Spagnoletti, but especially with such a profusion of fine work in marble, as I never saw in an equal compass—with such a floor of tessellated marble as I never saw anywhere. Gesu Nuovo, very rich and beautiful in its way. S. Gennaro, the cathedral; with a great number of silver shrines and images. In the Capella di S. Severo, are the two celebrated veiled statues—one of Modesty, another of the dead Christ—amazingly fine. You could scarcely believe that the veil was marble.

THE CARNIVAL. To-day I rode through the Toledo and the Strada Nova, a distance of two miles, in a line with hundreds of carriages, and amidst probably not less than one hundred thousand people in the streets and balconies of the houses. Masks are common on these occasions, and indeed convenient; for the amusement consists in pelting one another with sugar plums, and little balls of plaster and lime made to resemble sugar plums. It is rather a poor and commonplace way of making merry, though the king himself takes part in it. Nevertheless, the whole thing is quite amusing; perhaps the more so, because it is being amused with nothing. At any rate, I partook of the sport, and enjoyed the spectacle highly:

and our party came back to the Crocelle, looking as if we had come out of a flour mill.

For a parting word of the Neapolitans, I will say that their beggars are the most importunate; their cheaters—and they are everybody you deal with—are the most unconscionable and persevering; and their population apparently the most idle, gay, and joyous, that I have seen in Europe.

On the thirty-first of January, I left Naples for Marseilles, by steamboat, stopping at the following places:—

CIVITA VECCHIA—of which nothing is to be said but that it answers the purpose of a seaport to Rome.

LEGHORN—is a well-built, good-looking city, with a better-dressed and neater population than is seen in most of the Italian cities.

PISA—to which we made an excursion from Leghorn, and passed a night there. The leaning tower is a very striking object. It is one hundred and ninety feet high, and declines from the perpendicular thirteen feet. As to the question whether this deviation from the perpendicular is owing to design or accident, I judged, from looking at it, that when it was raised to half the height, the leaning took place from the insufficiency of the foundation, and then that the remainder was built with refer-

ence to the leaning. For the deviation from the perpendicular is much less in the upper half; while the appearance at the base shows that the depression there was accidental. The cathedral, of which the leaning tower is the campanile, or belfry tower, is a grand old pile, with a profusion of paintings of no great value. The Campo Santo is a sort of cemetery, a repository of old sarcophagi, &c.—but was built for the particular purpose of enclosing a portion of sacred earth which was brought from Mount Calvary in Jerusalem, in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion. The sacred soil was to me the most interesting thing here; though the building, with its interior range of Gothic arcades, is fine too.

Before reaching Leghorn—not many miles from the port—we passed the island of Elba, and saw Corsica in the distance.

GENOA—gives no idea of what it is, from the harbour, for it seems to be jammed down under the surrounding hills, and looks meanly—but it is a city of palaces. A large proportion of the streets, however, are not more than eight or ten feet wide, which makes the whole city a grand curiosity. We went through four or five palaces. They are not rich in paintings. The Serra Palace, however, has one of the richest rooms in Europe.

The only very fine, first-rate painting I saw in Genoa, is Giulio Romano's Martyrdom of Stephen, in the church of St. Stephen. It was designed by Raphael, and the upper part, it is said, was painted by him. But the impressive part is Giulio Romano's—St. Stephen, his murderers, and Saul who "kept the clothes of them that stoned him," and whose countenance is clothed with a fine air of eagerness and confidence, without malignity—all of which is very characteristic of him "who verily thought that he ought to do many things against the name of Jesus." The glory of the picture, however, is the face of Stephen, as he "looks steadfastly up into heaven, and beholds Jesus standing on the right hand of God." There is such a union of tenderness, and pity, and triumph, and rapture in his countenance, as cannot be beheld without strong emotion; and I lingered before the picture as long as I could.

In taking leave of it, I felt as if the last glory of Italy were fading from my sight; yet I also beheld it die away, in the beams of the setting sun, upon the hills between Genoa and Nice, as we sailed along the Mediterranean shore. I was certainly not unwilling to leave Italy; yet I could not altogether help mingling sighs with my adieus to the land of so many treasures in art, of so many glo-

rious recollections, yet alas ! of so much depression, poverty, misery, misrule, and despotism. Twelve separate governments, as absolute as any that ever existed in the world, are so many wheels of torture to poor Italy ; while the great wheel of Austrian despotism grinds everything, government and people alike, into the dust. It is some comfort that the indignation against this system is universal. With whomsoever I have talked, marquis, count, scholar, priest, man of business, courier, or servant—and I have talked with one or more of each of these classes—each and all have expressed, and that very openly, too, but one feeling. There is a point beyond which human nature, even degraded as it is in Italy, will not suffer, and the day of retribution must yet come ; and when it does come, it will probably rise in clouds and set in blood. This would have come to pass before now, if the people had any confidence in each other—confidence enough to concert and carry on a conspiracy—but the moral degradation of Italy is also her thralldom.

Italy is the native land of the fine arts, and their present home ; I might better say, perhaps, their prison. For nothing but the bolts and bars of state restriction prevents its treasures of art from departing for wealthier countries. In every con-

siderable city there is a commission appointed by the government, without whose consent no painting or statue can leave Italy ; and with regard to the *chef d'œuvres* of art, this consent is quite out of the question. Indeed, the permission, in the present state of the country, would be thought, and would be, in fact, suicidal. For the cities of Italy live upon strangers, and strangers would not come, if there were nothing to see. The climate, ruins, recollections would draw some, indeed, but the number would be greatly diminished.

Would that Italy might consent, or could afford—as she will in better days—to part with some of her treasures ; for then might we expect to see in America pictures and statues from the hands of the great masters. Or even if the pope would consent to farm out, to an American or English company, a part of the Campagna, or the bed of the Tiber, to dig for statues, we might have, I doubt not, *one* noble gallery at least in each country.

It is often said that the arts cannot flourish in a republic ; and this is said, in the face of such examples as Athens and republican Rome. But why can they not ? I ask. Want of patronage is the reason usually assigned, but to this reason there are two material exceptions to be taken. In the first place, the arts may find patronage in the general spirit of a

country, as well as in royal or princely revenues. Let there be intelligence and refinement among any people, and the patronage of the arts must follow. And is it not safer thus to trust the encouragement of the arts to the intelligence and free competition of a whole people, than to a few individuals, kings or princes, who, if they have often fostered genius, have sometimes cramped and enslaved it? Would not a generous artist rather take an intelligent people for his patron, than a king? May not the fine arts, in this respect, be safely and advantageously subjected to the same ordeal as literature. We have wealth enough, we have intelligence in America, and I am willing to rely upon these for the inevitable consequence. But in the next place, I would not trust patronage alone for the prosperity of the arts. I should place more reliance upon the genius of a people. Nothing could repress such a development among a people like the Athenians; nothing could elicit it among barbarians. Our country has already works to show, which may vie, I will venture to say, with any contemporaneous works of English art. The landscapes of Cole persuade us that the days of Claude may come back again. In Mount and Durand, as painters of grotesque and common life, we have artists that enable us to look at the works of Teniers and

Wilkie without despair or discouragement. I doubt whether the best portrait painters among us, now that Sir Thomas Lawrence is gone, are excelled anywhere in the world. Page and Flagg are very young artists, but full of promise. Allston has already a fame in Europe, and the public are anxiously waiting for a production from him in the department of historical painting, which will give us something to quote in this loftiest department of the art. Grenough, too, we claim as an American artist; and I wish there might be presented to him, by more influential voices than mine, the benefit he might confer on his country by coming and living among us. If he would open a studio of sculpture in Boston, or New-York, or Philadelphia, it could not fail to have a decided effect upon the public taste.

It would be sad, indeed, if the allegation were true, that the arts could not flourish in a republic. For it is precisely in a republic that they are wanted to complete the system of social influences.

It is a mistake into which novices fall, to suppose that the arts are unfavourable to morality. The truth is, that all this is conventional; and however a gallery of pictures or statues may strike the unaccustomed eye, it all soon comes to be regarded

as indifferently as the varieties of costume in the living person. In fact, the fine arts have usually been the handmaids of virtue and religion. More than half of the great paintings in the world are illustrative of religious subjects; and embracing mythology in this account, more than half of the statues are of the same character. And to refer to kindred arts—architecture, too, has built its noblest structures for religion, and music has composed its sublimest strains for the sanctuary. Genius, indeed—that inspiration from Heaven—has always shown its descent from above, by this direction of its labours.

The introduction of the arts into our country, then, is not to be dreaded on the score of morality. Is it not on every account greatly to be desired? The most material deficiency among us, perhaps—next to the want of virtue—is likely to be the want of refinement. There is need among us of objects that kindle up admiration and enthusiasm, that awaken the sense of delight and wonder, that break up the habits of petty calculation and sordid interest, and breathe a liberal and generous soul into the people; and this need the arts would supply.

Again, it is too truly said, that we are a people devoted to gain, that utility is the grand law, and

wealth the grand distinction here ; and that neither the law nor the distinction is lofty enough to train up a great people. I object not to utility as a *rule* of action—but I object to the common construction of the rule. That is not useful alone, which conduces to immediate comfort ; that is as truly so, which conduces to general culture and refinement. So that a fine painting, or statue, or building, is as truly useful as a canal, a railroad, or a ship.

It is said, moreover, that our political and nominal equality—literal and actual equality it cannot be, though foreign writers are continually confounding them—that our equality, such as it is, tends to bring down our whole people to the level of the lowest ; that it is the parent, not of improvement, but only of pretension and of self-complacency ; and, in fine, that under all these influences, the lofty enthusiasm of the people is degenerating—that the beau ideal, the beautiful and the sublime, are sinking under the weight of the practical, the popular, and the vulgar.

If I were discussing these points fully, I certainly should argue against the unqualified charges in question. And yet I should, and I do confess, that there are dangers in these respects, which urge upon us the importance of setting up every antag-

onist principle that we can find in education, literature, and the arts. In this view, the almost exclusive direction of expenditure in our cities, to purposes of fashionable display, is extremely to be regretted. It is not of the extent of the expenditure, but of its tendencies, that I complain. I rejoice that our citizens have superfluous millions to expend, and that they are disposed to expend rather than to hoard them. If we are a people eager for gain, though I have no doubt that this national trait is exaggerated, yet it cannot be denied that we are equally willing to scatter abroad the fruits of our industry. Meanness certainly is not one of our national vices. If we talk much about dollars, though really I cannot, in this respect, see much difference between us and other nations, except in the value of the catch-word coin—"un sous" in France, "*un paolo*" in Italy, "a shilling" in England, being about as conspicuous in conversation as "a dollar" with us—yet if this unlucky word does roll with such provoking facility from our lips, where, I should like to know, does the thing itself roll so freely from the hand, as in America? Pity it is—for I care more for improvement at home than reputation abroad—that something more of this boundless profusion of expense could not be diverted from its present course, to the en-

couragement of the arts! The dresses of a fashionable American lady, for a single year, would place a beautiful painting on her parlour wall, which would contribute to the improvement and pleasure of herself and her friends for life—while her dresses contribute to nobody's improvement or pleasure, but her milliner's and mantuamaker's. The piles and pyramids of confectionary stuff that are placed in the course of a year upon a single table might buy a statue.* One half of that which is now expended in some of our cities for ephemeral superfluities might, in a quarter of a century, fill them with statues and paintings: neither would that deduction diminish anything from the true grace, elegance, and happiness of life. Then might we have

* Speaking of statues, the human body is a living statue, whose beauty and proportion were as much designed to be admired as those of marble. What would be thought of a marble statue, if its costume were made to resemble that of one of our modern fine ladies? A fashionable woman may dress for one half the expense she now does, may be twice as agreeable in person to her husband and everybody else, may have less care about her wardrobe, and more health and more comfort every way—and why does she not? Because, she dare not resist the French milliner! Is this a matter too trifling to notice? It ruins thousands; it makes tens of thousands unhappy—goading fashion and business alike to excess and bondage; it causes the improvement of hundreds of thousands to be neglected.

something for a visiter to see in our cities, besides a great mass of brick houses. It is really mortifying to find, on such an occasion, how little one has to show his friend from a foreign country, or from a distant part of his own. Would that some Girard among us might think of founding a gallery of the arts! And what a benefit might any man of wealth, however moderate, confer on society, if instead of filling his house with splendid furniture, and entertainments, he should leave all that to the regulation of a decorous and dignified simplicity, and fill his house with objects that would give a thousand times more pleasure to every visiter, who is not a blockhead; and would contribute, at the same time, to the so much needed improvement and refinement of the whole country! Why may not our academies of arts in the various cities undertake to establish permanent galleries, and successfully make an appeal to our citizens to aid them? Grant that the beginning were discouraging, and the accumulation slow. Everything must have a beginning; and a good enterprise had better proceed slowly, than proceed not at all. The bare fact, too, that there is a permanent depository for the preservation of works of art, would naturally invite and induce the gift or bequest of such works.

In this connection I cannot help offering one suggestion, for which I am indebted to a gentleman of distinguished taste, that deserves, as it seems to me, the attention of religious congregations. They are already existing combinations for religious improvement. They are able, without burdening any individual, to place good paintings in all their churches. Suppose—and this is the suggestion—that any congregation should commence the undertaking, by a collection in the church, or by individual subscriptions, and when a sufficient sum is obtained to defray the expense of a painting, let the purchase be made by a judicious committee appointed for that purpose. By such a plan as this for successive acquisitions, carried on from generation to generation, the country might at length be filled with the finest productions of the pencil. Our own artists would immediately feel the stimulus of the call, and the contributions of genius abroad would be brought within our reach. The effect upon the public taste could not fail to be great and striking. The effect upon devotion would be no less salutary. Painting is a language, as truly as that which is heard from the pulpit. Whose mind would not be touched and elevated, if, as he took his seat in church, and waited a few moments, perhaps, for the service—better so than

the service should wait for him—he could fix his eye upon some Scripture scene living upon the canvass—upon some saint, rapt and entranced in heavenly contemplation, or upon some noble martyr, triumphing through faith over the agonies of death? The silent walls would then teach us. We should worship, as it were, amidst the innumerable company of saints and angels; the shadowy forms of the venerated dead would seem to hover around our altars; and we should meditate and pray amidst the opening visions of heaven.

Let it not be thought sacrilegious to speak thus of adorning the temples of religion. Let the devout man look around him. Where will he find pictures to equal in splendour those which are painted on the dome of heaven; which are hung on pillared cloud and mountain wall, all round this mighty temple of the universe? Nor let it be thought that among the means of a nation's improvement, influences of this character are beneath attention. The system of things in which heaven has placed us, is not confined to palpable and immediate utility. "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is the cry of a *barbarous* people and a *worldly* generation. It would be indeed an intolerable reproach upon a civilized people, to say

that it had no tastes, but what comfortable houses, crowded granaries, and stored cellars could supply. And nature, indeed, has as truly made provision for the culture of enthusiasm, refinement of taste, and delicacy of sentiment, as it has for the supply of our physical necessities. The Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath *his* care to provide for the gratification of sentiments, precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley, not one boundless ploughed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one sober-suited colour; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence: such a world, the dwelling-place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

France—Marséilles—Avignon—Lyons—The Diligence—Paris—Versailles—Père la Chaise—Gardens of the Tuileries, Luxembourg, &c.—Hells of Paris—Sevres—Gobelin Tapestry—St. Cloud—Subject of Recreations.

MARSEILLES. On the sixth of February I arrived here, on my way to Paris. This is a large, commercial city, well built, and with a good many fine public walks planted with trees; yet, on the whole, I do not find occasion to dissent from the remark of a gentleman, on whom I called, “that for one, coming from Italy and going to Paris, there is nothing in Marseilles.”

LYONS, FEBRUARY 12. La belle France! La belle France!—poor Mary of Scotland’s frequent exclamation—has created in all travellers such an expectation about this country, that I have heard many express the greatest disappointment, who have passed from Marseilles to Paris. This has prepared me to be disappointed the other way. The valley of the Rhone, through which I have

travelled a hundred and fifty miles from Avignon, is a fine country, and in the proper season must be beautiful. I cannot say this of the villages, which, like all French villages, and all others that I have seen on the Continent, are miserable. How is society to be regenerated, till people are more comfortable and more happy than they can be, in the cold, dark, dirty, unfloored, and comfortless houses which compose these villages—where the inhabitants are wedged in together, in close barricades of buildings, with narrow, damp, filthy streets, and everything, one would think, to make them sick of life—everything to preclude them from having any just ideas, any just philosophy of life : and by everything I mean ignorance, poverty, misery, toil without relief, and existence without object !

At Avignon I visited the tomb of Laura, the object of Petrarch's unfortunate passion. This was all I could do, though the guide book says that "every traveller of taste and sensibility will spend a day here to visit the neighbouring vale of Vaucluse"—Petrarch's residence—but I had objects more attractive to me, in the shape of some parcels of letters a month old, at Paris ; and so consented to pass on, though passing for a traveller of no taste or sensibility. Laura's remains were in-

tered in a church at Avignon, which was destroyed in the Revolution—some fine Gothic remains of which are still standing ; and the spot—the immediate place of the tomb—is designated by a cluster of cypress trees. Fit emblem ! and yet, how do the sympathies of mankind cluster around every instance of absorbing passion, fortunate or unfortunate !

At Lyons, I have visited the old Gothic cathedral—and glad am I to see the Gothic architecture again—there is nothing like it for impressiveness in churches. I have been to the silk manufactories also ; that of velvet is very curious ; for the rest, they are very much like the cotton factories. From the heights of the city, there is a fine view of the neighbouring valley of the Rhone.

This, I believe, is the last day of the carnival here. The streets are filled with people. Masked processions, with music, are passing in various quarters ; madcap-looking fellows in masks are running about with troops of boys at their heels ; necromancers and sleight-of-hand rogues are collecting circles around them, in the public squares ; and so the day passes. These spectacles constantly suggest to me questions on the subject of popular recreations. So they be innocent, they must be desirable for any people. These are ap-

parently innocent enough in all conscience; but I doubt whether the people of America would be satisfied with things so trifling.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 16. Let any invalid traveller, coming from the south of Europe to Paris at this season of the year, look well to his wardrobe. I have literally doubled every article of my wearing apparel on the way from Marseilles, and yet have suffered with the cold.

All the modes of public conveyance on the continent of Europe, except the French *malle poste*, are extremely disagreeable. The *Italian* vetturino drives the same horses, day after day; and wishing to spare his cattle, by stopping two or three hours at noon, he gets you up an hour before day-break, and, when he is not afraid of robbers, drives you quite into the evening. "Well," you say with yourself, while you are yawning and groaning through your hasty toilet in the morning, "take courage; this tedious journey will be the sooner over." But, alas! here you reckon without your host—your vetturino; for the misery of the thing is, that after all this ado, you only get twenty-five or thirty miles a day. The *French* diligence, in many cases, indeed, drives post—that is, has relays of horses—but the trouble here is, that you drive on, on, on, day and night, night and day, till you

reach your journey's end. You stop for nothing but to eat, and not very often for that ; only twice, sometimes but once, in twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, things go on very sadly, both with your outward and inner man. Your beard is unshaved, your hair is uncombed, your face is unwashed ; your boots want blacking, your clothes want brushing, your collar shrinks down ashamed behind your cravat ; your very senses gradually lose " touch and time ;" your fingers grow clumsy, your legs stiff, your feet strange to you ; and you feel a sort of curiosity, when you pull off your boots, to see those old acquaintances again. Moreover, the man's wits get into very perilous disorder. He holds strange colloquies with himself about matter and spirit, waking and sleeping, thinking and dreaming ; the boundaries of thought seem to have become shadowy and uncertain. " Is it fancy, or is it fact ?" he says, as some strange imagination flits before him, in the twilight of a half-slumbering, half-waking consciousness. At length, on the third or fourth morning, he stumbles out of the diligence, scarcely knowing what is left of him, or what planet he has lighted upon.

PARIS, somebody says, is a place where there is no human want, but it can be supplied. I had a grateful proof of this, two minutes after I got out

of the diligence, in the cold gray dawn of the morning, fatigued, chilled, and comfortless. As I stepped along the sidewalk, while they took down the luggage; a man accosted me, and said, in French, "Do you want anything?" "Do I want anything!" I answered; "yes, I want everything: I want a chamber; I want a fire; I want some café au lait, and breakfast." "There," he replied, pointing to a door not six feet off—"there, monsieur! you can have them." And, to be sure—returning for my baggage—in ten minutes I was in a neat chamber by a comfortable fire, and in ten more, café au lait, accompanied by bread and butter, was smoking on my table.

FEBRUARY 22. I have ridden out to Versailles to-day—a palace and a city—the city built for the palace; and it once contained one hundred thousand inhabitants. All this was the work of Louis XIV., who expended immense and untold sums of money here—sums for which, with other follies, his successors have been called to a bitter reckoning. Yes, it was from this palace that Louis XVI. was dragged to the guillotine in Paris. It was on a low balcony of this palace, that Maria Antoinette came forth with her children, that the spectacle of their helplessness might appease the infuriated multitude below; and which did turn their fickle

hearts, for a moment, towards this beautiful representative of female loveliness and fallen royalty. I confess that this, to me, was the most interesting spot about the palace. *Into* the palace, however, I did not gain admittance. Two or three rooms are now being put into the condition in which they were left by Louis XVI. and for the time the palace is shut. We went over the immense park, however, and visited the two smaller palaces—the Great and Little Trianon. The Little Trianon was at times the residence of Josephine; her sleeping chamber, and the bed of her own arranging, were shown to us. This, again, was a point of interest; for Josephine was not less lovely than Maria Antoinette, and her misfortunes were scarcely less—divorce, to her, being an evil as great, probably, as death was to her predecessor in the occupancy of this royal lodge. For this was a favourite spot, too, with Maria Antoinette. The garden, which, with its hills, rocks, lakes, and streams, is altogether an artificial work, was laid out under her direction. There are three or four Swiss cottages in it; and here, the *conducteur* over the grounds told us, that Louis XIV., his queen, and their children, used sometimes to enact the part of Swiss peasants, selling milk and cheese, and giving *fêtes champêtres*

to one another—and envying, perhaps, in their hearts, the simplicity of a pastoral life.

FEBRUARY 23. This morning being Sunday, I determined to go and meditate among the tombs. I went, that is to say, and as you will anticipate, to the celebrated Père la Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris, lying on the east side of the city. My anticipations of all that can be interesting, romantic, appropriate, and attractive in such a spot, scarcely knew any bounds, and I must say that I was disappointed. The ground chosen has not near the capabilities of our “sweet Auburn,” being a single hill or ridge of land, and it does not seem to me to be laid out with any remarkable taste. There is no natural growth of trees upon it; trees, indeed, are planted along the principal avenues; but the place is almost entirely covered with a plantation of sickly-looking larches, or some other evergreen resembling it—for they are not cypresses, as they ought to be; they are not fir trees; they are not any trees; but mere shrubs of a uniform aspect, eight or ten feet high, that look as if they would never grow higher. But the greatest objection I felt, was to the crowded aspect of the place. The tombs are so near together, that there is scarcely space for anything picturesque; and the bad effect of this arrangement is

increased by the little square palings or fences by which many of the graves are surrounded, and between which the passages are so narrow, that you can scarcely walk through them. There are monuments, indeed, which have more space, but still they have not enough space. The *position* of this spot is indeed striking, for it overlooks Paris. You look from the city of the dead, directly down upon the city of the living; from the midst of monitory emblems and marble silence, upon a city of pleasures and vanities; the gayest and the most vicious, probably, in the world.

As you go up to the cemetery, the street by which you ascend becomes, on the approach to it, almost filled with shops, for the sale, either of marble monuments, or of those little chaplets of amaranthine flowers, of which you have so often heard. I saw many buying and others bearing these offerings of remembrance to the tombs of their friends. Of their friends, I say; yet it was striking to observe that the tomb of Abelard and Eloise—the finest, by-the-by, in the cemetery—was loaded with more of these offerings than any other; such is the testimony of human nature to its affections, wild and wayward as those affections may have been.

On coming from the Père la Chaise, I passed

through the garden of the Tuileries. Nothing in Paris has astonished and delighted me more than the magnitude, and in that respect the magnificence of its public gardens and promenades. The garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, lying contiguous to it, or separated only by the Place of Concord—stretching along the Seine westward from the palace of the Tuileries—these gardens together contain not less than a hundred and forty acres—a hundred and forty acres of pleasure grounds, thrown into public walks, and planted with trees, in the very heart of Paris! Nor is this all. There are other public places—the garden of the Luxembourg—the esplanade in front of the Hospital of Invalids, and the Champ de Mars—almost as large. These places are all crowded on Sunday afternoon; and when I came through the garden of the Tuileries to-day, and paused to gaze upon the spectacle, I did not know whether to think it more beautiful or sublime. The whole space of the gardens was almost literally filled. Tens of thousands of people were walking here—well dressed, cheerful, well behaved, quiet—nobody speaking above the drawingroom tone, which in Paris is very low—family groups, parents and children, old and young—and all seeming to enjoy enough in the bare walk and conversation;

all, unless it were the children, who would run around their parents, pursuing one another in sportive circles. Surely it was beautiful—every separate group was so: but when I looked abroad upon the countless, mighty, moving multitude, it seemed to me sublime. All the other public places, I was told, were just as much crowded; and, indeed, I saw the Luxembourg, and found it so. Our people in America know nothing of enjoying out-of-door recreations, as the people of Europe do.

FEBRUARY 25. It is unfortunate for me that the Louvre is shut up, but there is a fine gallery of paintings at the Luxembourg, in which I have spent two or three hours. There are three capital pieces of Guérin: Cain, with his Wife and Children; the wife is exquisitely done; it is the policy, so to speak, of poetry and the arts, to make her beautiful, as it enhances, by contrast, the atrocity of Cain's deed. Also a Phædra and Hippolytus, very great: and Marius escaped from the persecutions of Sylla, and on returning home, finding his wife dead. But I cannot enter into details, Guérin was, I think, a great man.

I have visited, to know for myself what they are, the *hells* of Paris. These are the great gamblinghouses. The thing that struck me most in them, was the apparent absence of everything like

what the name imports. The scene is marked with entire decorum and modesty in the air of the women, and composure and gravity on the part of the men; and yet the company consists of the most vicious persons of both sexes. So far is this decorum carried at Frascati's, that servants were in attendance in the antechamber, who took our hats, over coats, and over shoes, as if we were to enter an ordinary party. This was to me the most instructive feature of the scene: for after all, I suppose it is true, that hell is not found so much in physical horrors, in lurid flames and frightful countenances, as in smooth-faced, decorous wickedness: not so much in groans, and shrieks, and imprecations perhaps, as in soft words and fair pretensions. In short, where hell is, dost not appear to the outward eye, and, perhaps, it never will. But who, from the silent depths of the soul, with the eye all spiritual, has not perceived things worse than any outward form can show, or scene exhibit, or words express?

Sevres is the seat of the celebrated manufactory of Sevres porcelain. By the aid of a private letter of introduction to Mr. Bronigart, the superintendent of the establishment, we were permitted to go over the whole of it. I cannot enter into any minute description. Suffice it to say, that the por-

celain clay—it is mixed, by-the-by, with some substance which is a secret—is a most ductile substance—is moulded into its various forms by the hand—is baked with extreme attention and care—is painted with peculiar metallic paints, dissolved in spirits of turpentine—is painted exquisitely—with as much labour and talent as any other painting can be—and the result, such beauty that I have scarcely admired anything in Europe so much. It is said that a fusion of the metallic paint takes place in the process of baking, so that there is a softness in the picture that no touch of the pencil can give.

With the Sevres establishment I must connect the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry, which I went to see to-day. They are both, *en passant*, royal establishments, and the products are too expensive for almost any but royal revenues. If I was delighted at Sevres, I was *astonished* out of measure at the Gobelins. Here is tapestry—worsted and silk—so woven, wrought, or what you please—it is not woven exactly, the process is something between embroidering and knitting—here it is, so perfect a copy of painting, that at the first glance you would scarcely know the difference. The artist—for he deserves to be called more than a workman—has the painting to be copied behind

him, and the warp stretched before him ; and into this warp—looking back every moment at the painting—he contrives to insert his various-coloured threads so exactly, as to produce the amazing result of which I tell you.

Of St. Cloud—which I have passed by a moment, to speak of the Gobelin manufactory—I have not much to say. It is a beautiful palace, six miles west from Paris, commanding a fine view of the metropolis and surrounding country. It is of moderate size, furnished, and in the summer much resorted to by the royal family. St. Cloud was the favourite residence of Bonaparte. As we came out of the palace, two swans in a large basin of water, swimming, and with their wings lifted, to be borne on by the breeze, attracted our attention—demanded it, indeed, for they directed their course towards us, and came to our very feet. The plumage is far more beautiful than I had supposed. A swan is a very different thing from a large goose with a long neck.

My last sentence is rather an odd sort of leave to take of Paris, and so I will add a sentence more appropriate to its character—for Paris is like anything but a swan in a pond. The grand characteristic of this metropolis is, in short, its boundless ministration to the public entertainment. Its un-

equalled public gardens and walks ; its numerous theatres ; its innumerable cafés and restaurants ; its perpetual concerts, balls, &c., are all of this nature.

But let me detain the reader a little on leaving Paris, with some thoughts on the subject of recreation, that often presented themselves to my mind amidst the scenes which I have witnessed on the Continent. It is a subject which among us in America, seems to need something more than a passing comment ; which needs, indeed, a more thorough discussion than I can pretend here to give it.

There are other things, indeed, belonging to this life, and constituting the largest portion of it. There are grave duties and serious tasks. There are the toils of industry, the calculations of business, the cares that spring from the domestic relations. There are hard studies ; or that no less intense energy of mind that is required to meet those trials of virtue, or those assaults of calamity, which, in one form or another, it is the fate of life continually to encounter. But Heaven has not ordained, man cannot endure, perpetual application either of the bodily or mental powers. Amusement, and the cultivation of taste—the indulgence of our natural sensibility to what is beautiful in form, delightful in sound, and graceful in motion—was as

truly designed to have its place in life, as labour or study.

That a plan of life embracing these objects is accordant with Heaven's wisdom, is evident from its own express and recorded example. When the Supreme Being chose a people to be his peculiar care, he did not limit his wise supervision of their affairs to the purpose of making them an industrious, comfortable, and wealthy people; but he added recreations and embellishments to life.

The Jewish feasts, festivals, or holydays, let it be remembered, were of Divine appointment. They were numerous, also, compared with our Protestant indulgences of this kind; being eighteen festivals in the course of the year, and some of them continuing for several days. They were occasions for devotion, indeed, but also for business—answering the purpose of the great European fairs; for mutual and friendly intercourse among the tribes; and for feasting, music, and dancing. "The harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, and wine, were in their festivals;" and Miriam and the daughters of Shiloh, the beautiful ones of the land, led forth their dances.

The expediency of such intervals for recreation has been acknowledged and acted upon by all nations, and we are the first that have seemed to

doubt it. Labour grows wearisome, and life grows dull, without amusement. The general health, the physical energy of a people, demand seasons of relaxation. It is an observation of philosophers and physicians, and it is too obvious, indeed, to need their authority, that, in proportion as public sports and games die out among a people, it loses flexibility of nerve, strength of muscle, and the power of adaptation to the various emergencies of war, danger, and difficulty, such as life is continually throwing in our path. And the mind, in like manner, is liable to become too rigid and contracted in the perpetual effort to grasp the same objects, the same studies. It is liable to want flexibility, to want expansion. It is likely to become the residence of low conceit, of rooted prejudice, of a stern creed and a sour bigotry.

If these general observations are just, they certainly do not lose any of their propriety in application to us. We are said to be a people, more eagerly than any other in the world, devoted to the accumulation of property. We are charged, also, with what is called a republican tendency to vulgarity of habits, and manners, and ways of thinking. It is intimated that everything wants freedom and expansion among us—but our good opinion of ourselves; that our mind, our manners, and our very

speech, are pressed down and contracted under some weight, either of general example or public opinion—and something, I confess, has occurred to narrow and flatten our national *speech* and *tone* from the force and fulness of the noble English dialect. And as to the asperity both of political and religious disputes, the bondage of prejudice, and the bitterness of party spirit, it is common to acknowledge that we have quite enough of them among us.

I confess, at any rate, that I so far yield to the truth of these allegations and admissions, as to think it desirable that more cheerfulness, more liberality, more freedom of mind from the anxieties of business, and a more expansive social feeling, should be introduced into our national character. This expansion of *social* feeling we are particularly liable to want. The tendencies of society among us are to excessive private and domestic ambition, to reserve, jealousy, and distrust. Seasons of public amusement, in which all classes engaged, would tend to break up social clanships and to soothe angry collisions. It has been said that the holyday sports of the old time are dying out in England; partly from the prevalence of a more jealous and aristocratic spirit in the upper classes. So long as those classes were fenced

around with exclusive and undisputed titles to respect, they had no fear of compromising their dignity by mixing freely with the people and with their pleasures. But as these imprescriptible titles are falling before the march of modern reform, their possessors are surrounding themselves with other barriers; and the strongest barrier they could seek, is found in the reserve of their manners. The same causes are at work in this country, and they work in absolute freedom from all the modifying influences of hereditary rank and entailed estates. A distinguished writer abroad once said in conversation, "You, in America, are the most aristocratic people in the world." I was startled with the observation, but I confess there is some truth in it. The fear of compromising one's dignity in our society, the fear of what others will say, the consciousness of being amenable to public opinion, makes men jealous, reserved, and distant; it acts, in fact, as a restriction upon the whole freedom of private life and feeling. The consequence is, I know, that it is extremely difficult to introduce public holiday amusements in our country; but it is equally and none the less certain that they are very much needed to spread a common and a kindly feeling abroad among the people, and to counteract the tendencies to social exclusiveness,

pride, and dissension. And the day may come when we shall find these tendencies more dangerous to our prosperity, and to our very union as a people, than any levity, ay, or any vices, engendered by public amusements. Nay, and if the miseries of life are proper subjects to be dealt with by the moralist, this is such a subject. For I have no doubt, that directly or indirectly, one half of the miseries of life in our country spring from pride and competition, and from the extravagance in expenses, and the irritations of feeling, consequent upon them.

There is another view in which the subject of amusements, light as it may be thought, goes deep into all questions about our national improvement and happiness. We are making great efforts in America to bring about various moral reforms. At the head of these enterprises stands the temperance reformation. And the public attention, as was natural in the appalling circumstances of the case, has been very much occupied with the immediate evil, and the obvious methods of supplying the remedy. But it seems to me that it is time to go deeper into this matter, and to inquire how the reform is to be carried on and sustained in the country. "By embodying the entire nation in a temperance society," will it be said? I think not,

even if that point could be gained. We must have some stronger bond than that of formal association, some stronger provision than that of temporary habit to rely on. We must lay the foundations of permanent reform in the principles of human nature, and in the very framework of society. Suppose that this nation and every individual in it, were now temperate, how are they to be kept so? The zeal of individuals in this cause will die away; the individuals themselves will die; how is the people, supposing it were made temperate, to be kept so? There was a time, in former days, when our people were *all* temperate—when a small bottle of strong waters sufficed for a whole army—when, that is to say, ardent spirits were used only as a medicine. Why, from those early days of pristine virtue and rigid piety, did the nation fall away into intemperance? And how, I ask again, are we to expect to stand, where our fathers fell?

In answer to this question, let me observe, that there is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them—and it *must* be relieved—let this be remembered—there must be seasons of relief, and the question is how

are these seasons to be filled up—when the mind enjoys relief from its occupations, I say, that relief must come in the shape of something cheering and exhilarating. The man cannot sit down dull and stupid—and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations, that society, in fact, frowns upon all amusements; that the importunate spirit in business, and the sanctimonious spirit in religion, and the supercilious spirit in fashion, all unite to discountenance popular sports and spectacles, and thus, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holyday recreations are out of use, and out of reach—what now will the man, set free from business or labour, be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties; society in its arrangements offers him none; the tavern and the ale-house propose to supply the want; what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the ale-house? I have no doubt that one reason why our country fell into such unusual intemperance, was the want of simple, innocent, and authorized recreations in it. I am fully persuaded that some measure of this sort is needful, to give a natural and stable character to the temperance reform.

The reason why the French are not intemper-

ate, is not, as is commonly thought, that their only drink is wine. They have brandy, *eau de vie*, and it is everywhere drunk, but usually in moderation. And the reason of this is partly to be found, I believe, in their cheerfulness, in their sports and spectacles, in the resorts everywhere provided for simple entertainment.

The same principle is thought to be applicable to the late progress of intemperance in England. With reference to this point, I extract one or two passages from the London Morning Chronicle.

“ The evidence taken by the select committee on drunkenness, proves but too clearly the proposition, that the want of agreeable occupation is the great cause of that beastly vice, the disgrace of our nation. Savages are uniformly found disposed to intoxication, which enables them to escape from the insufferable burden of listlessness. All sorts of mental cultivation—whatever occupies the mind agreeably—counteract the tendency to drunkenness. Mr. George Garrington of Great Missenden, Bucks, the son of an acting magistrate, whose evidence is communicated by Mr. Chadwick, says, ‘ If the labourer is suffered to go from his daily work like a farm horse, with nothing of his own to think about, he will find amusement for himself in some way or other, and will fall into

bad habits. I need not enlarge on the evils of the public house and the beer shop.' Some very curious evidence of working people, who had been in France, Switzerland, and Germany, taken under the factory commission, illustrates the beneficial tendency of the liberty enjoyed in these countries by the poor."

Again: "But though we contend that in no case ought the *use* of anything not positively noxious to be prohibited on account of possible *abuse*, and that in matters of eating and drinking, the legislature ought never to interfere with individual liberty; we are not the less sensible, that of all indulgences, that of drinking to excess is the most pernicious. The drunkard is not only miserable himself, but he is a nuisance to all with whom he is connected. He is a bad servant, a bad father, and a bad husband; and when he has once passed the Rubicon, he is, we believe, utterly irreclaimable. This we know, that no consideration would ever induce us to give any employment to a man or woman addicted to drunkenness; and the most charitable wish we could utter for a drunkard would be, that his life should be as short as possible. But drunkenness is the vice of people who are listless, and betake themselves to the bottle for relief. The individuals most addicted to drunkenness are not the

gay and the cheerful—the men whose minds are occupied with any pursuit, whether study or diversion; but the heavy—the phlegmatic. It is the same with nations. The nations that cultivate music and dancing are comparatively sober. It was remarked during the Peninsular war, that the German soldiers, who had a variety of amusements, were never drunk on duty; while the great difficulty was to keep an English soldier from the winehouse. The Germans are naturally as heavy a people as ourselves—they were once notorious for their deep potations. They are now comparatively sober. In every village are to be found music clubs. The song and the dance are frequent. But no people are more careful or industrious than the Germans.”

Let it not be said, as if it were a fair reply to all this, that men are intemperate *in the midst* of their recreations. The question is not what they do, with their vicious habits already acquired, but how they came by these habits; and the question again is not, whether a man may not fall into inebriety, amidst the purest recreations as well as when away from them, but what he is *likely* to do. In short, to do justice to the argument, it should be supposed that a people is perfectly temperate, and then may fairly be considered the question—how

it is most likely to be kept so. It is certain that there is no natural appetite for spirituous drinks; but for sports and spectacles, for music and dancing, for games and theatrical representations, there is a natural inclination: and an inclination, which, though often perverted, must be allowed, in the original elements, to be perfectly innocent—as innocent as the sportiveness of a child, or its love of beautiful colours and fine shows. But grant that the tendencies to intemperance were equally natural and strong: yet, I say, if there were among any people authorized holydays, and holyday sports, if there were evening assemblies, and a *pure* theatre—if there were in every village a public promenade, where music might frequently be heard in the evening, would not these places be likely to draw away many from the resorts of intemperance? I confess, when I have seen of other nations, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands abroad in the public places, without any rudeness or riot among them, without one single indication of inebriety in all the crowd—when I have seen this again and again, day after day, I have asked what there is to prevent our own more intelligent people from conducting themselves with similar propriety. In seven months upon the continent of Europe, though living amidst crowds—though

living in taverns, in hotels, in public houses, I have not seen four intoxicated persons! But I have seen in parks, and gardens, and places of public assembly, millions of persons, exhilarated by music, by spectacles, by scenery, flowers, and fragrance, cheerful without rudeness, and gay without excess. There are moralists and preachers among us, who tell us that we enjoy great advantages in our freedom from European amusements; but I very much doubt it.

In saying this, I do not shut my eyes to the dangers that spring from recreation; but I think those dangers are greater, for the ban that is laid on the little recreation there is among us. Some, indeed, are prevented from partaking of it; but they probably are no better for their abstinence, and may be worse. They may be not a whit more virtuous, and only something more proud and uncharitable. Another class of persons does partake, but partly by stealth, and with a wounded conscience; and is just as bad as if it were doing wrong, though it be actually doing right. Another class still partakes and holds it right to do so, and so is not sinning against its own conscience; but I submit, whether amusements which are not authorized by the public religious sentiment of a country, are not likely to do some injury to those who insist, how-

ever conscientiously, upon enjoying them. Will not pleasures be apt to be taken in excess, which are taken in the spirit of defiance? And if not, yet will not those who partake of fashionable amusements be likely to rank themselves with the irreligious, and insensibly to set aside the obligations of religion? Are they not found saying sometimes, when those obligations are urged upon them, "that all that may be well enough for such and such persons; but for their part, that they do not pretend to be very strict, or religious." What must be the state of that man who feels as if it were a sort of hypocrisy in him to pray? There is a principle of consistency in every mind, which leads it to endeavour to act up to its assumed character. What better can we expect, then, than that he who assumes to be of an irreligious class, should be irreligious? We talk much about parties in this country. There are no parties among us, possessed of such deep-seated, mutual dislike, and doing so much mutual injury, as the religious and irreligious parties!

But it may be said, and probably will, by some, "We are afraid of holydays; we do not quite like to have this language of patronage and indulgence extended to amusements; the world is thoughtless enough and bad enough already; the human pas-

sions are outrunning all control in every direction ; restraint, restraint, restraint, is what mankind want in everything !” Really, I must beg that those who undertake to speak on this subject, would give us something besides their vague impressions and inapplicable suggestions. Let them take some decided ground. Let them tell us what they *would* have. Men *cannot* labour or do business always. They must have intervals of relaxation. What is to be done with these intervals ? This is the question, and it is a question to be soberly answered. It is to be met, I repeat, with answers, and not with surmises of danger. Men cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to *do* ? Why, if they do not work, or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if they have pleasures, which, though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains. Is it possible to resist these conclusions ?

True, we all wish to see a virtuous and happy society. The question is, how is such a society to be formed ? Is it to be done by excluding all amusements from it ? Is it possible that that mix-

ture of healthful labour and cheering recreation, which seems so evidently Heaven's ordination since it is man's necessity, should be wrong? Can that be in itself wrong, which belonged to the very system of Jewish polity ordained by Heaven? I have said that the question is, how a virtuous and happy society is to be formed? But I am not sure that the real, ultimate question, after all, is not rather this, What is a virtuous and happy society? I am not sure but a very common opinion in the country, on this subject, is one which would exclude from its chosen sphere of life all amusement, properly so called—that is to say, all games, sports, and spectacles. I am not sure but there are many, who, honestly and conscientiously thinking much of another world, and little of this, or thinking of this only as a wilderness of temptations, do seriously hold that nothing is right, reasonable, or happy on earth, but direct, intent, religious action of the mind and life; who would exclude everything that they call gayety from the world; whose essential idea of a happy society is of one that has its entire employments divided between labour and religious exercises; of one that has no intercourse but what is strictly religious, commencing and closing with prayer; and, in fine, that suffers every free movement and buoyant affection to be bound down

under the closest rigours of a Puritanic and ascetic discipline. This with many, I suppose, is a perfect, happy community. These are the ideas that belong to it—business, prayer, reading, conversation—and nothing more. If there is anything more, it must be recreation; and this admitted, there really can be no serious difference of opinion; because all reflecting men must be as desirous as they can be, that the recreations of society should be simple, pure, and well regulated. But if they do exclude all amusements from their plan of life, as I believe many virtually do, then let me ask if they do not err on their own principle. For their principle is, that they would have society the most religious possible; that they would have a society in which there should be the highest energy of virtue, and the loftiest elevation of piety. But is this to be attained by the exclusion of all recreations? Will the mind or the heart rise to the highest action of which it is capable, by being continually kept upon the stretch—I do not say continually in action, but continually upon the stretch? Will the bow send the farthest arrow that is never unstrung—that, even when laid aside to rest, is never unstrung? It is a conceded point, that the greatest amount of bodily labour is accomplished by the judicious interposition of seasons of relaxa-

tion. I know not how it is possible reasonably to doubt that this is equally true of the mind and of the heart. Tell me of a mind or heart that is always the same—I mean not in principle, which it should be—but the same always in act, and exercise, and state ; and you give me the surest criterion and the clearest definition of a dull mind and heart. Tell me of a community in which there is no cheerful or joyous recreation, and you tell me—you tell all the world—of a dull community.

Whether something of this dulness is not stealing over the national mind—whether intent occupation is not weighing it down to an unwonted and unnatural seriousness—whether the one idea of business is not absorbing all the enterprise and enthusiasm of the great body of our youth, is a question which I have sometimes revolved with myself, however trifling it may seem to others. I was riding in a coach one day last year, with some young men from the country. They were on their way, I believe, to one of the great city marts. The conversation turned upon amusements ; and I confess I was struck with the manner, so different from that of former days, in which they expressed themselves on this subject, and that with a tone as if they expressed the feeling of the whole commu-

nity. With all the gravity of syndics, they pronounced certain sports and games of the old time, which I am sure were held in very good repute not many years ago, to be "undignified. They had other things to do, besides playing with bat and ball! They had other things to think of, at their time of life;" for they were all twenty-one years of age, I believe—voters, I suppose, and trading on their own account.

The seriousness of the national mind, indeed, throws difficulties over the whole subject of recreation. It makes relaxation dangerous, and leads one sometimes to doubt whether holyday sports can be, with safety, introduced among us. I fear that recreation with us is actually more abused than it is among any other people. It is rare, and strange, and therefore is made too much of, brings with it undue excitement and unreasonable excess. If men partook of *food* but once in forty-eight hours, hunger would urge them to a madness of gratification. The Romans, I am inclined to believe, are the gravest and saddest people in the world. I should judge so from their general appearance. But the carnival, when it comes to relieve the long pent-up passion for amusement, is a scene of the wildest excess, folly, and debauchery, in Europe.

I am sensible, indeed, that our people cannot be

amused with such trifles as many of those which seem to satisfy the populace of Europe. Punch and Judy could scarcely get an audience in America. I am glad to observe, that lyceums, scientific lectures, and reading, are becoming more and more common resorts and reliefs from the toils of life. But these are still serious employments. They do not directly promote cheerfulness. They do not promote health. They do not give buoyancy. The man who is always either working, or reading, or hearing lectures, never suffers the bow to be relaxed. The national mind, and body too, if thus treated, must lose strength. Would the Greeks ever have been what they were, without their races, their wrestlings, their gymnastic contests?

Domestic life, especially in our country towns, is in distressing need of reliefs and recreations. In the winter evenings, there are four or five hours of leisure, to be employed in some way. Suppose that two or three of these hours are spent in reading. That is very well, and it is very common, too. But would it not be well followed with some recreation—games, or music and dancing? Would it not be better, than to sink down into a dull stupor, or to go to sleep? There is too much eating and too much sleeping in this country, I verily believe;

because there is too little amusement. Yes, and worse evils than these spring from the same cause. What would not happy homes do—happy evenings at home, with music, entertainment, cheerfulness, hilarity—to prevent many of our youth from straying into the paths of ruinous dissipation?

In fine, let me say that the influences under which a great people is to be trained up to intelligence, virtue, happiness, and glory, should be liberal and generous. Nothing should be omitted—nothing should be thought indifferent, which can contribute to the great end. The system of Providence is not a total-abstinence system. The plan of virtue is not a total-abstinence plan. The system of Providence is profusion: in nature, in life, in our affections, our passions, our powers, our capability, it is so—all is overflowing abundance. The plan of virtue, in this sense, is not, I repeat, total abstinence, but moderation. We are to use everything, enjoy everything, in the right place and in the right measure, and in the right season. We are not to extract enjoyment from life as men extract alcohol, and make it an intoxicating poison, bearing disease and misery in its train; but we are to take enjoyment as it is naturally mixed up with the scenes of life, with the fruits of nature,

with the blessings and bounties of the whole creation.

In our position as a nation, in our natural situation as a country, things are arranged for us on a scale of equal magnificence, wealth, and beauty. Verily, we have a goodly heritage. We are placed amidst boundless plains, noble mountain ranges, stupendous river-courses, lovely valleys, and scenes of perhaps never surpassed beauty. May our national character take its impression and hue, from these bounties of Providence, from this glory and goodliness of nature! May it be generous and liberal, may it be lofty and lowly, manly and beautiful, strong and graceful, powerful and free! May there be in us and among us, restraint without sourness, freedom without licentiousness, refinement without effeminacy, virtue without stoicism, and religion without superstition!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Journey from Paris to London—Malle Poste—Steamboat—
American Boats and Ships compared with the English—General progress of things in America—English Economy—
Panorama of London—Chantry's Studio—The Tower—Tunnel—Greenwich Fair.

LONDON, MARCH 6. Once more in England !
Once more in fatherland ! Once more surrounded
by the blessed accents of my native language ! It
takes a weight from the heart, a burden from the
senses, a spell from existence. The air into which
the sounds of a foreign speech are for ever rising,
is the very atmosphere of exile.

I came to Calais in the malle poste, and from
thence in a steamboat. The first I found a very
agreeable conveyance ; the last, far less so than
our own. The English ideas of comfort do not
seem to have reached their steamboats. And,
indeed, is it not very curious that England should
suffer itself to be so completely surpassed as she is
by America in all water craft—to be surpassed in

ship-building—to be surpassed on her own element! I do not profess to be a judge in these matters; I only know from constant observation, that in the beauty and sailing of our vessels, we leave the English far behind. That the self-styled mistress of the ocean should permit this, is very extraordinary; and one asks for a special cause. The cause which I assign in my own mind, is the prevalence in England of long-established ideas and usages; while in our country, every innovation that comes in the shape of improvement, finds favour. We may have our faults and difficulties, and I do not, for my part, think lightly of them; but certainly there is not, and never was a country, where improvement has opened for itself a career so broad, unobstructed, and free. It pervades everything, from the building of a farmhouse and the ordering of a village school, to the planting of states and the forming of their constitutions. It is the very beau ideal of the country. To make a thing better than it has been made before—this is every man's ambition, from the humblest labourer to the highest artisan, from the maker of a plough to the builder of a manufactory. The *all-knowing* and inquisitive spirit of our people, however unbecoming and annoying at times, is of service here. Invention is not the prerogative of genius among

us; it is an endowment of the whole people. While the mass of the people in Europe is content to do, each man like his father before him—each man to plough, and reap, and build, just as his father did—the aim of *every* man among us is to do *better* than those who went before him. I am struck with observing what sacrifices to public improvement are continually made, and what risks are taken, among a people prudent and calculating as we are said to be, and doubtless are. I remember the time, a few years ago, when it came to be a settled point, that the building of turnpikes was an unprofitable undertaking. Everybody knew that turnpike shares always turned out to be bad stock. Well, I said with myself, there will be no more turnpikes made. But not so, by any means. Still these enterprises were engaged in. The people would have better roads; and they had them, without that grand European requisite, the aid of government. Government does comparatively nothing for public improvements among us; and yet they constantly advance, with a rapidity unprecedented either in the history or experience of any other nation. Our reliance for everything of this nature is placed on voluntary individual exertion—to an extent that many among us think unwise—and yet the result shows that we

may justly put great faith in individual intelligence and enterprise. We are at this moment, according to the ratio of our population and means, building more railroads and digging more canals; we are building more schoolhouses and colleges—nay, and we are, with nothing but the voluntary principle to help us, building more churches than any other nation. We are building more churches than England, with all her immense ecclesiastical endowments and revenues. I know this, because I have seen it.

But to return to my steamboat—I observed that a considerable number of passengers carried a comfortable picknick box or basket with them, and spread their own table. With some, doubtless, this provision proceeded from a fastidious taste that feared some poisonous dirt would be found in the common fare of a steamboat. But with many, I presume, it arose from a habit, which presents a marked difference between the people of England and of America—I mean the habit of economy. In America we are ashamed of economy. It is this feeling which would forbid among us such a practice as that referred to, and not only this, but a great many more and better practices. In England, economy stands out prominently; it presides over the arrangements of a family; it is openly professed, and

fears no reproach. A man is not ashamed to say of a certain indulgence, that he cannot afford it. A gentleman says to you, "I drive a pony chaise this year; I have put down my horse and gig, because I cannot pay the tax." A man whose income, and expenses, and style of living far exceed almost anything to be found among us, still says of something quite beyond him, which his wealthier neighbour does, "We are not rich enough for that." One of the most distinguished men in England said to me, when speaking of wines at his table, "The wine I should prefer is claret, but I cannot afford it: and so I drink my own gooseberry." I have heard that many families carry the principle so far, that they determine exactly how many dinners they can give in a year, and to how many guests—nay more, and how many dishes they can put upon the table, when they do entertain.

This frankness on the subject of economy is among us a thing almost unheard of. Not that we are more wealthy, but, as I conceive, less wise. The competition of domestic life among us is to keen to admit of any such confessions of internal weakness. We practise economy by stealth. Nor is that the worst of it; for one consequence of this habit of feeling is, that we practise too little. When a stranger looks upon the strife of business

in our villages and cities, he imagines that he sees a very covetous people ; but a nearer observation would show him that much of this eager, and absorbing, and almost slavish occupation, is necessary to sustain the heavy drains of domestic expenditure. It is extravagance at home, that chains many a man to the counter and countingroom. And this extravagance is of his own choosing ; because he knows no other way of distinguishing himself, but by the style of living. Would he but conceive that he might better elevate himself in society, by having a well-read library, by improving his mind and conversation, by cultivating some graceful but comparatively cheap accomplishment, he might live a wiser man, and die a richer. Who could hesitate to choose between such a family, and one whose house was filled with gorgeous furniture—where the wife and daughters are dressed in the gayest of the fashion, and the husband and father banishes himself the livelong day, and half the night, from that pleasant mansion, to toil and drudge in the dusty warehouse ? He *sleeps* in a very grand house ; he *lives* in a countingroom !

MARCH 8. One of my first walks in London was to see the celebrated panorama in the Coliseum, as that is said to give a very good general idea of the city. It does indeed ; and the painting, besides, is

admirable; so much so, that one is tempted at first to believe that the houses, churches, and squares are built of blocks—the relief to the eye is so perfect.

CHANTRY'S STUDIO. There is more of that naturalness of expression and variety of character in his portraits, which we find in the collection of *ancient* busts, than I have seen in any studio on the Continent. The cast of "The Child" is there, which gave occasion to those inimitable lines of Mrs. Hemans, commencing—

"Thou sleepest—but when shall thy waking be?"

and the model is touchingly simple and beautiful. My friend, Dr. Boott, introduced us to Chantry, and we had half an hour's conversation, most agreeably sustained on his part. Here, too, we were introduced to Allan Cunningham, the author, who is the foreman in the studio.

APRIL 3. The Tower is more interesting, from its associations, than from anything in its actual appearance. The stairs and passage from the Thames are still open, and certainly one cannot look without emotion upon the steps, by which so many noble and princely victims have come up to this place of doom. We were shown the spot on which the scaffold was built for the execution of

those who were in former days beheaded within the Tower. It is just in front of a small chapel, in which the condemned had the sacrament of the Supper administered to them, before they suffered. Through that door, then, had passed Essex, and Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband. Lady Jane Grey's apartment is *over* this spot, and commands the view of it. Those parts of the Tower, also, in which Elizabeth was confined by her sister Mary, and where the young sons of Edward were caused to be put to death by their Uncle Richard, are pointed out, but the visiter is not allowed to enter them. Some of the buildings within the Tower wall—for it is quite a cluster of houses—are used as armories. One immense hall, more than three hundred feet long, contains, in beautiful order, one hundred thousand muskets. Others are filled with naval and military trophies. One of them is appropriated to the celebrated exhibition of kings and knights on horseback, dressed in ancient armour; and to be sure, the effigies looked grim enough. They must have had other thews and sinews than the men of these days, to wear such armour. But they were trained to it from childhood. We saw suits of armour—quite an entire clothing of steel plate, that is—for small boys.

APRIL 4. To-day I have visited the tunnel and Greenwich. To reach the tunnel, you descend by a circular stairway, one hundred and fifty feet, I should think. You are then on a level with the tunnel—which is a finely arched passage under the river, reaching, as yet, not quite halfway across. The work is suspended, at present, for the want of funds. It is quite tremendous to think, as you walk along a beautiful road, lighted with gas, under an arch of hammered stone, that a large river is flowing, and mighty ships are sailing, above you.

The tunnel is lower down on the Thames than the Tower; and Greenwich, the seat of the celebrated and very beautiful Marine Hospital, is farther down yet. I might perhaps describe the fine Greenwich park as well as hospital, if I had not visited them at a season which offered more entertaining matters. It was the time of the Greenwich fair, in the Easter holydays, and I was very glad of an opportunity to witness some of the English sports, common on such occasions. They were certainly of a very humble description, like those of all Europe. It was chiefly a Punch and Judy sort of exhibition. Punch and Judy, indeed, in propria personæ, figure among the principal performers on these occasions. We passed through

a crowded street, half a mile long, lined on one side with small booths, for the sale of toys, trinkets, cakes, and gingerbread, and on the other, with successive stages, filled with mountebanks and low actors in harlequin dresses, bands of musicians, and troops of dancers. Other methods of entertainment were swinging cars, resembling carriages, which swung up fearfully high, till, indeed, no angle was left between them and the horizon—running down hill in the park—and a game, within a ring formed of the players, in which the principal business and result seemed to be kissing. There was a publicity and grossness about it, to which I am sure no young country girls of ours, though of the humblest class, would submit.

CHAPTER XXV.

The aristocratic System—Its essential Injustice—Tory Argument in reply, considered : that Society cannot get along without it ; that under republican forms, Property will lose its security, Law its authority and dignity, and Manners all their high breeding and courtesy.

THE great subject, I think, which a visit to England presses upon the attention of the American traveller, is the all-engrossing theme of the age—politics. The distinction of ranks, the difference of condition, the castle and the hovel, the lord and his liveried attendants, the idler and the labourer, continually present themselves to the traveller's notice, and provoke comparisons and reflections. America knows nothing of such marked contrasts. The idler, the lord, the castle, the entailed estate, the hereditary title to honour and power, have no place with us : and while all this falls in with the natural course of an Englishman's ideas, and seems to him, perhaps, as if it were among the ordinances of nature, it appears to an American

strange and unnatural, if not unreasonable and unjust.

There is no city in the world, perhaps, which presents, in broader contrast, the extremes of the human condition, than London. Regent's Park, Grosvenor Square, the whole west end, shows like a city of the gods; St. Giles and Wapping appear like the habitations of devils. Men, women live there, whose aspect, stripped of almost every lineament of humanity, fills you with horror, and hurries away your involuntary footsteps, as you look at them. In London there are twenty thousand persons, perhaps, who live in all the luxury that their imagination can devise; and there are twenty thousand, who know not when they rise in the morning, where they shall lay their heads at night.

The same contrasts, only in less striking forms, appear throughout England. If you take a journey into the country—no matter in what direction—you will soon find yourself travelling along an extensive park, surrounded by a high wall or hedge, running for miles in length. At a distance, within this magnificent domain, half hidden by embowering groves, half seen across the smooth-shaven lawn, you will descry the stately mansion; a flag, perhaps, floating from its loftiest tower, to show

that the lord of the domain is at his castle ; everything, indeed, indicating that he keeps the state of a prince. You turn aside, perhaps, to visit this abode of grandeur ; you pass through a noble avenue of majestic trees, to the grand portico and portal ; you are courteously admitted—you are taken through ranges of splendid apartments—you find them filled with the works of art and the devices of luxury, with paintings and statues, with soft couches, and gorgeous furniture, and costly libraries ; you behold a scene richer, if mere cost is considered, than is often spread forth in the palaces of oriental magnificence. You are likely enough to retire from this fairy scene, in a mood to muse and meditate ; and it will not be strange, if at every step and turn, you meet with something that urges upon you, in some new form, the very questions you are considering. You take up your route again, and a few miles, upon one of the smooth and beautiful roads of England, brings you to a village, which presents another contrast to the splendour that surrounds the nobles of England. I certainly speak of this splendour with no unkind feeling ; it spreads a fairy scene for the eye to dwell upon ; I speak only of the fact. And for another fact of the same nature, enter the village inn, and listen to the news that is circulating there ;

and you will hear it announced, very likely, that the lord of the neighbouring castle is about to come down to the country ; and it will be announced in a tone—I do not say disproportioned to the importance of the event—but yet in a tone, as if to shake the whole country with the anticipated roll of his chariot wheels.

And now who is this personage, that cannot move without making all this stir and sensation in the country ? He is a person, probably, who is not distinguished, either by talent, or virtue, or any other merit, from thousands of his countrymen. The consideration in which he is held, is conferred upon him entirely by the institutions of society. It is factitious ; and it must be admitted, that in the same proportion, it is unjust to the rest of the people. There is an aristocracy of *nature's* ordaining ; the aristocracy of talent, of virtue, of accomplishments and manners, and of wealth, against which no such objection lies. The distinctions of merit are but just to individual exertion, and they are beneficial to the whole people. There is the descent, too, of a good name, and of property, from father to son, which is the order of Providence ; a special premium bestowed by Heaven upon good conduct. But that feudal aristocracy, that transmission of hereditary honour, protected property,

and actual power, from generation to generation, which obtains in Europe, is, in theory, most manifestly unjust. It takes away from individual respectability and influence, to bestow them upon a favoured class. It depresses the many, that it may raise the few. It tends to deprive virtue of its just reward ; nay, and of its *highest* earthly reward ; I mean social honour, human approbation. Let it be proposed to any people to take a fifth part of their *property* from them to make a favoured class rich. Would they consent to it ? Would they not say, that it was depriving industry of its fair reward ? Would they not hold it to be intolerable oppression ? But is property the dearest treasure in the world ; the highest reward of good conduct, that is bestowed on earth ? Far from it. The respect of our fellow-beings is a more valued good. There is nothing on earth which men so earnestly and universally desire of one another, no reward of good conduct which they so eagerly covet, as respect, esteem, admiration. Now it is this special, this highest earthly treasure, which the principle of a feudal aristocracy invades : it is this of which a certain amount is taken from the people, to make a particular class among them great. Nor is this all ; for it is equally true, that hereditary power is given up to this class ; and it is

equally true, though it may not be so directly manifest, that property is given up to it—at least, it is *manifestly garnered* up and *kept* for the favoured class.

If any one can doubt about the essential injustice of this system, let me ask him to go back in his thoughts to the origin of society. Let me ask him to suppose that he, with a thousand other persons, all standing upon terms of equality, were about to reconstruct society, or to establish a colony on some distant shore. Suppose this company assembled, at the commencement of their enterprise, to form a civil constitution. At this meeting they all stand upon a level. Now imagine ten of these colonists to propose that they should be made earls or lords; that they should be made a hereditary branch of the legislature, with a negative upon the wishes and interests of all the rest; and that, in order to secure their permanent respectability, they should be permitted to hold their estates in entail. A proposition very palatable and pleasant to the ten, doubtless; but could the rest of the company listen to it? I put it to the veriest tory in the world to say, whether, as one of that company, he would listen to it. I put it to him to say, whether he would consent that lots should be cast,

to determine on whom the mantle of nobility should fall.

It would be amusing—for seriously the case never can be contemplated—to consider the arguments with which the ten would support their proposition. “Good people!” they would say,

“‘Order is Heaven’s first law, and this confess’d,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.’

Society cannot be constructed without its base, its columns, and its Corinthian capitals; *we* propose to be those capitals. You want objects to reverence; we offer ourselves to be those objects. We propose that your sons shall reverence ~~our~~ our sons, and so on, in successive generations, to the end of time. Not that our sons will certainly be any better than your sons; they may be worse; their situation will be likely to make them worse, because they will be more independent of public opinion than yours; but then the great point will be gained—your children will have *something* to reverence; they may even learn to hold the splendid vices of ours in respect!—but then, the great essential point will be gained. Besides all this, the institution we recommend will be an indispensable restraint upon the popular will. You cannot be trusted with the care of your own interests;

we propose ourselves and our successors as a house of lords to hold you in perpetual check." Now if all this would be ridiculous in a new construction of society, what is there in the consent of ages to make it any less absurd? Does the perpetuity of folly make it wisdom?

But I suppose it may be safely said, that nobody maintains the aristocratic system to be strictly just. The tory doctrine is, that it is expedient and necessary. That it is so for many nations, I admit. That government is to be constructed or changed, always with reference to the character and capacity of the people to be governed, is undoubtedly true. The question is, Are there any nations in modern times that can bear a more impartial system? Can human imperfection never be trusted with the trial of republican institutions?

This is a question on which the minds, not only of statesmen, but of many private persons, both in England and America, are most earnestly and anxiously employed; and one on which I shall venture to offer a few suggestions. My limits, the plan I am pursuing in these volumes, forbid any thorough discussion, even if I were capable of it. Hints are all that I shall venture to propose; and even these, I anticipate, from my habits of thinking, will bear much more reference to the perils of

liberty, than to the evils and wrongs to which it is opposed.

I find in constant conversation, not only in England, but in America, that there are two parties to this great political question of modern times. That it should be so in England is not surprising. But I should be glad to ask the *American* tory what ground he *does* take. Would he have a hereditary nobility and a king? If he would, if he is such a thorough advocate of the aristocratic system that he would consent to throw himself into the commonalty and his children for ever after him, then is he indeed an honest and consistent tory, and he is entitled, doubtless, to employ every weapon of argument and satire against the popular system in America. But if he would not take this ground, if he is the friend of republican institutions in any form, then I would humbly submit to him whether the course he is taking is agreeable to the highest wisdom and patriotism. "Course!" he will say, perhaps, "he is taking no course!" That is partly what I complain of; for American toryism manifests itself chiefly in irregular attacks upon the institutions of the country, rather than in any settled plan for their amendment, or improvement, or destruction. But then I conceive, also, that there is a *course* in conversation, as

well as in action. "Well, and must not we talk? Is that your freedom?" Every man may talk, indeed, if he pleases; but that liberty, too, must be conceded to the atheist, the blasphemer, the corrupter of society. How *ought* a patriotic citizen to talk upon points that involve all the hopes of his country? I must think that the language of his *distrust* should still be kindly, helpful, and admonitory to the people, and not bitter and disheartening. I speak not this disrespectfully. If there be any one to whom my language might be thought to apply, who is my senior—more experienced, learned, and wise than I—to such a one I speak not. But if I could speak to the young men who are rising into life at this momentous period, I would say, "In God's name come to the help of your country in its great trial and peril; and stand not aloof, coldly to prophesy evil and ruin to it!"

In short, I cannot understand the consistency of a man, who, having adopted the republican system in theory, practically gives it up to the tory assailment, by admitting that our free institutions are too free for human virtue to bear; that all freedom bears in it the marks of inevitable destiny to evil. Let him say that he takes high ground, that he is a republican of the school of Washington and

Hamilton; and I object nothing to his position. Let him say that all changes in government or in law should be gradual and cautious, and he will speak wisely. Lord Bacon; in his *Political Essays*, says, that "it is improper to try new experiments in the political body, unless the necessity be urgent and the utility evident." And again: "Let all novelty, though it cannot, perhaps, be rejected, be held suspected."* Aristotle says, that "even the rust of government is to be respected, and that its fabric is never to be touched but with a fearful and trembling hand."† These are the wise suggestions of great and wise men. Improvement should be slow, experiments cautious, the popular tendencies carefully watched; but all this is very different from saying that they are tendencies to inevitable evil—a language from America most disheartening and provoking to the friends of popular liberty in the Old World; who say, "You have begun an experiment on free institutions, and you have not the courage to carry it through; you have invited us to follow, and you are yourselves pusillanimously giving up the cause; let it then be for brave and hardy Englishmen to do the work."‡

* Essay xi.

† Aristotle's *Politics*, book ii.

‡ Upon the dangerous tendencies of disaffection to the insti-

But let us see what are these inevitable tendencies to evil. It is said by toryism in the Old World, and partly admitted by some political creeds in the New, that the people, if set free from prescriptive and aristocratic authority, will not long continue to respect the rights of property, or the authority of the law. It is a lesser count in the indictment, but in my judgment not a small one, that all manners and tastes, under republican forms, are tending to the level of vulgar insolence and ignorance.

The people will not respect property. Is that true?

It is easy to say it; but where is the evidence? Is it in America? We have been fifty years a nation—under the complete rule of this reckless and unprincipled multitude. Was property ever

tutions of the country, I do not choose to enlarge. But as a hint to those whom it may concern, I will put down in the margin a sentence or two from Aristotle. "A great population," says he, "and that condensed in cities, makes the multitude feel, and enables them to exert, their strength. * * * The poor have nothing to care for; the rich are encumbered with the weight of their private affairs; and on every occasion so much outvoted, that they often cease to attend any assemblies whatever, either deliberative or judicial, thus abandoning their country to the licentious and lawless multitude."—*Politics*, book vi. chap. 6.

or anywhere more secure than it is in America ? " But in America," it is said, " there is as yet no pressure of want, to urge the people to invade the property of the rich." Is there, then, in England, any indication whatever of such a purpose, or such a tendency of the popular will ? Some legislation there may and will be unfavourable to exclusive monopolies of property, whether in church or state ; but this will affect only that public property which ought to be held in trust for the welfare and improvement of the whole people. Some legislation there *may* be, that will indirectly bear upon the private fortunes of the rich. I would hope not ; and certainly no such proposition has ever been entertained in America or England. I would hope not then, and yet I am willing to admit that some retaliation, some occasional wrong may be inflicted in this way. But that any civilized people, as a mass, should openly lay violent hands on property, seems to me, I confess, not within the bounds of any reasonable apprehension. I hear the language of this apprehension, but I listen to it as to men talking in their dreams. This enforced agrarian division of property would be an act so perfectly and plainly suicidal ; it would be striking a blow that must so certainly and instantly react upon the striker, that no civilized and reading people, no people

capable of a month's foresight, could possibly be guilty of such folly. Besides, in America and in England, who are the holders of property? The great body, eight out of ten, of that very people, who are to be struck with such unheard of insanity, as to arise in its fury and destroy that very tenure, that very security of property, which constitutes all its value! Nay, I maintain that the rich few, and not the poor many, have always been assailants of the rights of property!

Indeed, this extreme distrust of the people, implying an equal confidence in the wealthy and noble, seems to be very ill justified either by present events or past history. We have always read of despotic kings and grasping barons, who have sacrificed the property of their subjects and vassals to schemes of unscrupulous ambition or pleasure; but where has been the counterpart? There have been popular tumults, it is true. In sudden outbreaks of public indignation against the lordly oppressor, his estates have been ravaged. But where, I ask emphatically, has there been any settled plan on the part of the commons, to lay oppressive and unjust taxes on the rich or the noble? * In truth it would

* Neither the agrarian law, nor the confiscations in the French revolution, as I conceive, invalidate the force of this question. The confiscations were only of the estates of persons who were

seem that something of this excessive jealousy of the many might be reserved for the few. Never was political power so little abused as that which has fallen, in modern times, into popular hands; while the history of monarchical and aristocratic power in all ages, has been but a history of its abuses. With such facts before us, I cannot account it rashness and folly to be willing to try the people; and this, especially, when their very multitude, their very divisions of opinion, the very strifes of party passion, are restraints upon their violence, and guarantees for their moderation and justice.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to say that my sympathies are with the people, that my sympathies follow where the mightiest interests lead. To me the multitude is a sublimer object than royal dignity or titled state. It is humanity, it is universal man, it is the being whose joys and sorrows, hopes, and fears, are like my own, that I

emigrants, or of persons who, for that or other reasons, were considered as traitors to the country. I deny not the injustice of the French confiscations; but I deny that even they were deliberate, legislative attempts upon private property. The agrarian laws, since the work of M. Niebuhr on Rome, are understood to have applied not to private property, but to lands which were the property of the state.

respect, and not any mere condition of that being. And it is around this same humanity that genius, poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, have most closely entwined themselves; it is embraced with the very fibres of every truly noble heart that ever lived. But not to dwell on considerations of this abstract nature, I look at facts; and facts, too, that are enough to stir the *coldest* heart that ever lived. I look upon this fellow-being man in the aggregate and in the mass, and I see him the victim of ages of oppression and injustice. I take his part; the tears of my sympathy mingle with the tears of his suffering; and I care not what aristocratic ridicule the avowal may bring upon me. My blood boils in my veins, and I will not try to still their throbbings, when I think of the banded tyrannies of the earth—the Asiatic, Assyrian, Egyptian, European—which have been united to crush down all human interests and rights. This is not, with me, a matter of statistics, or of political generalities. Down into the bosom of society, down among the sweet domestic charities of ten thousand million homes, down among the sore and quivering fibres of human hearts unnumbered and innumerable—the iron of accursed despotism has been driven! At length, from the long dark night of oppression, I see the people rising to reclaim and

assert their rights. I see them taking the power, which to them indubitably belongs, into their own hands. I rejoice to see it. I rejoice, and yet I tremble. I tremble lest they should retaliate the wrongs they have endured. But yet what do I see? I see the people showing singular moderation. I repeat it—I see the people of France and England, in the great reforms which they have undertaken during the last fifteen years, showing singular moderation. Shall I not honour such nations? The people of my own country I know still better; and for that reason, probably, I honour them still more. I firmly believe in the general disposition of the public mind in America to do right. Faults and dangers there are among us, and on these I mean to comment freely. But that there is any general tendency among the people of America to lawlessness and violence, I utterly deny.*

* The friends of liberty in Europe, in their views of this country, are committing the mistake common to people at a distance—that of spreading a few facts which fill the newspapers, over the whole character of the nation. A cloud is rising here and there, and they are so situated, that to their eye the whole land is covered with darkness. A friend in England writes to me thus: “I wish you could restrain your lawless countrymen. They offend us by their violence and savageness. Much as I envy something of the condition of your countrymen, I prefer Old England. We

But there is another point in the tory argument which I wish to consider. It is said that all reverence must die away amidst the rule of the many, and especially all reverence for the laws. This is indeed a most material point, and one that it most deeply concerns *our own* people rightly to apprehend, whatever use may be made of it by foreign critics.

What, then, is the law—as it is to be regarded by a free people? I answer, that law is the ex-

have learned wisdom through adversity. Our liberty has been wrung from the grasp of a proud feudal aristocracy, and we have learned to prize the blessing. Your liberty is like the mushroom, a savour to some, but a poison to others. Ours is like one of our native oaks, slow of growth, but graceful and beautiful with its gnarled branches. You want refinement, and elevation, and dignity—and poetry and loveliness.” I observe, too, that Sir Robert Peel has lately, in a speech, (at Tamworth, I think,) made use of slips from our newspapers, to draw a picture of the terrible disorders of the country, and a weighty inference thence against our institutions. Now what has given occasion for these strictures, friendly or unfriendly? Why, some executions without the forms of law, at an obscure place in the far West, called Vicksburg; and two or three mobs in our cities. And these outrages are to give a character to the whole country! Was not the whole press, the whole spirit, the unqualified condemnation of the country, arrayed against them? Unquestionably. As well might we lay the mobs of Bristol and Birmingham to the charge of the whole English nation.

pression of the public welfare. The very reason of the law with us, is, not its antiquity, not its imposition by others, but its acknowledged utility, its adoption by ourselves. Law is the very expression, I repeat, the exponent, the image of the public welfare. Cannot freemen respect it as heartily, as other men have revered the will of an absolute monarch, or the power of an aristocracy, or the bayonets of a standing army?

On the duty and necessity of strict obedience to the law, I shall have something to say in another place. I speak now of the venerableness of law. The strength by which it is to be maintained, I allow, is a different thing. But ideas have been flung out, which touch the very foundation on which it is to be supported—I mean its intrinsic respectability. It is said, for instance, that the people will not venerate the creature of their own will—the thing which their own hands have made. This declaration, I think, involves a sophism, which greatly needs to be exposed—not only for the sake of the argument, but for the sake of the public welfare. Men will not venerate, it is said, what their own hands have made; in other words, a free people will not venerate the laws, because they have made them. In this declaration, as applied to the subject in hand, there are two mis-

takes. In the first place, it is implied that law, in a republican government, and all that law is, is of human creation; that all the authority of law is derived from human will; which is not true. In the next place, this false meaning is further distorted by the false colouring of language through which it passes. The word "make" is commonly applied to the humblest exercises of human ingenuity. Men make ploughs, and scythes, and steam engines, and the wheels of their manufactories; and because they cannot venerate these, it is sought to be inferred that they cannot venerate the laws they make. It might as well be argued, that because the glorious works of art, that because paintings and statues, because immortal poems and ever-during temples, are productions of human hands and minds, therefore it is impossible that they should be objects of human admiration and reverence. Men *ordain* what shall be the law to them, or rather they choose the wisest among them to ordain it. In grave and deliberative assemblies, with much patient discussion and mutual concession, they ordain what the law shall be—not make it, as things are made in the turning lathe or on the anvil.

But the other is the greater and more serious mistake. It is implied, I have said, that law, and

all the authority of law, proceed solely from the will of the people ; that law has no dignity, no sanction, no binding force, but what it derives from the voice of the multitude. This is not true. For what, I repeat, is the law ? It is the representative of the public welfare. It proclaims, protects that welfare. It demands our homage for this reason and no other. Has the public welfare no authority with us but what it derives from our own will ? Nay, the authority of the highest power in the universe is no other than this : the authority of its justice and beneficence. Whatever, then, is just as between man and man, whatever is beneficent for the whole community, is clothed with the authority of God himself. It is not our will that gives the sanction to law ; its rectitude, its utility is its sanction ; this is made to be a sanction to us by the very power that created us. Our will only gives a form to law ; it determines what kind of actions shall be held to be injurious to the public good, and shall be punished as such. And it is the consent, if not the expressed will of every nation, that gives the form to its government and law. Suppose the government to be despotic, or aristocratic, it cannot stand long but in the acquiescence of the people. And that acquiescence, unless it is blind and servile, is founded upon

nothing but the sense of the public good—upon the conviction that it is better to take the government as it is, than to run the risk of change. This is the only intelligible sense in which any *king* can be said to reign “by the grace of God ;” he reigns in the strength of this conviction concerning the public welfare. This is the only reasonable authority in the world. And this authority, I say, is stronger, and clearer, and higher in a republican government than in any other. There is no form of authority on earth so respectable, so venerable, as that which a whole intelligent people has established for the public good. If any government can be regarded as the minister of God, if any form of power can be regarded as the voice of God, that government must be the one which a whole people has chosen and framed for the general good ; that voice must be the mighty and multitudinous voice of the elective franchise.

We are told that a people will not venerate the power which they themselves have set up, the law which they themselves have established. But what is the fact ? I maintain that there never was a people in the world that paid more respect and veneration to the law than our American people. There are people who fear power more ; but there is no nation where law is more thoroughly reve-

renced, more wisely administered, or more exactly executed. Our foreign critics may lament that some of the insignia of office, the ermine and the robe, are laid aside in our courts; and they may be right; I contest not this point with them—but dare they pretend that our simple and venerable bench of justice is accessible to bribes, or that it shelters fraud, injustice, or crime? Nay, and with regard to the fact, I go further, and I maintain, not only that the law is revered with us, but that it is less revered everywhere, just in proportion as men are less free. Look at the opposite extreme, the law of despotic rule, the blessed state of pure, unmixed, and unquestioned legitimacy, around which the imaginations of so many in the Old World, and of some in the New are clinging. The Russian—does he reverence the law that makes him a serf and a bondman? The Italian—does he entertain any hearty esteem for the power that grinds him to the dust? The Turk—does he venerate the arbitrary order that casts his neighbour into prison, or extorts from him half his possessions? The Spaniard—does he respect the alcalde, as the humblest magistrate is, in his office, respected in America? On the contrary, a contempt for office, coupled with a slavish fear of it, is interwoven in the very literature of these na-

tions. Despotic law, law whose only sanction is the will of a ruler, whose only reason is that it has existed for ages, is, to every sensible and acute people, a mockery and a cheat ; it has lost all dignity with such a people. It may be terrible, but it is not venerable. It may be as dreadful as the guillotine of Robespierre ; but so far will it be from being revered, that men will hoot, and mock, and dance around its most horrible executions. Slavish fear is not an element of true veneration. Hereditary and absolute power is not an object of true veneration. None but beneficent power is so. And surely the power most likely to be beneficent, is that which a people chooses and establishes for its own good. And I should not fear, on the ground of this observation, to compare our country with the best examples of hereditary and enforced authority abroad ; with England and France. I believe that no clergy in the world are more truly respected than ours ; no hereditary aristocracy more than the natural aristocracy of our country, the men of industry, talent, and worth ; no government more than our government.

But there is another count in the indictment against republics. *They have no manners.* Even though property could be secured, and the law

sustained, yet the graceful amenities of life, the beautiful ties created by mutual protection and dependance, the highborn dignity on the one hand and the lowly respect on the other—all these, it is said, will be trampled under foot by the multitude. Every man will stand stiffly up for what he calls his rights, for the social consideration and respect which he conceives are due to him; and all glow, flexibility, and ease of manner, the finest grace of life, will be gone.

So much am I disposed to admit that there is danger of a decline, *for a while*, of national manners, that I am more disposed to turn to that quarter, than to the opposite point of defence. Yet I do conceive that there is a higher state of manners, than that which is produced by feudal distinctions. These courtesies of mere condition seem to me much better to befit the childhood of the world, than its maturity. They ought ever to exist between parents and children. Authority and protection on the one hand, and reverence and gratitude on the other, are here proper and beautiful. And so long as the body of the people are in a state of childhood, we feel that there is a fitness and a charm in the old feudal homages of the humble to the high. In fact, the perfection, the highest tact of manner, consists in its adaptation

to circumstances and relationships. The manners of an ignorant lady's page to his accomplished mistress; the deportment of a feudal retainer or tenant at will towards the master who fed, clothed, and by intellectual superiority ruled him, would not become those who stand nearly upon an equality in intellect and the independence of condition. It would be absurd and impossible to keep up a style of manners directly at variance with the actual mental relations of men. If I had a servant whom I supposed to be very ignorant—with only half of the intelligence of a well-educated child of twelve years old—my deportment towards him would naturally assume a mingled air of peremptory command and protecting kindness, and I should expect from him unquestioning deference and implicit confidence. But suppose I should discover that my first impressions about him were founded in entire mistake; that he could read Greek, and was conversant with literature, and was every way as intelligent and cultivated as I might be. Is it possible that, on this discovery, no change would take place in my manners towards this man? Would not respect mingle with them? Or should I expect or wish precisely the same deportment from him, that I should from the humblest and most ignorant menial? Should I

demand that he should forget everything else, all the dignity of our common knowledge, culture, tastes, and of humanity itself, in the bare circumstance that he was poor, and I rich ?*

I suppose, indeed, that most men would say in such a case, Be no longer servant of mine. Few, perhaps, would have enough of the Grecian or Roman dignity to be willing to have an *Æsop*, or a *Terence*, for a servant. Most of those who have been trained up to the habits and feelings of a feudal aristocracy, say boldly, that the common people ought not to be educated. We know very well what resistance the cause of popular education has met with in England. It would destroy the habits of dependance and subserviency. It would make the people rebellious to lawful authority. It would render the people, some millions though they were, immortal minds—no matter for that—it would render them less convenient instruments for some hundreds of their brother minds. The real question at issue was, and is, whether it

* “ Ha, Will Shakspeare, Wild Will !” says Leicester, in *Kenilworth*, “ hark thee, mad wag, I have not forgotten the matter of the patent, and of the bears.”

“ The *player* bowed, and the earl nodded and passed on—so that age would have told the tale ; in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal.”

is right and best that the body of the people should be raised to intelligence, self-respect, and self-dependance, or be for ever kept down to abject baseness and subserviency. The real question is whether we will consent to look at this subject as *Christians*. For although I am well aware that Christianity did not, and does not propose, by any positive precept, to disturb the actual relations of society; yet no one will deny that it holds all men in an equal and impartial regard, that it is no respecter of persons, that it assigns to moral worth the supreme value, the highest title to respect, and that it reveals a world to come, in the brightness of whose splendour all earthly distinctions will be lost. I do not say that Christianity will ever abolish the distinctions of employer and employed, householder and domestic, rich and poor; for these belong to the inevitable condition of all human society: but I do say, that this religion will give to these distinctions a character of mutual kindness, consideration, and respect, which has never yet been seen in the *body* of any community. And could all men be Christian brethren, and treat one another as such, I believe there would be a gentleness and gracefulness in the universal manners of society, which no feudal distinctions, no mingling

of patrician pride and plebeian homage, has ever produced or ever can.*

With this contemplation of things, I cannot sympathize much with the alarms that are felt, at the probable decline of all the old reverence and courtesy. Suppose that everything *goes down*, as it is called, to republican forms; that all is levelled, aristocratic pride and kingly state together; will not truth and virtue, science and sanctity, humanity and Christianity, be left on earth? And will there be no dignity in paying homage to these? Doubtless there will be shocking things in the world—things unheard of, and incredible. Not only will “the toe of the peasant gall the kibe of

* I have lately read the series of articles, in Blackwood's Magazine, on the life of William Pitt. The writer is evidently an honest man. There is an intensity of feeling pervading every page, which plainly enough shows that. I acknowledge, too, the extraordinary vigour and splendour of the style. But I must say, that the spirit manifested in these articles seems to me absolutely atrocious. By the “people,” he means, according to his own definition, “the prodigious majority” of the English nation. This body of his fellow-citizens he constantly denominates “the rabble.” Scores, if not hundreds of times, he insults them with the name of *rabble*; and in every page he pours out upon them the most cold-blooded and heart-withering scorn. And yet this man persuades himself that he is, *par excellence*, a Christian, and does not hesitate to denominate those who differ with him in politics, heretics, infidels, and atheists.

the courtier," but people will stand face to face—will *meet in the same company and actually talk together—between whom there will be nothing on earth in common, but that they are men!* Alas! what a sad history will be written of those times! "Then," will it be said, "men were respected, not for their titles, but for their merits. It was an all-levelling age, in which nothing was venerated but virtue. Nay, so besotted were mankind, that they worshipped virtue and truth, though they were stripped of all outward magnificence and power. The highest places in society were sometimes occupied—proh! pudor—by poor men. Yes, it was an age in which the horribly vile aristocracy of talent and virtue prevailed. If there was a man of wisdom and genius among them, men went mad about him; they seemed to feel as if his notice and friendship were as honourable to them, as if he had been a lord or a prince. Yes, *Christians* though they were, they fell towards the degradation of those Grecian and Roman times, when Diogenes was honoured in his tub, and Cincinnatus was called from his plough."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The republican System—The tendency to it irresistible—American Republicanism—Nature of Liberty—Obedience to the Laws—Mobs—Trades Unions—Free Institutions a severe trial of Character—Consequent Duties, involving fidelity to the principles of Humanity, Courtesy, and Christianity.

THERE is one view of the tendency to republican forms of government, which invests the whole subject of modern politics with a completely new character. **THAT TENDENCY IS IRRESISTIBLE!** Be it good or evil, encouraging or alarming; be it wisdom or folly—wisdom in which all good men should rejoice, or folly which all wise men should execrate—*it cannot be helped.* The progress of reform in England is not more certain in fact, than it must have been certain in foresight, to every thinking man, ten years ago. There are principles, concerning whose operation one may safely speculate in his closet. He who does not see, that knowledge, having once gone down among the people—which it never did before—will *never* turn back; and he who does not see, at the same time, that

the spread of intelligence *must* sooner or later break down the entire system of unjust favouritism whether in church or state, knows nothing of human nature. It is often said that the horse, if he *knew* his power, would not suffer himself to be driven and worn out in the service of another. Does not all the power in the world lie in the people? Are not the people beginning to learn and feel this? The horse is *made* not to know his power, on purpose that he may serve another. Is human nature made so? It is a shaded picture—that of the human heart—and men see everything else more easily; but let any one adjust his eye carefully to the magic glass of experience and look upon that picture, and it will foreshow to him the coming fortunes of the world. From oversight of this, from the want of this insight, the age does not understand itself. The mighty power that is rising in the world is intellectual power; and the one engine that is to take precedence, if not place, of guns, and battlements, and armies, is the **PRESS**. The great age of educated human nature—not of educated upper classes alone, but of educated *human nature*—is commencing. But instead of giving this mighty element the chief place in the problem of the future, men are speculating about visible forces and agencies; about the power of

armies, the strength of dynasties, and the barriers of *caste*. It is all in vain. It must be in vain, unless human nature shall be radically changed. It is as if a man, holding that it would be better to have the earth for ever bound in the chains of winter, should set himself to rail against the all-dissolving warmth of spring. It is as if he should dispute—against the sun! Doubtless there will be disputings and railings. There will be checks and disturbances, attending this great progress of things, like the chills and storms that wait upon the advancing steps of spring. Many a blast from the winter of ages gone by, will sweep rudely over the blossoming hopes of the world, and threaten their destruction. The course of things will *not* be peaceful. The elements of the world will be in conflict. There will be overshadowing clouds; there will be many “a raw and gusty day;” the long imprisoned waters will sometimes burst forth in desolating floods. There will be oppositions and struggles in society; the rage of kings, and tumults of the people; but through all these, the great year of the world will advance! And I cannot doubt—all agitations, and excitements, and trials notwithstanding—that a progress of things so inevitable, based as it is upon the very principles of human nature, springing as it does from

such certain theoretical truths, involving such unquestionable rights—a progress whose origin is education, whose element is freedom, and whose cause is humanity—must, with all its difficulties and dangers, be a progress to good. To doubt it, would be, to my mind, to doubt the providence of the Ruler of the world !

But with us in America the question is not about tendencies. The result to which the whole civilized world is advancing, is, in our country, fully brought out. We have adopted the free system; and our main concern is with its practical working. The Old World has other and complicated questions to consider; old and new ideas, institutions, and claims, are mingling and clashing in the conflict of European politics; but to the New World is presented only one question, How shall the system we have actually adopted be made to work well? And in truth there is no duty which the press of our country owes to it, that appears to me of such transcendant importance, and none which deserves so sedulously to engage the attention of all thinking men in the country, as the attempt to awaken, direct, and guard the public mind, in the new and dangerous paths of experiment on which it is advancing.

If the age does not understand itself, still less, I

fear, does our country understand its peculiar situation. Liberty seems yet to be regarded rather as a boon to be carelessly enjoyed, than as a trust to be faithfully discharged. It is rare to meet with any production of the periodical or daily press, that enters deeply into the moral and social, as well as political difficulties and dangers, which are inseparably connected with free institutions. The pulpit addresses our people, precisely as it would address the people of China or Hindostan—taking no account that ever I have observed, of the peculiar temptations, sufferings, discontents, and exposures of a community circumstanced as we are. Meanwhile, there are enough to prate about liberty—demagogues and party orators to tell the people continually of their power and importance—not of their duties—and the people, hearing little else, are led to conclude that their situation offers nothing for them to consider but occasions for pride and gratulation. In addition to this, there is always a *vis inertiae* in the body of every society, not disturbed by actual revolution—an indolent and passive habit of feeling as if all must be well, which disinclines, and almost disenables us, from forming any discriminating judgment of the peculiar exigencies and perils of our situation. That this is all wrong, that we have entered upon a new era

in society, an era of as much peril as promise; that society among us cannot adjust itself to its new duties and relations, without much consideration and care, I think I distinctly see; and so thinking, I cannot but deeply feel, that a momentous experiment for happiness and virtue is passing over us.

I am quite aware that the ground which I take is not likely to be popular with any party. The attempt to defend free institutions will satisfy one class of thinkers; the acknowledgment of their dangers will fall in with the views of another; but many of each class, when they look to the counterpart of that which they approve, will probably say that I contradict myself, and forsake my own principles. This I am interested most earnestly to deny—for higher reasons than those which concern my personal consistency. For I conceive that the only true and safe basis for liberty, is that basis of equal immunities and dangers on which I put it. The ground I take, then, is this: that freedom is the greatest of opportunities; but that the great opportunity, with moral beings, always involves great peril. I see in this but one instance of a principle that is established in the moral government of the world. It were easy to conceive of a nature and of circumstances which would

expose mankind to but one half of their present sins and sufferings. Cut off one half of their moral freedom ; diminish equally the strength of their passions ; take away half of their outward temptations too ; and it follows, that the exposures to evil would be proportionably lessened. But would not all this detract just so much from their opportunities for moral advancement and moral happiness. The gift of political freedom is like the gift of moral agency ; fraught alike with capabilities and perils. Just apply this to the case of political communities. Take the lowest instance—that of a slave population. All the dangers arising from free and unrestrained action, and especially from the acquisition and use of property, are removed from it. Advance now to a higher condition—that of the peasantry of Europe. They have the rights of property, and a certain degree of personal freedom ; but the more delicate questions about human rights, the fair human claim to respect and regard, all aspirations after the higher conditions and honours of society, all that unfettered competition of life, which exists among us, is nearly unknown to them. Now suppose all these barriers to be thrown down, and a whole people to stand—I had almost said like gladiators upon the arena of social equality and conflict—and what do we see ? A bound-

less opportunity for the development and improvement of human powers—but an almost equally boundless peril.

The state of things in America has brought about a grand and novel crisis in human society. This crisis requires, I believe, that society should assume a new character. And that there are difficulties attending the adoption of this new character, that there are difficulties involved in the transition of society from an artificial to a natural and healthful state, is not to be denied, but freely and fully admitted. In the untried ocean upon which the world is advancing, there are doubtless conflicting elements, there are counter currents, and there may be storms ; but, I repeat, we are embarked upon the voyage, and the proper wisdom of these times is, not idly to rail against the tide that is bearing us on, but to keep a strict watch and a close reckoning, and to bring every energy and to man every heart to the great enterprise.

Society is entering upon new trials everywhere—in America, it has already entered upon them—and they are of the most serious nature. They demand a discussion among us, which they have scarcely yet begun to receive. Power has fallen into new hands, and hands which are liable enough to abuse it. The relationship of man to man has

assumed a new character, and the fair adjustment of the mind to this new situation, I repeat, will require a portion, by no means moderate, both of sense and virtue.

Let me offer some suggestions on these points separately.

Power has gone into new hands. The grand modern form of power is suffrage, and suffrage is becoming universal. In our country, it is so already. We live in that extraordinary, that unprecedented, and, I will say, that fearful condition, where the mind of the whole people is represented in the government; where everything is staked upon the character, the intelligence, and virtue of the people; where the interests of the empire are borne upon the wave of popular feeling. Popular feeling! how fluctuating—this is the constant language of many in Europe, and it is meet that we should hear it—"Popular feeling!" they say, "how fluctuating, how uncertain, how impetuous and uncontrollable is it! How selfish, how unreasonable is it—how inconsiderate, rash, and irritable—and how liable to break out into wild extravagance, into furious excesses, into storms of anarchy, that will sweep through every land, leaving nothing but wreck and ruin in its path! Popular feeling! what is it likely to be, but the feeling of one sec-

tional interest against another, the feeling of the poor against the rich and of the rich against the poor, the feeling of the ignorant against the wise, of vice against virtue, of licentiousness and misrule against all order and control—feeling, without reason, without restraint, without any principle, or any regard or care for anything but its own gratification !”

This is the language of many wise and thoughtful men in the Old World ; and it deserves to be heedfully considered and carefully weighed. “ Would the waves of the ocean,” they say—“ would the waves of the sea, without pilot or rudder, or any guidance superior to their own tendencies, bear any ship safely to the desired haven ? But you have put the fabric of your government upon the waves. You have based everything upon that most unstable element—popular feeling, popular suffrage !” This is the grand point of difference which the advocate of free institutions would find between himself and them—*they have no confidence in the people.*

I trust that, in our country, we are to show that the people may be confided in. I trust, we are to show that the interests of a country may be more faithfully kept by the many to whom they appertain, than by the few to whom they do not—more

faithfully kept by popular intervention, than by despotic authority. But if we are to show this, we must see to it in season, and charge ourselves with this responsibility, and prove ourselves faithful, as no people before us has ever done, and as no people after us will ever have equal advantages for doing. We must see to it, that knowledge is built up, and religion promoted, and virtue practised ; and that every man be sober, that every man be vigilant ; that every man stand upon his individual guard and watch, as if he stood a sentinel for the safety of an empire. Especially must we see to it, that the venerableness and sanctity of the law are sustained among us.

I have attempted to show that the law of a free people, the law which they themselves have made, possesses these characters in a peculiar degree. But it is not any abstract shadow of authority that I would set up. I say that such a law is bound upon the conscience, beyond all others.

If all the multitudes in our American republic were assembled, the whole body of them, almost as one man, would pronounce the law and the government which are established among us, to be good and beneficent. Then, I say, it is a matter of *conscience* to obey it. We have ascribed to this law an authority more than human. We have acknow-

ledged in it that which gives authority to Heaven itself—its beneficence. It is no longer left to our will to decide whether we ought to obey it. That is already decided. If we break the law, we are moral offenders. We are not mere technical or political offenders ; not merely traitors, or thieves, or murderers, according to some arbitrary and unacknowledged rule ; we are moral offenders ; we are offenders against conscience ; we are offenders against God ; and we must answer it, not in a human tribunal only, but at the bar of an eternal judgment !

But possibly some one may say, "I do not hold a certain law to be good or right, and therefore upon your own showing, I am not bound to obey it." The objector forgets one essential principle of our political system, which is as much a part of the law as any other. And that is the principle, that the majority shall govern. This is as evidently a necessary and beneficent principle of law among us, as any provision of the criminal code ; and he who sets it aside, as plainly offends against the public welfare, as if he stole or murdered. For who does not see that the government cannot go on a day without this principle ? If every man is to decide for himself what shall be law, there is an end of all law. Law for a country must depend

upon agreement; and the nearest and the only approach to agreement, is to be effected by submitting to the majority. The business of an aggrieved minority is to procure as speedily as they can, a change of the law. Resistance to the law involves a principle so fatal, that no temporary advantages can countervail its wide-spread mischief.

We have fallen upon times, when exact obedience to the laws—an obedience so exact that it shall admit no disturbing interference of private judgment—is a subject that needs to be deeply considered. The disposition on the part of some of our citizens to take the law into their own hands—public executions without legal trial in one part of the country, and the riots and mobs that have spread terror through some of our cities—these are things, though their importance is likely enough to be exaggerated, which nevertheless demand a fixed and serious, if not anxious consideration.

And the question is, What is to be done to restrain these excesses? And I confidently answer that nothing can be done, but through a sound public opinion, through a universal and deep conviction spread among the people, that a religious reverence and an exact obedience to the law is our only safeguard. The only alternative is a

standing army, and it is an alternative not to be thought of. Moral restraint, then, is the only expedient. And let us not think that we have sufficiently tried it. There has been a laxity of opinion among us, that has given some countenance to mobs, or they never would have risen to the strength and violence which they have attained in our country. There has been a want of consideration among us, concerning the necessity both of strict obedience to the laws, and of general moral restraint. We have been too secure. We have idly thought that our system must work well, because it is free, and the people intelligent.

The action of a mob, and all action of bodies of men against the laws, is not only fatal in effect, but fatal in principle. It destroys the very end which a mob generally proposes to attain. For let us do the justice to those bodies of violent and misguided men, to say that they usually propose some good end. But the very principle of irregular and unauthorized interference destroys every good end of government and society. For who can be safe, if the passions and prejudices of infuriated multitudes are to decide upon his conduct? Who can speak freely as he ought, the truth, or his true and honest sentiments, if he is subject to such a tribunal?

No matter then how *apparently* just the occasion for this violent popular interference may be. There may be some urgent danger to be guarded against. There may be some detestable principle to be put down. There may be some abominable nuisance to be abated. But who, in his senses, would call for the corrective hand of a mob? Who, that has ever once seen a mob, would not say, "Heaven rid us of such remedies!"

The trades unions subject themselves to the same censure, whenever they overstep the limits of the law. The prejudice of many against them is so violent, that they probably regard the very combinations as unlawful. But let it be considered, whether any body of people has not a right to assemble to deliberate and act for the common welfare. It never has been denied, that employers have a right to agree together, upon the wages they will give; certainly it must be admitted, that the employed have just as much right to agree together upon the wages they will demand. Doubtless, combinations of a particular class for such a purpose, or indeed for almost any purpose, are liable to do much mischief and much wrong. I regret them, for many of the same reasons that I should regret combinations among merchants and men of wealth, designed to act upon the fears or

the necessities of the poor. It is the policy of our institutions, not to separate, but to blend the different classes of society. Trades unions are a device of the Old World, naturally enough springing from fixed and repulsive distinctions of classes. The sensible mechanics and labourers of our country ought to see this, and to hold their hands from those association bonds, as they would from manacles. The man who aspires to a higher place in society, should take care how he links himself with a combination, which is likely to embrace the lowest and vilest of the community. He lessens his power by doing so ; he lessens his free action ; he lessens his chance of rising in the world. I appeal to any intelligent trades unionist, whether the body to which he belongs is not likely to be led by one or two demagogues, who have not more sense, but a greater gift of speech than the rest, and whether it is not likely to be absolutely controlled by the poorest and most desperate of its class. With these, then, notwithstanding all his mental remonstrances, he must be confounded in the eye of the world. He ought to have something too much of pride for that. He ought also to reflect, that although such a combination may be lawful in the outset, it is very likely to be law-

less in the end. And when it does become lawless, when it assumes the character of a mob, when it breaks in with violence upon the peaceful labours of those who are still inclined to work for the support of their families, or compels them by threats of violence, to desist from their lawful occupations—then, I say, and I say it as much for the sake of the poor as of the rich, that there ought to be an armed police, strong enough to put a stop to such outrages upon the public order! I am, perhaps, as averse as any one can be, to such a remedy. But it would probably, in the end, save more lives than it would sacrifice in the outset; and lives of far greater value; to say nothing of the wives and children of these misguided insurgents, who are brought to the extremity of poverty and distress, to disease, and perhaps to death, by the idleness of their natural protectors—or who, perhaps, are begging at one end of the town, while their husbands and fathers are violently arresting industry, and destroying property at the other—one part of the family levying contributions for charity upon the very wealth, which the other part are laying waste by violence. But I said, that lives of far greater value were lost; and I mean those of our police officers. The policeman,

too, has a family : and he goes from it in the morning, knowing, perhaps, that he has that day to encounter a mob. Can he do so without anxiety ? Does not his family implore him, for their sakes, to take care of himself ? But forth he must go. At the magnanimous risk of everything dear to him, he goes into that wild and lawless crowd. For the public safety he goes there. To shield the whole community from violence, he offers his head to the blows of an infuriated multitude. He falls ; he sinks in the crowd ; he is beaten to death ! Is there no remedy to be used against such a cruel issue as this ? Are the public justice and honour to sleep in supine indifference, or to shrink back in pusillanimous fear, when the faithful servants of the public are thus sacrificed to lawless violence ?

We have had scarcely time yet, to set up the necessary guards against new and recent forms of popular violence. This is the explanation of that unexampled state of things, in some of our Atlantic cities, and some of our Western towns, which is the wonder and ridicule of Europe. That public opinion is entirely right with regard to these enormities, is our security ; for the public opinion in America is law. That this opinion will find out some way to repress mobs, and the murderous executions of the too far-famed, but not too odious

Lynch law, I cannot doubt.* I believe that these things have no more to do with the perpetuity of our institutions, than the vexatious stings of a wasp, or the irritating attacks of a swarm of flies, with the life of the mighty elephant.

Indeed, I do by no means so much fear for the permanence of our institutions, as for their effect upon the essential well-being and happiness of society. Even the dissolution of our union would probably leave unaltered the form of our state governments. Nor is it easy to anticipate or imagine any change in the national character, that would permit the creation of a nobility or of a monarchy among us. We are often told of coming ages of anarchy and blood, out of which is to rise

* In a letter from Paris to the editor of the New-York American, dated 14th January, 1836, the writer, speaking of the late horrible atrocities in Spain, says, "God forbid that the United States should ever witness such scenes of blood; but bad as they are, they are not so much dwelt upon by the press of Europe, as the Lynch law proceedings in the United States." It is all very well! Let the indignation of Europe be fixed upon such monstrous proceedings. If indignant justice will not otherwise awake at home, let foreign reproach arouse it. Yet, at the same time, let not our favourers or our adversaries imagine that Lynch law is the law of this country, or that it is ever likely to be; or that it has been, except in two or three instances of extreme local irritation and alarm.

a military despotism. We are admonished of the fate of the Grecian and Roman republics. I do not desire that the admonition should be scornfully resisted. Occupying as we do a new world, scarcely feeling any ties to past ages, taking counsel of innovation rather than of antiquity, dwelling more upon the bright visions of futurity than upon the sublimity of ancient time, we may be instructed less than we ought by the lessons of history. Still, I cannot help observing, when the examples of Greece and Rome are brought forward, that there are elements in the constitution of our society, which do not seem to be considered in this comparison. I mean those elements of mighty force—Christianity and universal education. They have formed a people in America, such as Greece and Rome never conceived of. This is scarcely a topic for argument; the conclusion here must be the result of observation. But when I look upon such a people as ours, enlightened as they are, and united in the bands of Christian brotherhood, I cannot help asking—and feeling, too, as if there was the force of argument in the question—Where are the elements of universal anarchy and bloodshed? I look at individuals—at those whom I know—at the body of the people in the country—and I say, Can this man and

that man be induced to take his musket, and fight with his neighbour in the next state? Can Massachusetts go to war with Connecticut?—or New-England with New-York?—or the Northern States with the Southern? What may happen five or ten centuries hence, I pretend not to predict. It is easy to deliver prophecies which are to wait centuries for their fulfilment or failure. With regard to the future, I know no safer argury than past experience. I repose, then, upon the, to my apprehension, undeniable fact, that the intelligence and the right-minded, religious feeling of our people, have been gaining strength, and are at this moment advancing more rapidly than ever before. Can this fact be denied? Certainly our schools and colleges are improving; and the number of newspapers, periodicals, and books—and readers—is increasing in a ratio,* far beyond the progress of population. Certainly the vices of ga-

* Most of the marketwomen who sell vegetables in the open markets of the city of New-York, buy and read a daily newspaper. I suspect the world might be searched over in vain for a parallel to this fact; which is an illustration, also, of the spirit of the country. Let a poor man, moreover, go through the market with his basket, and those women will fill it. I remember the time, too, when this humble but meritorious class of persons was entitled to less honourable mention.

In Geneva, with twenty-five thousand inhabitants, there are

ming, profaneness, and intemperance, have visibly declined among us. Certainly, the jurisprudence of the country, that great moral gauge and safeguard of a nation, has improved, and improved, I am inclined to believe, beyond all example, ancient or modern. And once more I say, certainly there has been a growth of religious feeling in the country ; a deeper interest in the subject is spreading itself among all classes of the people ; the churches are more fully attended ; the number of communicants is everywhere increasing. Nay, and I cannot help thinking that the preaching is better than it was ; at any rate, taking my past impressions with me, I find it wherever I go better than I expected. Nor in regard to statistical statements of this nature, does it seem to me fair to reply with strictures or censures upon the religious zeal of our people. Such strictures are very proper in their place ; but their place is not in a general estimate of this kind. The religious spirit of the country is strong ; it is growing stronger ; this is undeniable. And now, if all this be true, what, I ask, is meant by the charge of a national deterior-

one weekly and two semi-weekly newspapers. In the town of New-Bedford, (Mass.) with a population of nine thousand, there are three weekly and two daily papers.

ration, that threatens the eventual subversion of our free institutions ?

But I have been led, by these observations, away from the point on which I was about to insist. It is not the danger of destruction to our popular forms, that so much impresses my mind, as the trial of character which is passing under these forms. The danger that I should fear, if I were disposed to give way to gloomy forebodings, would be, that while the glorious fabric remains untouched, those who walk beneath it, may not reap all the advantages of their favoured condition ; that while the fair form of liberty is preserved, the very heart and happiness of it may be eaten out by "carking cares," by domestic competitions, by private discontents—by the jealousies, and distrusts, and vexations that spring from ambitious aspirings, and undefined claims, and disappointed expectations.

I believe that there is (from certain causes) more suffering among our people, than among the people of any other country in the world ! I begin with this assertion, and I make it thus nakedly, that it may, if possible, startle the reader into some attention. It will, doubtless, be thought a bold declaration ; but I say it : I believe there is more suffering (from certain mental and moral causes) in

our country than in any other. There may be more happiness, too ; I am inclined to think there is. But there is positively more suffering.* Nor does this arise alone from the greater amount of intelligence diffused abroad among the mass of our people. It arises in part from the peculiar relationships of society among us. The higher and the lower classes, as they are called, sustain a less happy relation to each other in America than they do in Europe. Domestic servants are less happy, as a class, in America than they are in Europe. Does any one ask why ? I answer, because, in Europe, and wherever aristocratic institutions prevail, servants look upon their state of life as a permanent condition. In America, every domestic is hoping to rise to a higher place in society. Hence, he is restless and uneasy. Hence dependance is a thousand times more galling to him than it is to the European servant. He must be a dull observer, who does not see, I had almost said in a thousand forms of pride, petulance, jealousy, carelessness, unfaithfulness, and unhappiness, this grand difficulty attending the condition of the American domestic. Is the situation of the American householder, employer, man of wealth, compared with

* Of course I should except cases of extreme oppression or poverty, like those of Poland or of Rome.

the European, any more fortunate and happy? On the contrary, the grand difficulty of the country, so far as comfort, both mental and bodily, is concerned, lies in the state of domestic service. There are exceptions, of course; but the general want of fidelity, attention, kindness, and respect in domestics, is a source of perpetual annoyance in almost all the families in the country. It is to be added, that there is less skill, less accomplishment, less heartiness, in the duties of any situation, where the occupant regards it with disgust, and is determined to escape from it as soon as possible.

It is easy to spread this general comparison into all the shades and details of the social relations. Those who are beneath, where all are free to rise, are looking to the situations above, not as places never to be reached, but, on the contrary, as prizes to be contended for. The sight of splendid dwellings and equipages, therefore, is likely to awaken, in many bosoms, envy and irritation, rather than kindness and deference. On the contrary, those who are above, look upon their inferiors in station as aspirants and assailants, rather than as friends and supporters. In this state of things, all the offices and relations of life are apt to become less kindly. In a country where there

are no fixed and impassable distinctions, no protecting barriers of caste or coterie, men are apt to fear intrusion, or else to fear lest they be thought intrusive. Hence, I think, the proverbial distrust and coldness of our manners. And hence, I fear, a want, to some extent, of real heartiness, confidence, and enthusiasm in society.

Do I say, then, that this state of freedom is undesirable? By no means. The most desirable condition for a people, is not that which embraces the greatest immediate comfort, not that which presents the fewest annoyances and difficulties, but that which tends to the greatest ultimate improvement. It is the order of Providence, it is the discipline of our moral nature, that the process of improvement should involve much suffering. The result is happiness; and for that happiness I am looking. But the process, I repeat, is usually trying and difficult. It involves many moral efforts, many severe struggles, many painful questionings. Doubtless it would be more *comfortable* for the master to hold his servants in a state of absolute dependance, so that they should cling to his service as their only means of support, so that they should have no wish, will, or thought, but of implicit obedience; but would this be the *best* state of things for *them*, or even, morally consid-

ered, for himself? Doubtless the ignorant peasant, whose thoughts seldom wander beyond the plantation on which he toils, experiences less care and anxiety, and is less tried with questions of social precedence and position, than the independent citizen, who has the world before him where to choose, and who knows of no world above him to which he may not aspire. Doubtless the slave suffers less, mentally and morally, than his master. Push the comparison something further, and you will find a race of beings that does not suffer at all—animals. Now, advance animals to the state of Hottentots, and Hottentots to the condition of serfs, and serfs to the situation of the modern peasantry of Europe, and a peasantry, tenants at will, to the privileges of free citizens; and at every step you open new sources both of enjoyment and suffering. And the relative degree of enjoyment and suffering, in each state, will be in proportion as the duties of that state are well or ill understood and practised. The more novel, and, in its principles and modes of action, unsettled any condition is, the greater will be the suffering.

Now this I consider to be the condition of our American people. Our political institutions have placed us in a new school, and most of us are yet upon the first form. The Greeks and Romans

were not in such a school. The ancient liberty differed almost as widely from our modern freedom, as the aristocratic system itself does. Greece and Rome, crowded with slaves, experienced but few of the peculiar trials of our social condition. The private relations of life among them were more fixed than ours ; while at the same time their popular forms of government were less secure. They were less secure, because the basis of society on which they were placed was not the basis of truth and justice. And I cannot help adding, that in this respect, we enjoy an advantage over all the modern governments of the Old World. While the right tendencies of mind with us are all conversative, the right tendencies of mind in the European states—the tendencies, that is to say, to diffused knowledge, equalized property, and free thought—are all destructive of their respective governments.

But not to pursue this point—I say that we are placed in a new school. We are learning, from trying experience, many important lessons. Our education has not yet come to its end ; and our system, like every formative and disciplinary system, is to be judged of with this just reservation. There are systems of education which are occupied with immediate results ; there are systems

which look to future issues. Ours is of the latter kind. We are in a state of transition. Like our noble forefathers, we are, in some important respects, "living for them that shall come after." Society in America is contending with many difficulties; it is necessarily sacrificing much immediate comfort, for a magnificent result hereafter. I say a magnificent result. For no vision of patrician honour and plebeian humility, of lofty command and humble service, of baronial dignity and obsequious respect, of generous protection and grateful dependance, of titles, coronets, stars, and banners, with the lowly homage of a surrounding multitude—no such vision, though it may charm the reveries of a poetic imagination, can be so glorious as the spectacle of a great people, living under the gentle rule of impartial law—each one's welfare equally cared for by the paternal state—each one possessing all the liberty that equal laws can give, for pursuing his own improvement and happiness—each one respecting himself and his fellows as moral beings, subjects alike of the majesty of Heaven: no oppression bowing down the weak to the strong, the friendless to the favoured—no lordship, but that which a man shall make for himself—no power but for the common weal—no end but universal happiness. Herein lies

the true nobleness and charm of society ; in its impartiality, in its justice—not in sacrificing one part to the comfort or respectability of another—a system degrading to all ; but in the improvement, happiness, education, of the whole body of the people. And were it not for the yet unexhausted heritage of false, feudal maxims which past ages have sent down to us, no noble-minded man would be able to see things in any other light : no lofty imagination, nor poetry, would have thrown their charm over a system of oppression and cruel injustice. It is to be remarked, indeed, that poetry, when she has made princes and nobles her theme, has touched the heart chiefly by portraying their humanity, their gentleness, their kindness to inferiors. The *condescension*, alas ! seems to have been the grand theme. *It has been such a wonder*, even to poets, that *a man should be a man !* This perversion of almost all genius—this prostration of all truth and right, before power and state, is one of the heaviest endictments to be brought against the entire system of aristocratic distinctions.

Possessed, through a long hereditary descent of opinion, of these views, so favourable to the few, so disparaging to the many, we are perhaps but ill qualified to judge fairly and philosophically of that process of improvement, of which I have been

speaking. It is necessarily wrought out through much imperfection ; the people, in their new position, are committing many mistakes ; and not a few of the lookers on, passing by apparently all the destructive errors of past times, give themselves up to the dread and the denunciation of these popular mistakes and excesses. They discern not, I am tempted to say, the signs of this time. The upheaving of the popular mass offends them. The growing independence, the insolence, as they regard it, of the lower classes, disgusts and alarms them. Trades unions, those natural, and often, doubtless, misdirected struggles of the poor and labouring classes to better their condition, are to them utter abominations. Those placards which they sometimes see in our cities, appealing to the worst passions of the poor against the rich, read to them like fearful handwritings upon the wall, proclaiming that the days of liberty are numbered. Now I regard all these things as among the unhappy, but unavoidable processes of the great modern experiment on free institutions. The people, after all, are by no means committing such errors and injuries, as kings and nobles have done. I believe that all will eventually come right. To this political optimism I would hold fast, till I am beaten off by those shocks and con-

vulsions of society, that shall overwhelm all in one common ruin! Heaven avert them!

And that they may be averted, that the experiment may come out well, I admit that we all have duties to perform. Nay, more, and I believe that Providence has it in charge—that our very situation gives some pledges, that we shall perform them. Our very comfort demands, our very necessities require, that we should learn anew the duties of humanity, of courtesy, and of Christianity. And these are the particular duties to which I refer.

We are obliged to give to the claims of humanity, of the mass of mankind, a place which they never before held. The demand is urged by an irresistible power—the power of the multitude. It claims to have its rights, its interests, its feelings respected. It will no longer do among us, as is yet done in England with amazing frequency, to call this multitude a worthless rabble. The demagogue will indeed take advantage of this state of things, and the crowd may be to some extent misled by him; but it is the demagogue that is corrupted rather than the crowd; I believe that the heart of our people is yet sound. An intelligent people may err, but can it wilfully err? Can it

harness itself to the demagogue's car, for the sake of drawing it?

It is sometimes petulantly said, that, in domestic life, the real masters in America are the servants. Here, too, is error doubtless on the part of the great class of domestic assistants. Can anybody wonder that they commit this error? And is it not better that their claims, as human beings, should be enforced by some unreasonable exactions, than to be never regarded at all? The domestic is not in this country as he has been in the Old World, a mere instrument in the hands of another. He is to be considered, respected, felt for, as a human being. Let him be so regarded, let him be treated with kindness, let an interest—ay, a Christian interest—be taken in his mental and moral improvement, and the state of our families will be made happier, by every step of that progress in the morality and piety of domestic life. That progress must be made. I lament not that Providence has taken a bond of society, that it shall be made!

Will not courtesy be promoted in an equal proportion. Let the relations of life be just and kind, and kind manners will be the consequence. Let the members of a family take the *proper* interest in one another, as human beings, as alike children of God and heirs of heaven, and I will answer for

their manners—yes, and for the manners of the humblest of its members. What is the beau ideal of a servant's character and manners in England, or wherever else aristocratic institutions prevail? That he is apt and obedient, attentive, respectful, and grateful; that he is a useful instrument, a serviceable person, true to his master. "It is a good creature;" and the master, and the mistress, and their children, are well satisfied, because this person—the old butler, the attentive footman, the kind nurse—is living for their comfort. Does it enter at all into the aristocratic contemplation of this faithful dependant, that he should live for purposes of his own—for purposes proper to him as a human being; that his own powers should be cultivated, his mind enlarged, and that he should cherish as true a self-respect as his master does? I am not speaking of what individuals may do—there are exceptions to all rules—but I am speaking of the general judgment and feeling of society in England, and France, and Italy.

I have known instances in America, where the relation of employer and employed, of householder and domestic, is, to my view, altogether more beautiful, than the beau ideal of that relation in the Old World; where the superior in station says of his inferior, "I respect that person just as truly

and just as much as he respects me, and with just as good reason ;” and where he treats him accordingly ; where that treatment, moreover, has won, in return, a noble confidence and love ; and where, in fine, the inferior stands up in his proper dignity as a man—where his manners are respectful and obliging, not because he is afraid of losing his place, but because he respects himself too much to be rude and discourteous to others ; where his good manners stand on the just and firm basis of moral affection and mental culture. That is a beautiful relation. It is a relation that becomes men and Christians. It is the only suitable relation for beings, whose ties as a family are soon to be dissolved, and who are to stand, as equals, before the throne of their common Creator and Judge !

In a country like ours, it is time that some of the old maxims of feudal societies should be done away. The horror of being thought poor and dependant, the dread of being confounded with inferiors, the contempt visited upon the necessity of labour, the scornful reference to certain trades and occupations which infects even our literature, should give place to higher maxims. Make any occupation contemptible, and you take the most direct way to make those engaged in it reckless and vicious. Does not observation verify the

remark? Those incognito female working establishments—so to call them—which are known in some of our cities, are a libel on virtuous industry. I do not so much blame those who desire to spread around them this shield against the absurd maxims of society. The wrong lies in that spirit of society which creates such establishments. They stand in a civilized and Christian country, like the guarded old feudal castles—relics of barbarism. It is a curious illustration of the absurd perversions of sentiment, which feudal distinctions have wrought in the world, that idleness—the not being obliged to labour, or study, or to do any useful thing on earth—should have been held to be the most honourable of all positions in society. Nay, the very dependants and menials of some lordly idler have sometimes, by reflected honour, taken precedence of the most honourable and learned professions. Mr. Edgeworth, in his *Letters on the Choice of a Profession*, argues against that of a clergyman in England, on account of its frequent want of respectability. And by way of illustration, he relates the anecdote of a curate, who was so elated at possessing the acquaintance, not of the lord of a neighbouring castle, but of his butler, that he observed, concerning that distinguished personage, (the butler,) “that he was so

familiar with him, that he could say anything to him."

But for the correction of all errors, and the remedy of all evils incident to our situation, our chief resort must be to the principles of the Christian religion. Our situation is thus far fortunate, that it urges these principles upon us, as it never urged them upon any other people. The relations of society with us, are brought down to the bare and simple character of a connection between man and man. Heart to heart, we are brought ; and there is not a star, or a badge, or a strip of livery on any man's bosom, to teach deference to one, or to entitle another to the tone of authority. The privileges of rank, the instinct of discipline, the bonds of necessity, are all broken and abrogated. All artificial barriers are removed ; the leading strings which have served for the guidance of past times, are completely taken away ; and we are placed in the open and unobstructed field of equal rights and fair relations. What now can stand us *instead* of all that has controlled and coerced the manners and actions of men hitherto, but the laws of rectitude, kindness, and forbearance — the laws of Christian self-respect, and Christian mutual respect ? The basis of theoretical equality on which we stand, is really the ground of Christianity.

Will not our privileges, as a people, teach us our duties ?

It is only under this influence, that the relation of man to man, and the relation of the whole body to each individual, can be safe and happy. A poor man with this spirit, would say, "I am willing to perform a stipulated service for my rich neighbour ; I feel no degradation in the employment ; it is my mind only, not my employment, that can degrade me ; it is envy, or jealousy, not labour, that is degrading ; I respect myself, my soul, my hope, too much to be contending about comparative trifles ; nay, according to the Christian law, I love my neighbour too much, and I hold my fellow-Christian in too much honour, to think of any injury or indignity to him ; let him be honoured according to his merits ; let him be prospered according to the good pleasure of God : I am thankful for his welfare : I am happy in my own." What a lofty-minded labour were that ? He might walk behind the plough ; but the conqueror in his triumphal procession never walked in a path more glorious. Let the rich man reciprocate that noble feeling, assuming nothing unbecoming the relation of one Christian man to another, thankful for his prosperity, and humble, not proud, under it ; and what a state of society would this be ? What manners,

what graces, both of character and behaviour, would spring from it?

And then, again, as to the influence which the whole body of the people—the mighty majority—possesses over the welfare of each individual—it needs to be subjected to the same control. Public opinion in America is a power fearful to contemplate. There is no aristocracy with us, no throne that is above it. It must be considerate, liberal, and candid, or it will inflict extreme misery and injustice. We have escaped in America from the despotism of the one, and the few; it remains to be seen, whether we shall escape the despotism of the many. Nay, at this moment, and with all our boasts of liberty, there is less private and social freedom in America than there is in Europe! In some respects this is well; but surely not in all respects. The sovereignty of the many, the sovereignty of public opinion, may become as oppressive and vexatious as ever was the jealousy of arbitrary power. It may beat down all manly independence, all individual freedom—and especially in those who seek for office, or are ambitious to stand well with society; it may make slaves of us as effectually as any tyranny that ever existed. It may make us a mean, tame, time-serving people, who shall not

dare to do anything, even in trifles, that is contrary to the popular will. I confess, that in this view, I look with considerable apprehension upon those great associations, which, however good their end, create a public opinion about their objects, that renders it hazardous to any man's reputation to dissent from them. I fear that under this influence, charity, and all the virtues, will be liable to lose something of their manliness, freedom, and beauty ; that they may become, to some extent, hollow hearted and false—that charity may be promoted at the expense of real generosity, and temperance at the expense of sincerity, and much seeming good at the expense of much secret evil.

Here, then, we want firm and liberal Christian principle, to withstand these dangerous tendencies. We want it to enable some to set themselves firmly, whether in politics or religion, against the popular will. Yes, we want men who will sacrifice themselves—who will be martyrs—rather than sacrifice their own free and single-minded judgment. I might hold such a man to be wrong in his opinion ; but unless he were very wrong indeed, I should set off his independence, in the account of social influences, as more than a balance for his error. Error can be corrected ; but mental slavery seals and locks up the very fountain of

truth. We want newspapers that shall dare to be true to individual conviction. And would that there were such a thing as an independent party in politics—that useless, worthless, powerless, contemptible thing, as the mere politician would regard it—yet it would do a good that the politician does not think of. It would set an example worth a thousand party triumphs. And I fancy, too, that it would act as a balance wheel, to control the violence of party movements. The old Roman virtue consisted in the devotion, the sacrifice of the individual to the state. The redeeming virtue of modern liberty must consist in the devotion, and, if need be, *the sacrifice of the individual to TRUTH!* And let me add, that the supreme danger, to my apprehension, is that of *losing all mental and moral independence!*

CHAPTER XXVII.

Journey to Liverpool—Sensitiveness of Americans to public Opinion abroad—Passage to America.

BIRMINGHAM, APRIL 12. From London to Birmingham I have ridden through a country clothed with living verdure. And yet England is several degrees north of any part of the United States; and this is April. The verdure now is of one deep hue. It is very different in summer. When I came to Liverpool last year, I was struck with the light green of the fields on the banks of the Mersey. It may have been caused by recent mowing. What attracted my attention afterward, in traveling through England, was the variety of shades upon the landscape. I presume that this arises from the greater variety of grasses, grains, and herbs cultivated; and also from a more perfect cultivation, that gives to the scythe and the sickle more frequent crops. The country wears every livery of green, from the darkest to the lightest, through the whole summer. Oh! those rich

glades ; those noble groves and clumps of trees on every hillside ; those cliffs, with their soft screening of ivy ; those velvet lawns, with many a sunny nook and shaded avenue, sweet enough to draw the footsteps of the fairies ; those embowered cottages ; those glorious parks ; those magnificent castles—*shall* I not—shall I *never*—see them again ?

The lowest class of operatives in Birmingham and Manchester is said to be the most desperate and dangerous population in England ; and I was very desirous to see a specimen of it. So I said to a gentleman here one day, “ I want to see something of this horrid population in Birmingham, that I hear so much about. Pray take me, now, to the worst part of your city.” He paused in his walk and looked at me, as if he did not at all comprehend my meaning. “ Why, you know,” said I, “ these desperate operatives—these people that are sunk so low, as I am told, in poverty and misery. Mr. — and Mr. — spoke of them as if they were wild animals, that, if uncaged, would break forth, and devour and destroy on every side ; and would be almost justified in doing so.” The gentleman looked at me with a surprise that would have been displeasure, I think, but for his politeness. “ Indeed, he knew of no such people in

Birmingham. He could take me to no such place. There," he said, pointing down a lane that was swarming with women and children, ill clad and dirty enough to merit a pretty strong description—"there are people as poor and miserable as any, perhaps, in Birmingham, but they are neither desperate nor dangerous." *They*, perhaps, if consulted, would have told another story! Heaven forbid that events should!

But it is curious, though natural, this habit of seeing things connected with ourselves, under aspects so widely different from those which present themselves to a stranger, or a distant observer. It really requires an effort of philosophical abstraction, to break that spell of association by which we make ourselves responsible, in a sort, for everything that belongs to our country or our town, to our class, sect, or coterie. For this reason, the unprejudiced stranger, or traveller, is, in the proportion of his knowledge, likely to be nearer right than the people of the country which he describes.

But it is a poor rule that will not work both ways; and there is no doubt that we might well take home this observation to ourselves in America. The Trollopes, Halls, and Hamiltons, have certainly told us many truths; by which, it may be hoped, that our manners, at least, will be

mended. Nations have habits like individuals ; they have eccentricities, which propagate themselves by the mere force of habit and custom, without any original reason. I am sure I know of nothing in our climate or constitution that accounts for that abomination, called spitting ; many among us are as free from it, as any other people. That we are somewhat given to talking of invoices and prices, has, indeed, an intelligible cause ; it “ cometh of the multitude of business ;” and the fearful rapidity with which we eat our dinners, especially in public places, proceeds, perhaps, from the same cause. We are a business people, in a sense which does not, and never did appertain to any other people. Every man with us has a stake in what is going on around him. This must, of course, give a turn to general conversation, and produce an effect on the general manners and character. It may do evil in some respects ; but it is certainly the spring of many energies. If you put a man’s fortunes into his own hands, you put a life into him, which, though it *may* do harm to his manners or his morals, is certainly better for a country than to have one large class in it, above the cares of business, and another and larger class, like the operatives of Birmingham, sunk far enough beneath its profits. Better, I say—better, that is, for

the development of the energies of a whole people—better for the promotion of ultimate general happiness, and I believe of virtue, too. I believe it—and yet the universal competition and success of business in America expose us to many dangers, which are certainly to be regarded with a serious eye. I could wish that the strictures of our foreign brethren, on all these points, could have come to us with something less of extravagance, that they might have done us more good; that they might have wounded less, and worked more kindly for our improvement. But thus it is, that imperfect beings must help one another, through much imperfection. Minds are flung into the fermenting mass of public opinion, to struggle together, and to strike many a rash and passionate blow; but out of error shall come truth, out of conflicting prejudices pure reason, out of darkness and confusion, light and order.

Our national sensitiveness under such blows, deserves, perhaps, more consideration than it has received. Our situation has been peculiar. No other nation has had its temper put to the same trial. Our country has been a sort of *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The new forms of society and of political constitution in America, have been the subject of the keenest foreign scru-

tiny. We have been obliged to be passive in the case—placed upon the table, with half a dozen surgical operators around us, who amuse themselves with our wincing. Quite surprised they are that we feel the knife so much ; and the irritation of the patient they count a very good joke. Let them take our place, and they might find the difference between operating, and being operated upon. The truth is, there has been no fair exchange of blows. We *read* everything that is written about us ; we pay that compliment to foreign criticism, and to the literature of older nations. But *our* productions do not obtain the same currency with them. Nor have we the same number of needy and idle gentlemen to go abroad, with an intention to pay their expenses, and put money in their pockets, by writing an entertaining story or a clever satire upon the people they visit. Besides, is there no sensitiveness in England or France to foreign opinion ? Half of the wars between those nations, have found more than half of the original prompting and long-continued exasperation in the irritation occasioned by their mutual contempt. And yet they are nations standing in no peculiar position before the world, possessing a known character and established reputation, and feeling themselves entitled to return,

with immediate reaction, blow for blow, and scorn for scorn.

Our situation has been different. We were a new people, under novel circumstances, rising to take our place in the society of nations. We did not know exactly how we were to be received by the old families around us. America, though she knew that her children were essentially well instructed and well bred, yet felt that they were not, perhaps, so well trained to the conventionalism and *bienseance* of the *beau monde*, and she did not like it, that Mr. John Bull—a haughty and self-sufficient old gentleman, on the opposite shore—or that dowager old lady across the Straits of Dover, should stare superciliously, or toss the head disdainfully, when they passed by her.

Nor is this all. We are warmly attached to our political system. We have a sentiment of loyalty about it. The constitution is our king. And I hold this warm sentiment towards a mere abstraction that can confer no titles nor pensions upon us, to be quite as respectable as loyalty to a king; even without supposing what a clever English writer fancies to be true—viz., that the love of the king is only a sort of reflected self-love: being, he says, an intense pleasure in seeing a being just like themselves clothed with such

majesty—the very apotheosis of poor, commonplace humanity. At any rate, I think we have a right to claim some consideration for this feeling about our political system. And it is precisely this that is both directly and indirectly attacked by our critics abroad. It is this especially that we defend, when we resist the assaults that are made upon our national character. And we think that we are bound to defend it, if anybody is ; and that for higher reasons than those which concern our national reputation. We believe that it is a good system : and we, too, have set in modern times the first example of adopting it. It is the very post, in fact, around which the war of public opinion is to rage, for a century to come ; and ill would it become *us* to shrink from our part in the contest. Heaven grant that we may do something better than dispute !—that we may furnish that best of arguments for the popular system, an illustration, in our own example, of its benefits !

That we may do so, I am willing to give a hearing to all reasonable admonitions from abroad. It is evident, indeed, that a new form of public opinion is rising in the world ; nations are to stand at its bar. Hitherto, public opinion has acted chiefly within the boundaries of the countries and states where it has existed. It has been

a most efficient and useful power, on the part of the people, to control the government, and to correct the errors of fashion or habit, that arise among themselves. But now, public opinion is travelling on swift-winged packets, or steam vessels, and railroads, far beyond its former bounds. The facilities of communication between nations are rapidly increasing. I believe the time is not far distant, when steam ships will pass from Halifax to Valencia in a week ; and guests from New-York may dine in London, and the contrary, on invitation of a fortnight's standing. Our railroads will soon stretch from New-York to Boston—to Portland—to the Penobscot — and, ere long, to Halifax. With the facilities, the disposition to foreign travel will increase ; and if the civilized world may be left at peace, its increasing prosperity and wealth will supply unexampled means. Nations will yet become acquainted with one another, and feel the force of each other's opinion ; as districts of the same country have, in times past. It will be a mighty power, and it must be beneficial. It must act upon a broad scale, and will not be, like village opinion, a vexatious and almost personal interference with private life. It must be mainly sound and wholesome ; it cannot skulk into lanes and bypaths, like a penny news-

paper ; its rebuke will be flung abroad upon the winds of heaven ; and no noble act of any government—none that can bear the light, need fear it. It must be powerful. Nothing stung Bonaparte to such vexation as the London journals. So let it be. Let every unrighteous government fear something more immediate than the faint echoes of distant history. Let the outraged rights of humanity speak in thunders, from every quarter of the heavens. Let a summoning voice come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and call every ruthless despot and oppressor before THE BAR OF THE WORLD to answer !

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 18. At the parting point, I cannot help saying that I feel ties to England, that I did not expect. It is curious and could not have been anticipated ; but I believe that one may, all in the natural course of things, make more friendships in one year abroad, than he would in ten years at home. It seems as if a thousand distrusts and difficulties were removed, as well with one's own countrymen abroad, as with strangers. From the little I have seen, and from the much that I am able to infer, I feel that society in England is clothed with many, many charms. And I know individuals in this fair and blessed isle, to make whose acquaintance and friendship is well worth a

voyage across the Atlantic. God bless them! Indeed, I have gone to the length of making poetry, in my enthusiasm about England. Blessings upon it!—devout and grateful, if not poetic. Britain is to me no more a nation, but a being. With farewell tears, I shall gaze upon her receding shores, and say, and for ever say, “Peace be within her gates, and prosperity in her palaces!”

APRIL 24. To-day I set sail for America.

APRIL 25. On, on, like a mighty bird, stretching her flight across the illimitable ocean, with night and tempest brooding around her dark way. Our ship is now—leaving the last point in Europe (Ireland)—striking out into the boundless deep. To-day, I laid myself down on the sunny deck, nestling myself, as it were, upon the back of this mighty bird—and as I lay, protected from the wind under the lee of the ship’s side, the situation recalled those days when I had thus lain myself down on the sunny side of a hedge, upon my father’s fields, amidst all the strange and mysterious dreams of boyhood. But what different situations were thus connected by the chain of association! Then I reclined amidst the rustling of leaves, the fragrance of wild flowers, and the wood notes of a thousand merry songsters; and my dreams were dreams indeed—vague, fluctua-

ting, and half unconscious—and passed over my mind like the shadows of clouds over the surrounding landscape. Those dreams passed, too, within a compass as limited, perhaps; and seldom, probably, stretched themselves to the Old World. Now I return a traveller from that Old World; I repose not on the solid and quiet earth, but on a frail bark that is tossed upon “the fathomless and fitful waters;” I meditate upon a wider experience; I dream upon deeper matters than before; I dream as one, many of whose dreams have turned to cold realities: and yet, so strangely, it may be, am I constituted, that the dreams of my childhood were not fresher than my feelings and fancies, upon a thousand subjects, are now!

“Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!”

But ye are not stronger than the brooding meditations and wrestling thoughts, that darken and sweep, in might and mystery, through our souls!

MAY 1. This morning, as my stateroom chum and myself lay conversing in our berths, and the ship fetched one of those deep lurches into the trough of the sea, that makes one feel so sensibly the depths of his stomach, “There,” I said, “what sort of a curve do you think the ship described

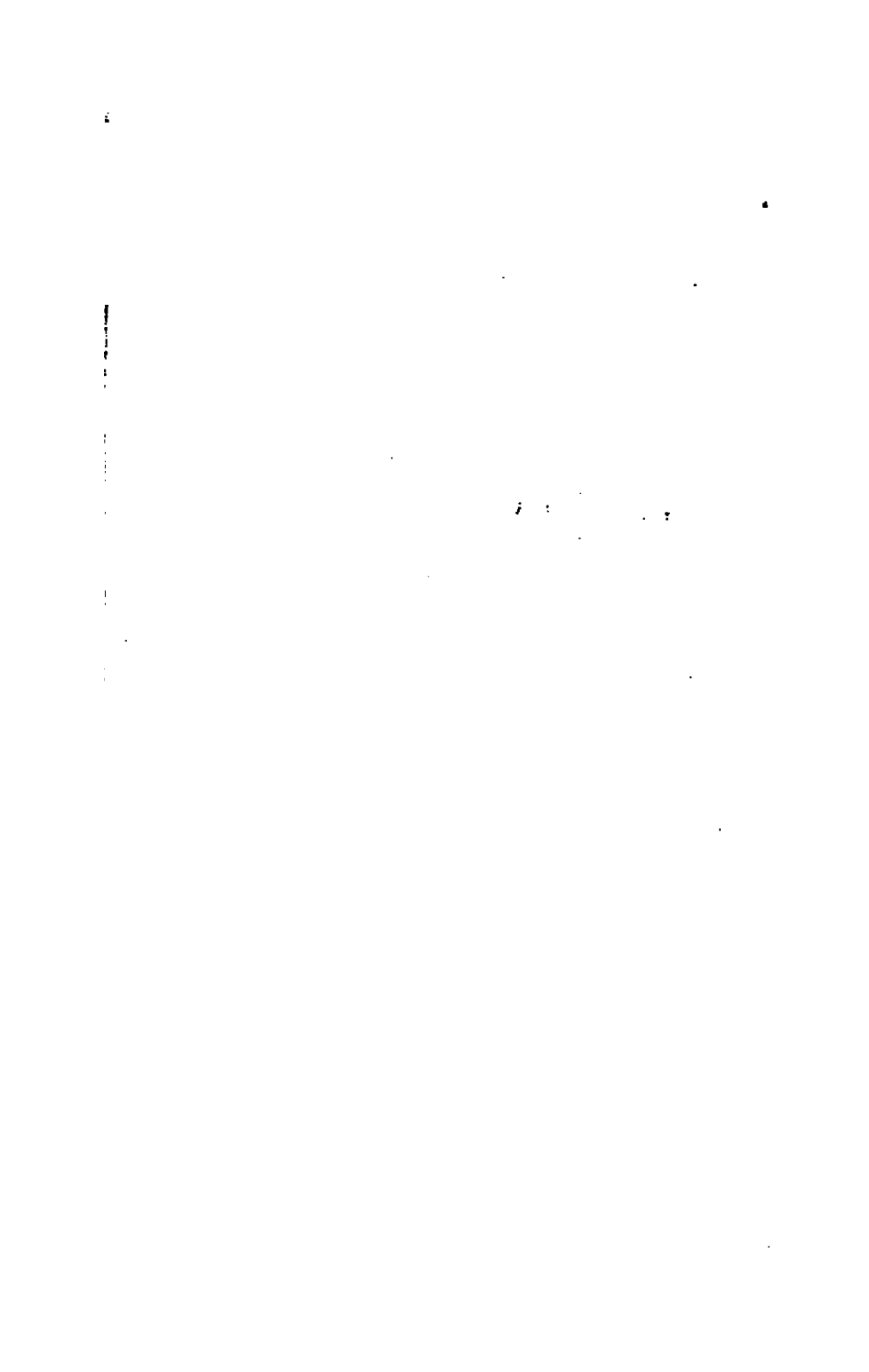
then? was it parabolic or hyperbolic?"—alluding, of course, to the mathematical circles. "It was diabolic, I think," said F. Pretty good, wasn't it? But how good it was no one can tell who has not been at sea. For, truly, this sympathy with the ship is a thing indescribable. It seems as if the very fibres of your heart (or stomach, at least) were knitted to its mighty ribs. Its motions become, as it were, the motions of your whole interior being—of the very nerves, fibres, and fluids of your entire system. Its abominable smells are the very breath of your nostrils. You become a being of tides, waves, winds, and all restless elements.

MAY 22. Land! land! Were there ever four letters that expressed so much as these four? Yes, there are four letters that express more—the four that spell—HOME.

THE END.

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